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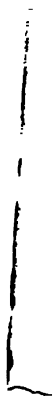
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FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING ;

AND

Winter's Wreath :

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXXIII.

" This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering,
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith, and truth in absence,
And says—Forget me not !"

LONDON :
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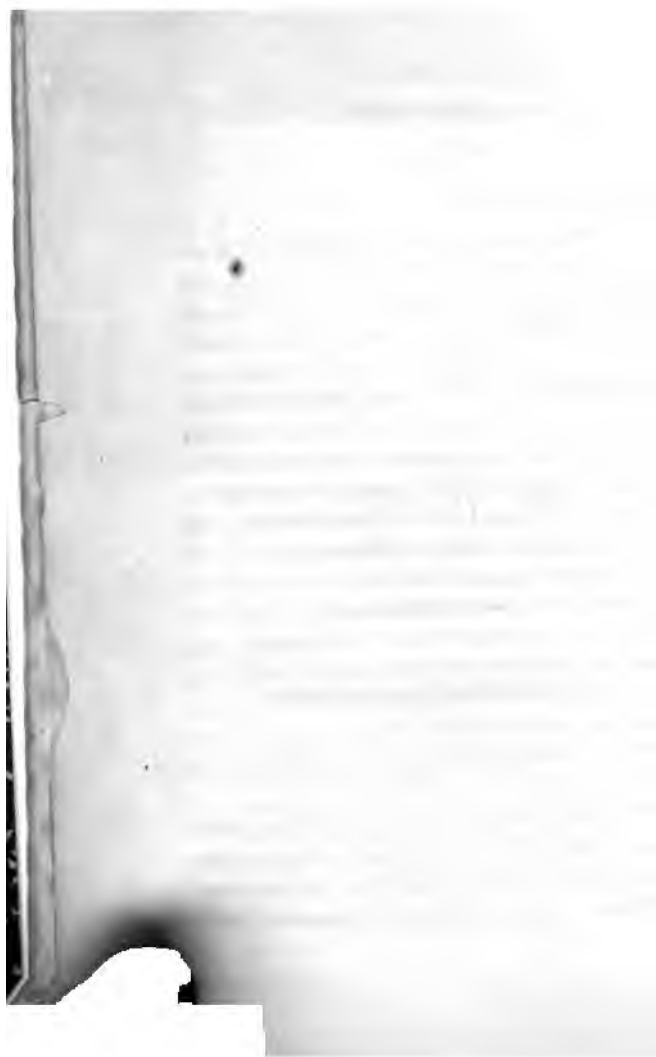
TO

THE QUEEN'S MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

This Work

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PREFACE.

COURTEOUS READER,

WHAT shall we offer you by way of Preface to the TENTH Volume of FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING? Not a repetition of what we have said in former prefaces: that would be tiresome. Not an assurance that you will find the present volume vastly superior to *all* its predecessors: that would be deceptive. We will simply state the fact, that while we have in no respect relaxed in our honest endeavours to render this Work equal to the best of its class in literary and pictorial merit, we have, with not less anxiety, aimed at maintaining the same *general tone and spirit* by which it has been, during the last five or six years, more especially characterized. We have endeavoured to intermingle, with taste and discretion, the *utile cum dulci*; and if we have succeeded in realizing this aim, we doubt not that our exertions will be rewarded, as they have been on former occasions, by an adequate share of public favour.

To public favour we this season prefer an additional claim, as the sagacious reader will duly apprehend from the addition to our title. The 'ANNUAL' Christmas Fleet (to adopt the commercial style)

having sustained very considerable damage in the late heavy gales, from which 'The Trade' has suffered so severely, it is a matter of no slight satisfaction to the Owners of the 'FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, of London,' to be enabled to announce to their correspondents at home and abroad, that their good seaworthy vessel (F. O.) has not only accomplished her last voyage in perfect safety, while so many others of superior tonnage or pretensions have either actually foundered at sea or sprung most perilous leaks, but that she now clears out for another trip under very auspicious circumstances; having, with a view to encounter still more securely whatever weather may blow, taken on board a capital supply of naval stores and materials (sails, chain-cables, blocks, spars, anchors, fastage, and so forth) formerly belonging to 'THE WINTER'S WREATH, of London and Liverpool,' a new built and well formed brig, recently purchased by the present owners (S. E. and Co.); and the most active and steady hands from the late crew of said vessel (W. W.) having been also engaged for F. O. in addition to her ordinary compliment of superior seamen, &c. &c.

But as it may happen, benevolent Reader, that thou lovest not tropes, metaphors, nor similitudes, the simple fact, in plain terms, is as follows:—the WINTER'S WREATH, a publication very ably conducted, and in its general tone and character not

unsimilar to *FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING*, is henceforth merged into the latter work; *FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING*, however, while it thus enlarges its connections and augments its literary resources, still maintaining unaltered whatever is most valuable in the distinctive character by which it is already known and appreciated by the public.

In one slight point we have in the present volume not adhered strictly to our usual practice. We have admitted three little pieces that had previously been in print. These are, the pleasant prose article entitled 'Old Maids,' and two scraps of verse, 'The Tornado,' and a 'Sonnet by Alfred Tennyson;' all originally inserted in the 'Englishman's Magazine' for August, 1831,—a clever periodical, which amidst the 'chance and change' of the times and 'the trade,' was consigned, after the publication of a few numbers, to premature extinction.

With these few remarks, Courteous Reader, and with a right hearty Christmas greeting, we bid thee farewell; indulging the hope, that amidst all the calamities of 'the times' and of 'the trade,' we may live to greet thee in like fashion this time twelve months, and be welcomed with the same cordiality which we trust, on our present appearance, to experience.

November 1, 1832.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Match-Making. A Tale. By Miss Mitford	1
The Armada. By Thomas Babington Macaulay	16
Unveiling. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton	21
Song. (L. C.).....	24
Corfu; with a distant View of Greece	25
The Tornado. By Thomas Pringle.....	27
Sonnet. By Alfred Tennyson	29
The Veiled Lady of Ajmere. A Tale of Hindostan. By James Baillie Fraser	30
Sonnet. By Gertrude.....	59
Away to the Greenwood. A Song. By R. F. Housman.	60
Affection. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton	61
Child of the Bright Hair. By R. F. Housman	63
Stray Leaves	65
Four Songs. By B. C.:	
I. Song of the Mariner's Wife.....	73
II. The Husband's Song	74
III. A Thousand Years Ago	75
IV. Gaieté du Cœur	76
Letters from Home. By Delta	77
The Lowlands. A Song. (R. F. H.).....	79
The Wrongs of Amakosa. By Thomas Pringle.....	80

CONTENTS.

ix

	Page
The Captive of Camalu. By Thomas Pringle.....	91
Woman. By the Rev. Charles B. Tayler	95
An Epitaph. By the Rev. C. B. Tayler	96
Christ Entering Jerusalem. By the Rev. C. B. Tayler ..	97
A Hymn. (T. P.).....	105
Inscription for a Tomb-Stone. (T. P.)	106
The Woodland Brook. (R. F. H.)	108
The Morning Walk. By Mrs. Howitt	109
Sonnet. By John Clare	113
Carl Blüven and the Strange Mariner. A Norwegian Tale. By Derwent Conway	114
The Last King of Grenada.....	138
Clara Mandeville. A Tale of British India. By the Author of "Selwyn in Search of a Daughter"	143
Cupid seized by Pirates	169
Beneficence. By T. K. Harvey	172
Fairies. (R. F. H.)	174
The Rose	175
Glencaira; or the Deer-Hunt of Corry-na-Gavr. By the Author of "The Highland Smugglers," &c.....	176
Lament of Khitoni, the Servian Chief.....	207
Old Maids. By the Author of "Atherton," &c.	209
Rural Joys. By the Author of "The Village Poor House." 221	221
Polar Scenes. By Delta.....	223
Song. By Thomas Atkinson.....	224
Home Sickness. By John Banim	225
The Three Mansions. By Mrs. Richardson	226
Notes of a Journey to Richmond	227
Courtship. By the Author of "The Village Poor-House." 230	230

	Page
Respectability.....	240
Viola. By Charles Whitehead, Author of "The Solitary."	241
The Fisherman of the Calabrese Lake. An Italian Legend	249
The Christian Warfare	286
The Feast of Dunkeld	287
The Miniature. By Robert Folkstone Williams	289
Lines on a Window that had been Frozen (L. A. F.)	292
A Visit to Empoöngwa; or a Peep into Negro-Land. By Mrs. Lee (late Mrs. Bowdich).....	294
The Boon. By F. Forster	305
The Mysterious Stranger; or, The Bravo of Banff. By Leitch Ritchie.....	307
The Lover and his Mistress. By Allan Cunningham	352
An Italian Scene. By Richard Howitt	355
The Magdalen. By T. K. Harvey	356
Sounds at Sea. By D. L. Richardson	357
The Nightingale's Nest. By John Clare	358
The Vintage. By Richard Howitt	361
Cromwell House; or, Three Scenes in the Life of a Com- monwealth's Man. By the Author of "London in the Olden Time.".....	362

LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

- I.—Unveiling. Engraved by J. Goodyear; from a
Drawing by H. Richter Frontispiece
- II.—The Presentation Plate. Engraved by J.W. Cook;
from a Painting by H. Corbould..... Title
- III.—Corfu. Engraved by G. K. Richardson; from a
Drawing taken on the spot by W. Purser .. Page 25
- IV.—Affection. Engraved by T. A. Dean; from a
Drawing by J. P. Davis 61
- V.—Christ Entering Jerusalem. Painted by J. Mar-
tin; Engraved by E. J. Roberts 97
- VI.—The Morning Walk. Engraved by W. Ensom;
from a Drawing by F. E. Pastorini 109
- VII.—Female Pirates. Painted by John Wood; En-
graved by T. A. Dean 169
- VIII.—The Highland Huntsman. Engraved by J. W.
Cook; from a Painting by J. Hayes 204

	Page
IX.—Viola. Engraved by T. Garner ; from a Drawing by H. Corbould	241
X.—The Miniature. Engraved by H. Shenton ; from a Painting by J. Wood.....	289
XI.—The Bridge of Alva. Engraved by R. Brandard ; from a Drawing taken on the spot by W. Purser	324
XII.—The Vintage. Engraved by C. W. Marr ; from a Painting by J. Boaden	361

MATCH-MAKING.

A Sketch.


BY MISS MITFORD.

MANY years ago, a family of the name of Leslie came to reside in a thickly peopled country neighbourhood, about forty miles from the metropolis ; and being persons thoroughly *comme il faut*, who had taken, on a long lease, the commodious and creditable mansion called Hallenden Hall, with its large park-like paddock, its gardens, green-houses, conservatories, and so forth,—and who evidently intended to live in a style suited to their habitation,—were immediately visited by the inmates of all the courts, manors, parks, places, lodges, and castles within reach.

Mr. Leslie was, as was soon discovered, a man of ancient family and good estate, who had left his own county on the loss of a contested election, or some such cause of disgust, and had passed the last few years in London for the education of his daughters. He was also that exceedingly acceptable and somewhat rare thing, a lively, talking, agreeable man, very clever, and a little quaint, and making his conversation tell as

much by a certain off-handedness of phrase and manner, as by the shrewdness of his observations, and his extensive knowledge of the world. He had also, besides his pleasantry and good humour, another prime requisite for country popularity : although greatly above the general run of his neighbours in intellect, he much resembled them in his tastes ;—loved shooting, fishing, and hunting in the morning ; liked good dinners, good wine, and a snug rubber at night ; farmed with rather less loss of money than usually befalls a gentleman ; was a staunch partizan at vestries and turnpike meetings ; a keen politician at the reading-room and the club ; frequented races and coursing meetings ; had a fancy for the more business-like gaieties of quarter sessions and grand juries ; accepted a lieutenancy in the troop of yeomanry cavalry, and actually served as churchwarden during the second year of his residence in the parish. At a word, he was an active, stirring, bustling personage, whose life of mind and thorough unaffectedness made him universally acceptable to rich and poor. At first sight there was a homeliness about him, a carelessness of appearance and absence of pretension, which rather troubled his more aristocratic compeers ; but the gentleman was so evident in all that he said or did, in tone and accent, act and word, that his little peculiarities were speedily forgotten, or only remembered to make him still more cordially liked.

If Mr. Leslie erred on the side of unpretendingness, his wife took good care not to follow his example : she had pretensions enough of all sorts to have set up twenty



fine ladies out of her mere superfluity. The niece of an Irish baron, and the sister of a Scotch countess — she fairly wearied all her acquaintance with the titles of her relatives. “ My uncle, Lord Linton—my brother-in-law, the Earl of Paisley,” and all the lady Lucys, lady Elizabeths, lady Janes, and lady Marys of the one noble house, and the honourable masters and misses of the other, were twanged in the ears of her husband, children, servants, and visitors, every day and all day long. She could not say that the weather was fine without quoting my lord, or order dinner without referring to my lady. This peculiarity was the pleasure, the amusement of her life. Its business was to display, and if possible to marry her daughters; and I think she cherished her grand connexions the more, as being, in some sort, implements or accessories in her designs upon rich bachelors; for, greatly as she idolized rank in her own family, she had seen too much of its disadvantages when allied with poverty, not to give a strong preference to wealth in the grand pursuit of husband-hunting. She would, to be sure, have had no objection to an affluent peer for a son-in-law, had such a thing offered; but as the commodity, not too common any where, was particularly scarce in our county, she wisely addressed herself to the higher order of country squires, men of acres who inherited large territories and fine places, or men of money who came by purchase into similar possessions, and their immediate heirs, leaving the younger brothers of the nobility, in common with all other younger brothers, unsought and uncared for.

Except in the grand matters of pedigrees and match-making, my good friend Mrs. Leslie was a sufficiently common person; rather vulgar and dowdy in the morning, when, like many country gentlewomen of her age and class, she made amends for unnecessary finery by more unnecessary stinginess, and trotted about the place in an old brown stuff gown, much resembling the garment called a Joseph, worn by our great-grandmothers, surmounted by a weather-beaten straw-bonnet, and a sun-burnt bay-wig; and particularly stately in an evening, when silks and satins made after the newest fashion, caps radiant with flowers, hats waving with feathers, chandelier ear-rings, and an ermine-lined cloak, the costly gift of a diplomatic relation — (“My cousin, the envoy,” rivalled in her talk even “my sister the countess”) — converted her at a stroke into a chaperon of the very first water.

Her daughters, Barbara and Annabella, were pretty girls enough, and would probably have been far prettier had Nature, in their case, only been allowed fair play. As it was, they had been laced and braced, and drilled and starved, and kept from the touch of sun or air, or fire, until they had become too slender, too upright, too delicate, both in figure and complexion. To my eye they always looked as if they were intended to have been plumper and taller, with more colour in their cheeks, more spring and vigour in their motions, more of health and life about them, poor things! Nevertheless, they were prettyish girls, with fine hair, fine eyes, fine teeth, and an expression of native good hu-

mour, which, by great luck, their preposterous education had not been able to eradicate.

Certainly, if an injudicious education could have spoilt young persons naturally well tempered and well disposed, these poor girls would have sunk under its evil influence. From seven years old to seventeen, they had been trained for display and for conquest, and could have played without ear, sung without voice, and drawn without eye, against any misses of their inches in the county. Never were accomplishments more thoroughly travestied. Barbara, besides the usual young-lady-iniquities of the organ, the piano, the harp, and the guitar, distended her little cheeks like a trumpeter, by blowing the flute and the flageolet; whilst her sister, who had not breath for the wind instruments, encroached in a different way on the musical prerogative of man, by playing most outrageously on the fiddle—a female Paganini!

They painted in all sorts of styles, from “the human face divine,” in oils, crayons, and miniatures, down to birds and butterflies, so that the whole house was a series of exhibition rooms; the walls were hung with their figures and landscapes, the tables covered with their sketches; you sate upon their performances in the shape of chair cushions, and trod on them in the form of ottomans. A family likeness reigned throughout these productions. Various in style, but alike in badness, all were distinguished by the same uniform unsuccess. Nor did they confine their attempts to the fine arts. There was no end to their misdoings. They

japanned boxes, embroidered work-bags, gilded picture-frames, constructed pincushions, bound books, and made shoes. For universality the admirable Crichton was a joke to them. There was nothing in which they had not failed.

During one winter (and winter is the season of a country belle) Mrs. Leslie traded upon her daughter's accomplishments. Every morning visit was an exhibition, every dinner party a concert, and the unlucky assistants looked, listened, yawned, and lied, and got away as soon as possible, according to the most approved fashion in such cases. Half-a-year's experience, however, convinced the prudent mamma, that acquirements alone would not suffice for her purpose; and having obtained for the Miss Leslies, the desirable reputation of being the most accomplished young ladies in the neighbourhood, she relinquished the proud, but unprofitable pleasure of exhibition, and wisely addressed herself to the more hopeful task of humouring the fancies and flattering the vanity of others.

In this pursuit she displayed a degree of zeal, perseverance, and resource, worthy of a better cause. Not a bachelor of fortune within twenty miles, but Mrs. Leslie took care to be informed of his tastes and habits, and to offer one or other of her fair nymphs to his notice, after the manner most likely to attract his attention and fall in with his ways. Thus for a whole season, Bab (in spite of the danger to her complexion) hunted with the Copley hounds, riding and fencing to admiration, not in chase of the fox, poor girl, for which she cared as

little as any she in Christendom, but to catch, if it might be, that eminent and wealthy Nimrod, Sir Thomas Copley,—who, after all, governed by that law of contrast, which so often presides over the connubial destiny, married a town beauty, who never mounted a horse in her life, and would have fainted at the notion of leaping a five-barred gate; whilst Annabella, with equal disregard to her looks, was set to feed poultry, milk cows, make butter, and walk over ploughed fields with Squire Thornley, an agriculturist of the old school, who declared that his wife should understand the conduct of a farm, as well as of a house,—and followed up his maxim by marrying his dairy-maid. They studied mathematics to please a Cambridge scholar, and made verses for a literary lord; taught Sunday schools, and attended missionary meetings for the serious; and frequented balls, concerts, archery clubs, and water-parties for the gay; were every thing to every body, seen every where, known to every one; and yet at the end of three years were, in spite of jaunts to Brighton, Cheltenham, and London, a trip to Paris, and a tour through Switzerland, just as likely to remain the two accomplished Miss Leslies as ever they had been. To “wither on the virgin stalk,” seemed their destiny.

How this happened is difficult to tell. The provoked mother laid the fault partly on the inertness of her husband, who, to say truth, had watched her manœuvres with some amusement, but without using the slightest means to assist her schemes; partly on the refractoriness of her son and heir, a young gentleman, who,

although sent first to Eton, most aristocratic of public schools, and then to Christchurch, most lordly of colleges, with the especial maternal injunction to form good connexions, so that he might pick up an heiress for himself and men of fortune for his sister, had, with unexampled perversity, cultivated the friendship of the clever, the entertaining, and the poor, and was now on the point of leaving Oxford without having made a single acquaintance worth knowing. "This, this was the unkindest cut of all;" for Richard, a lad of good person and lively parts, had always been in her secret soul his mother's favourite; and now, to find him turn round on her and join his father in laying the blame of her several defeats on her own bad generalship and want of art to conceal her designs, was really too vexatious, especially as Barbara and Annabella, who had hitherto been patterns of filial obedience, entering blindly into all her objects and doing their best to bring them to bear, now began to shew symptoms of being ashamed of the unmaidenly forwardness into which they had been betrayed, and even to form a resolution (especially Barbara, who had more of her father's and brother's sense than the good-natured but simple Annabella) not to join in such manœuvring again. "It cannot be right in me, mamma," said she one day, "to practise pistol-shooting with Mr. Greville, when no other lady does so; and, therefore, if you please, I shall not go—I am sure you cannot wish me to do anything not right."

"Particularly as there's no use in it," added Richard:

“ fire as often as you may, you’ll never hit that mark.”

And Mr. Greville and the pistol-shooting were given up; and Mrs. Leslie felt her authority shaken.

Affairs were in this posture, when the arrival of a visitor after her own heart,—young, rich, unmarried, and a baronet, renewed the hopes of our match-maker.

For some months they had had at Hallenden Hall a very undistinguished, but in my mind a very amiable inmate, Mary Morland, the only daughter of Mr. Leslie’s only sister, who, her parents being dead, and herself and her brother left in indigent circumstances, had accepted her uncle’s invitation to reside in his family as long as it suited her convenience, and was now on the point of departing to keep her brother’s house,—a young clergyman recently ordained, who intended to eke out the scanty income of his curacy by taking pupils, for which arduous office he was eminently qualified by his excellent private character and high scholastic attainments.

William Morland was now come to carry his sister to their distant home; for they were of the ‘north countrie,’ and his curacy was situate in far Northumberland. He was accompanied by an old school-fellow and intimate friend, in whose carriage Mary and himself were to perform their long journey; and it was on this kind companion, rich and young, a baronet and a bachelor, that Mrs. Leslie at once set her heart for a son-in-law.

Her manœuvres began the very evening of his ar-

rival. She had been kind to Miss Morland from the moment she ascertained that she was a plain though lady-like woman of six-and-twenty, wholly unaccomplished in her sense of the word, and altogether the most unlikely person in the world to rival her two belles. She had been always kind to "poor dear Mary," as she called her; but as soon as she beheld Sir Arthur Selby, she became the very fondest of aunts, insisted that Barbara should furnish her wardrobe, and Annabella take her portrait, and that the whole party should stay until these operations were satisfactorily concluded.

Sir Arthur, who seemed to entertain a great regard and affection for his two friends,—who, the only children of the clergyman of the parish, had been his old companions and playmates at the manor-house, and from whom he had been parted during a long tour in Greece, Italy, and Spain,—consented with a very good grace to this arrangement; the more so, as, himself a lively and clever man, he perceived, apparently with great amusement, the designs of his hostess, and for the first two or three days humoured them with much drollery; affecting to be an epicure, that she might pass off her cook's excellent confectionary for Miss Annabella's handy-work, and even pretending to have sprained his ankle, that he might divert himself by observing in how many ways the same fair lady—who, something younger, rather prettier, and far more docile than her sister, had been selected by Mrs. Leslie for his intended bride,—would be pressed by that accomplished match-maker

into his service; handing him his coffee, for instance, fetching him books and newspapers, offering him her arm when he rose from the sofa, following him about with footstools, cushions, and ottomans, and waiting on him just like a valet or a page in female attire.

At the end of that period,—from some unexplained change of feeling, whether respect for his friend William Morland, or weariness of acting a part so unsuited to him, or some relenting in favour of the young lady,—he threw off at once his lameness and his affectation, and resumed his own singularly natural and delightful manner. I saw a great deal of him; for my father's family and the Selbys had intermarried once or twice in every century since the Conquest; and though it might have puzzled a genealogist to decide how near or how distant was the relationship, yet, as, amongst north-country-folk, "blood is warmer than water," we continued not only to call cousins, but to entertain much of the kindly feeling by which family connexion often is, and always should be accompanied. My father and Mr. Leslie had always been intimate, and Mary Morland and myself having taken a strong liking to each other, we met at one house or the other almost every day; and, accustomed, as I was, to watch the progress of Mrs. Leslie's manœuvres, the rise, decline and fall of her several schemes, I soon perceived that her hopes and plans were in full activity on the present occasion.

It was, indeed, perfectly evident, that she expected to hail Annabella as Lady Selby before many months

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At the end of that period,—from some unexplained change of feeling, whether respect for his friend William Morland, or weariness of acting a part so unsuited to him, or some relenting in favour of the young lady,—he threw off at once his lameness and his affectation, and resumed his own singularly natural and delightful manner. I saw a great deal of him; for my father's family and the Selbys had intermarried once or twice in every century since the Conquest; and though it might have puzzled a genealogist to decide how near or how distant was the relationship, yet, as, amongst north-country-folk, "blood is warmer than water," we continued not only to call cousins, but to entertain much of the kindly feeling by which family connexion often is, and always should be accompanied. My father and Mr. Leslie had always been intimate, and Mary Morland and myself having taken a strong liking to each other, we met at one house or the other almost every day; and, accustomed, as I was, to watch the progress of Mrs. Leslie's manoeuvres, the rise, decline and fall of her several schemes, I soon perceived that her hopes and plans were in full activity on the present occasion.

It was, indeed, perfectly evident, that she expected to hail Annabella as Lady Selby before many months

were past ; and she had more reason for the belief than had often happened to her, inasmuch as Sir Arthur not only yielded with the best possible grace to her repeated entreaties for the postponement of his journey, but actually paid the young lady considerable attention, watching the progress of her portrait of Miss Morland, and aiding her not only by advice but assistance, to the unspeakable benefit of the painting, and even carrying his complaisance so far as to ask her to sing every evening,—he being the very first person who had ever voluntarily caused the issue of those notes, which more resembled the screaming of a macaw than the tones of a human being. To be sure, he did not listen,—that would have been too much to expect from mortal ; but he not only regularly requested her to sing, but took care, by suggesting single songs, to prevent her sister from singing with her,—who, thus left to her own devices, used to sit in a corner listening to William Morland, with a sincerity and earnestness of attention, very different from the make-believe admiration which she had been used to shew by her mamma's orders to the clever men of fortune whom she had been put forward to attract. That Mrs. Leslie did not see what was going forward in that quarter was marvellous ; but her whole soul was engrossed by the desire to clutch Sir Arthur, and so long as he called on Annabella for bravura after bravura, she was happy.

Mr. Leslie, usually wholly inattentive to such proceedings, was on this occasion more clear-sighted. He asked Mary Morland one day “ whether she knew what

her brother and Sir Arthur were about? and, on her blushing and hesitating in a manner very unusual with her, added, chucking her under the chin, "a word to the wise is enough, my queen: I am not quite a fool, whatever your aunt may be, and so you may tell the young gentlemen;" and with that speech he walked off.

The next morning brought a still fuller declaration of his sentiments. Sir Arthur had received, by post, a letter, which had evidently affected him greatly, and had handed it to William Morland, who had read it with equal emotion, but neither of them had mentioned its contents, or alluded to it in any manner. After breakfast, the young men walked off together, and the girls separated to their different employments. I, who had arrived there to spend the day, was about to join them, when I was stopped by Mr. Leslie. "I want to speak to you," said he, "about that cousin of your's. My wife thinks he's going to marry Bells, whereas it's plain to me, as doubtless it must be to you, that whatever attention he may be paying to that simple child—and, for my own part, I don't see that he is paying her any—is merely to cover William Morland's attachment to Bab. So that the end of Mrs. Leslie's wise schemes will be to have one daughter the wife of a country curate—"

"A country curate, Mr. Leslie!" ejaculated Mrs. Leslie, holding up her hands in amazement and horror.

"And the other," pursued Mr. Leslie, "an old maid."

“An old maid!” reiterated Mrs. Leslie, in additional dismay — “An old maid! Her very wig stood on end; and what further she would have said was interrupted by the entrance of the accused party.

“I am come, Mr. Leslie,” said Sir Arthur — “do not move, Mrs. Leslie — pray stay, my dear cousin — I am come to present to you a double petition. The letter which I received this morning was, like most human events, of mingled yarn — it brought intelligence of good and of evil. I have lost an old and excellent friend, the rector of Hadley-cum-Appleton, and have, by that loss, an excellent living to present to my friend William Morland. It is above fifteen hundred a-year, with a large house, a fine garden, and a park-like glebe, altogether a residence fit for any lady; and it comes at a moment in which such a piece of preferment is doubly welcome, since the first part of my petition relates to him. Hear it favourably, my dear sir — my dear madam: he loves your Barbara — and Barbara, I hope and believe, loves him.”

“There, Mrs. Leslie!” interrupted Mr. Leslie, with an arch nod. “There! do you hear that?”

“You are both favourably disposed, I am sure,” resumed Sir Arthur. “Such a son-in-law must be an honour to any man — must he not, my dear madam? — and I, for my part, have a brother’s interest in his suit.”

“There, Mr. Leslie!” ejaculated, in her turn, Mrs. Leslie, returning her husband’s nod most triumphantly. “A brother’s interest! — do you hear that?” —

“ Since,” pursued Sir Arthur, “ I have to crave your intercession with his dear and admirable sister, whom I have loved, without knowing it, ever since we were children in the nursery, and who now, although confessing that she does not hate me, talks of want of fortune, as if I had not enough, and of want of beauty and of accomplishments, as if her matchless elegance and unrivalled conversation were not worth all the doll-like prettiness of tinsel acquisitions under the sun. Pray intercede for me, dear cousin!— dear sir!” continued the ardent lover; whilst Mr. Leslie, without taking the slightest notice of the appeal, nodded most provokingly to the crest-fallen match-maker, and begged to know how she liked Sir Arthur’s opinion of her system of education?

What answer the lady made, this deponent saith not— indeed, I believe she was too angry to speak— but the result was all that could be desired by the young people; the journey was again postponed; the double marriage celebrated at Hallenden; and Miss Annabella, as bridesmaid, accompanied the fair brides to “ canny Northumberland,” to take her chance for a husband amongst “ fresh fields and pastures new.”

THE ARMADA.

A Fragment.

BY T. B. MACAULAY.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise,
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient
days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth
bay.
Her crew hath seen Castille's black fleet, beyond Au-
rigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a
mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial
grace ;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in
chase.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast ;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many
a post.

With his white hair unbonneted the stout old sheriff
comes ;

Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the
drums ;

His yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear an ample
space,

For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the
bells,

As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown.
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies
down.

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle
shield :

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to
bay,

And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, sir knight: ho! scatter
flowers, fair maids :

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw
your blades :

Thou sun, shine on her joyously : ye breezes waft her
wide :
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM,—the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold :
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple
sea ;—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Mil-
ford bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day :
For swift to east and swift to west the warning radiance
spread ;
High on St. Michael's mount it shone, it shone on Beachy
Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern
shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire :
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves ;
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sun-
less caves.
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the
fiery herald flew ;
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of
Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from
Bristol town ;

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clif-
ton down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond-hill the streak of blood-
red light.

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence
broke,

And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires :
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling
spires :

From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the
voice of fear ;

And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder
cheer :

And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hur-
rying feet,

And the broad stream of flags and pikes dashed down
each roaring street :

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the
din,

As fast from every village round the horse came spur-
ring in :

And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the war-
like errand went,

And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires
of Kent.

Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright
couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started
for the north.
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded
still,
All night from tower to tower they sprang ;—they sprang
from hill to hill,
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of
Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest
of light ;
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately
fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the bound-
less plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of
Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's em-
battled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of
Carlisle.

UNVEILING.*

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

“Go! the useless dream is over,
 Which so long my heart hath nursed;
 Perjured knight, and faithless lover,
 Go! Love’s slavish bonds are burst.
 Never more, at morn or even,
 Shall I watch for thy return;
 I have prayed—and strength is given,
 And my heart hath ceased to burn.

“Never more, my faint head leaning
 At the dark verandah’s side,
 Shall I bless its flowers for screening
 Tears I struggled still to hide;
 Nor, with feverish fingers pressing
 On my hot and crimsoned cheek,
 Strive to chase what *thy* caressing
 Taught the tell-tale blood to speak.

“Never more, with timid shrinking
 Even from the light of day,
 (Lest the sun should read my thinking,
 And my wandering thoughts betray,)

* See Frontispiece.

Shall my hands my closed eyes cover,
 And my buried head sink low —
 Dreaming of a worshipped lover,
 Dreams which none but lovers know.

“ Never more !—that love hath vanished,
 With its pleasure and its pain ;
 From my soul thy form is banished,
 And my heart is strong again.
 But the innocence of feeling,
 And the cheerful days of yore,
 The holy quiet round me stealing—
 What, oh ! what can *these* restore ?

“ Hollow sounds my vacant laughter,
 In which joy hath never part ;
 And the unbroken silence after
 Weighs upon my burdened heart.
 Fool ! dost think that pain and sadness
 Should be borne by me alone ?
 Thou hast shared my days of gladness,
 Thou shalt pay me groan for groan.

“ In the midnight, when thou dreamest,
 To thy couch my form shall glide ;
 Even when most alone thou seemest,
 I will seat me by thy side.
 Vows of love long since were spoken,
 Ne'er each other to forsake ;
 And although thy vows are broken,
Mine, proud youth, I will not break !”

Loudly laughed her scornful lover —
 But he shrank from her dark eye ;
And her words, though years pass over,
 Still must haunt him till he die.
Vainly, with a coward's shrinking,
 He to other lands hath gone ;
Sleeping, waking, laughing, drinking,
 Never doth he feel alone.

Sweeping past him, slowly trailing
 Heavy draperies of white,
Then with steady hand UNVEILING,
 Still a figure meets his sight.
At the banquet, *she* sits by him,
 Glides along the merry dance ;
And his old companions fly him,
 Startled by his frenzied glance.

Vainly doth the bark that bears him
 Brave the winds that rouse the sea ;
Haunted by the sight that scares him,
 Hoarse he whispers — “ Yes, tis she ! ”
Vainly, by his friends surrounded,
 Doth he raise unquiet mirth,
Still the distant crowd is bounded,
 As she glides along the earth.

Even when, low and humbly bending,
 With the priest his lips would pray,
With his thoughts her last words blending,
 Prayer and hope are chased away.

Slow he hears the drapery trailing
 Far long the distant aisle ;
 And he sees that form UNVEILING,
 With a wild and wicked smile.

Wan his form, and pale and wasted,—
 Heavy is his step and slow ;
 The bitter cup his heart hath tasted,
 Hath been drugged and brimmed with woe.
 Even when on his sick-bed lying,
 'The heavy VEIL comes sweeping on ;
 She sits beside his couch while dying,—
 Watching till his soul is gone !

SONG.

WHAT is Love ?—a fire,
 Fed with idle breath ;
 'Tis a dream,—'tis a desire,
 Dying—ere death.

Where is Love ?—Alas !
 In the dust it lies
 Severed green like summer grass,
 And so—it dies.

L. C.

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CORFU :

WITH A DISTANT VIEW OF GREECE.

CORFU ! upon thy hills a host is waving
 England's red flag of Freedom and of Fame :
 Corfu ! upon thy shores a fleet is braving
 Man and the elements, the storm and flame.
 Albania's mountain amphitheatre,
 Like her own thunders, hears the mighty roar :
 When shall thy Spirit, Greece ! that summons hear ?
 When shall thy day of toil and chains be o'er ?

Land of the soul ! whose wan cold light is gleaming
 From tombs, where sleep the mighty and the free ;
 Like stars, their rays through cloud and tempest streaming ;
 Like the last radiance of the sunset sea ;
 Like morning's pallid rose on vale and mountain,
 When showers are sweeping thro' their forests hoar ;
 Like moon-beams on the vine-embowered fountain !
 When shall thy day of toil and chains be o'er ?

Shalt thou not rise ? sovereign of heart and hand !
 Shall not the Greece we loved, be Greece again ?
 Shall not thy warrior take his lion-stand,
 To guard the entrance of his native glen ?
 Shall not the shout be borne upon the wind,
 That tells the world thy men are men once more ?

Queen of our mightiest might, immortal mind !
 When shall thy day of toil and chains be o'er ?

The world is waking ; it has slept its sleep.
 And thou ! must thou be but a nobler slave ?
 Shall lands fore-doomed to fetters, scorn to weep,
 While thou ! whose emblem was the ocean-wave,
 Obeying but Heaven's breath, resistless, grand,
 Yet rolling gems and gold upon thy shore —
 Must Greece alone lie slumbering, cold, unmanned !
 When shall thy day of toil and chains be o'er ?

Land of the poet, painter, hero, sage !
 Shall not again thy native Genius rise,
 In beauty, deathless as thy Homer's page,
 As Sappho's living thoughts and burning sighs,
 As his, who by the dead in Marathon,
 While all the earth re-echoed, proudly swore,
 Demosthenes, thy last, eclipsing sun !
 When shall thy day of toil and chains be o'er ?

What is thine emblem now ? this ocean-lake,
 Sheltered with many a cool and liliated bower,
 Where the rich sunbeam, like a golden snake,
 Winds through the labyrinth of fruit and flower ;
 Bright, deep, delicious,—but forgotten all ;
 Waked by no trumpet's sound no galley's prore.
 Land of our love, ev'n in thy lowest fall !
 When shall thy day of toil and chains be o'er ?

Atov.

THE TORNADO.

An African Sketch.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

Dost thou love to list the rushing
 Of the tempest in its might ?
 Dost thou joy to see the gushing
 Of the torrent at its height ?
 Hasten forth ere yet the gloaming
 Waneth wildly into night,
 While the troubled sea is foaming
 With a strange phosphoric light.

Lo, the sea-fowl, loudly screaming,
 Seeks the shelter of the land ;
 And a signal light is gleaming
 Where yon vessel nears the strand :
 Just at sun-set she was lying
 All-becalmed upon the main ;
 Now, with sails in tatters flying,
 She to sea-ward beats — in vain !

Hark ! the long-unopened fountains
 Of the clouds have burst at last ;
 And the echoes of the mountains
 Lift their wailing voices fast :

Now a thousand rills are pouring
 Their far-sounding waterfalls ;
 And the wrathful stream is roaring
 High above its rocky walls.

Now the forest-trees are shaking,
 Like bullrushes in the gale ;
 And the folded flocks are quaking
 'Neath the pelting of the hail.
 From the jungle-cumbered river
 Comes a growl along the ground ;
 And the cattle start and shiver,
 For they know full well the sound.

'Tis the lion, gaunt with hunger,
 Glaring down the darkening glen ;
 But a fiercer Power and stronger
 Drives him back into his den :
 For the fiend TORNADO rideth
 Forth with FEAR, his maniac bride,
 Who by shipwrecked shores abideth,
 With the she-wolf by her side. .

Heard ye not the Demon flapping
 His exulting wings aloud ?
 And his Mate her wild hands clapping
 From yon scowling thunder-cloud ?
 By the fireflaucht's gleamy flashing
 The doomed vessel ye may spy,
 With the billows o'er her dashing —
 Hark (Oh God!) that fearful cry !

Seven hundred human voices
In that shriek came on the blast !
Ha ! the Tempest-Fiend rejoices —
For all earthly aid is past !
White as smoke the surge is showering
O'er the cliffs that sea-ward frown,
While the greedy gulph, devouring,
Like a dragon sucks them down.

SONNET.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

CHECK every outflash, every ruder sally
Of thought and speech ; speak low, and give up wholly
Thy spirit to mild-minded Melancholy ;
This is the place. Through yonder poplar alley,
Below, the blue-green river windeth slowly ;
But in the middle of the sombre valley,
The crispèd waters whisper musically,
And all the haunted place is dark and holy.
The nightingale, with long and low preamble,
Warbled from yonder knoll of solemn larches,
And in and out the woodbine's flowery arches
The summer midges wove their wanton gambol,
And all the white stemmed pinewood slept above —
When in this valley first I told my love.

THE VEILED LADY OF AJMERE.

A Tale of Hindostan.

BY JAMES BAILLIE FRASER.

THE spectacle was over,—the pageant at an end. Elephants and camels with all their gay trappings, and the multitude of horses with their glittering riders, were no more seen; the spearmen, and the mace-bearers, and the troops, and all the gleaming satellites of Indian pomp and state, had disappeared; and the scene, which had so lately teemed with life and motion, was abandoned for a while to comparative solitude and repose.

Evening—an Indian evening, with all its gorgeous splendor, had succeeded the hot and dusty though brilliant day: the sky was pure and serene, save in the western horizon, where the sun had almost set behind a mass of golden clouds. The noble group of mountains which tower over the city of Ajmere, crowned by the rocky and castellated table of Taragush, lay bathed in a rich flood of his departing light, checkered by the shadows of the deep ravines which divided and furrowed them. Beneath, lay the fair lake of Unna-Saugur, like a sea

of liquid gold, veiling with the reflected glories of the western sky the mysterious magnificence that lies hid under its deep waters,* and giving back, instead of those buried palaces, the bright temples and royal pleasure houses, whose pure white marble glowed in the dying beam; while the deep verdure of the mangoe-trees, and the lighter foliage of the graceful tamarind, formed a contrast with these dazzling edifices, on which the eye rested with delight.

The boats that, during the pageant of the day, had flaunted in gilded pomp, with flag and streamer, on the bosom of the lake, still sparkled in the shadow of the massy *bund* † which restrains the waters at its lower end, and on which the royal palaces are built; and hundreds of the imperial attendants hovered around the august pavillions, like the glittering insects that swarmed in the sunbeams under every tree. Groups of Indian females with their gay draperies and graceful forms, thronging to the shore, performed their ablutions or bore away portions of the clear element, and added a softer interest to the scene. All was in perfect harmony, —all deeply imbued with that peculiar and almost indescribable spell of fairy splendor, of soft-dreaming luxury, which throws its charm over the haunts of Indian pomp, and lends its influence even to the less exalted and commonplace scenery of that bright but degraded land.

* The natives believe that the palace of a mighty rajah, the pillars of which were of gold and silver, and the rest of its materials of a corresponding character, was overwhelmed by this lake, and still lies hid at its bottom.

† Dam or mound.

Invited by the comparative coolness of the hour, Mr. B——, a young medical gentleman of high professional skill, who had but just arrived from Surat, to join the embassy of Sir Thomas Roe,* came forth from his tent, which had been pitched at a little distance under the shade of some noble mangoe-trees, to feast his eyes upon a scene which even in the blaze of heat and the horrors of dust-clouds had excited his admiration. Leaving at some distance the group of attendants who are wont to follow the footsteps of every man of consequence in that land of obsequiousness, Mr. B—— proceeded a little way along the margin of the lake to gain a better view of the picturesque group of mountains to which we have alluded — perhaps, to catch a closer peep at a fair assemblage of Brahmenee and Rajepootnee girls, who were lingering on the shore, and gazing through the folds of their *doputtas*, with not less interest than his own, at the unusual garb and appearance of the stranger.

While thus occupied, and lounging musingly along, as our young physician turned round the base of a rocky fragment on the shore, he was well nigh startled by the sudden approach of a person in the native garb ; — but the dress and attitude of the intruder instantly banished the slight alarm which his unexpected presence had produced. The man was plainly habited ; but the crooked silver stick he bore, proclaimed him to be the *Chokedar* † and confidential messenger of some

* Ambassador from James the First of England, to Jehangeer Padshah , the Great Moghul, son and successor of Akber the Great, in 1673.

† Stick or mace bearer.

person of condition ; and the low obeisance which accompanied his *salaam*, no less than the hands joined in supplicatory gesture, with which his address was prefaced, betokened his errand to be one of peace and of respect.

“ Who are you, friend — and what may you want with me ? ” enquired the Englishman, as the chokedar stood before him, waiting to be questioned.

“ Thy slave is the servant of one whose name may not be uttered,” was the reply ; “ and he comes to the feet of the great Frank physician.”

“ And should I be the person you mean, I would know what ye require of me ? ”

“ If my lord will permit his slave to represent — he comes to solicit the assistance of *the presence*,* in a case of great distress. There is one deprived of health who requires immediate aid ; and thy slave has been sent to shew the way. The blessing of Allah will attend upon my lord, and his reward will also be great.”

“ But who is this nameless patient ? and whither is it required that I should go ? Willing though I may be to give my aid to the distressed, I can do nothing without more information ; and prudence forbids that I should trust myself in the hands of a stranger who withholds his name, and rank, and place of abode.”

“ My lord, thy slave would represent that the command is express to declare neither name nor place of abode ; for life and death depend not less on secrecy

* *Huzoor*, the presence, a usual term of respect to superiors, to whom in Hindoostan the simple pronoun is never applied.

than on dispatch. But let my lord be assured that no evil, but good is intended. The life of his slave is in the hands of my lord—but his head would be the forfeit of his disobedience. While my lord lingers, the angel of death advances. Let him be pleased to consent, and delay no longer ;” and the accent and attitude of the messenger were those of earnest entreaty.

“Strange !” thought the Englishman. “If it were any person of rank or consequence that requires my aid, why should he hesitate to tell his name? Yet truly, secrecy, even among ourselves, is full often required of medical men—and in this land of mystery and intrigue is it likely to be less so? Who can say what reasons for concealment may exist? Suppose a female in the case?—if it were a *woman* now!” and his heart beat at the thought; for our young physician, an enthusiastic admirer of the softer sex—black, brown, or fair, so they were but lovely—had, moreover, a strong spice of romance in his nature; and a bright idea instantly struck his brain. “A woman!” exclaimed he, mentally pursuing this new train of thought—“a female patient!—perhaps her illness may be more than that of the body!—more deeply rooted than it may be safe to own! It is not the first time a young physician has been called in to allay the throbbing of a pulse which beat with other fires than those of fever!—may not this same illness be but a pretence to obtain an interview?”—and the slight glance which the young man cast over his handsome person, and the rising flush upon his cheek, as the fancy

crossed his brain, betrayed the human vanity which, like a weed among flowers, reared its head among many better feelings.

Reluctant as we should be to give an unfavourable impression of our countryman, we fear it must be confessed, that the compliance of the young physician with the chokedar's solicitations, was influenced as much by this romantic fancy, as by his wish to alleviate distress, regarding the nature of which he began, somewhat unreasonably, to entertain a doubt. Not that we would insinuate this sudden resolve to be the creature of vanity alone: it was rather the impulse of that love of enterprize and ardour of temperament, which had originally prompted the young man to seek so distant, and at that time so little known a land, and which had woven out of a plain appeal to his humanity and skill, an imaginary and gallant adventure. But it was enough; and without further consideration he announced his readiness to accompany the messenger—"I will but inform my servants," he said, "of my intended absence, and then accompany you."

"Good, my lord," replied the man: the palkee is at hand—thy slave will have it prepared."

"The Palkee, too!—then all seems indeed to have been arranged"—mused the doctor, as he returned to where his own chief hircarrah was standing, and mentioned to him that a sudden professional call might occasion a prolonged absence, at which he need not be alarmed.

In a few minutes more, he returned to the spot

although the frequent stumbles and false steps of the bearers gave expressive hints of the painful roughness of the path they were treading.

To pretend that during this long and tedious progress, the heart of our young physician was neither visited by suspicions nor alarms, would be to aver what were equally vain and untrue; for when the first flush of excitement was over, and he was left in the comparative inaction of the palkee to his own reflections, certain misgivings did assuredly arise in his mind, and he began to blame himself as a fool for his easy credulity. "Yet," thought he, "there cannot surely be a doubt that illness or intrigue is at the bottom of this affair; for it is utterly improbable that any thing can be meditated against my person. A stranger, and an Englishman — what can I have done to provoke enmity? — and one, too, of the suite of a friendly ambassador — psha! impossible! — no evil can be designed — if there was, what need of all this protracted farce? — no, whatever be the motive for so extraordinary a proceeding, it cannot be one that will affect my safety." Yet still, when he called to mind the customs and feelings of the country — when the extreme jealousy with which the natives of Hindostan regard every thing connected with their women, crossed his thoughts, he felt that *intrigue* at least could not be without its perils. But he was fairly embarked in the adventure; there was no receding — "returning were as bad as to go o'er." — And therefore, gallantly resolving to make no opposition where opposition must be fruitless, but to exert the

keenest observation and the most jealous caution in all his conduct, he abandoned himself to fortune and his guides.

During another quarter of an hour, the palkee continued to make its way among buildings, the walls of which still more completely excluded the faint twilight, although it served to shew their ruinous condition; but after threading a variety of narrow and much obstructed passages, the bearers halted and set down their burthen before a narrow door-way. In the momentary pause which took place between the springing of the Englishman to his legs and the answering of the chokedar's signal from within, the former could but just discern that they were in a little lane between high but shattered brick walls, and that every thing near them bore a mean and squalid aspect.

Nor did appearances greatly improve when the door opened, and they were thus admitted into a sort of court, the interior of which was encumbered with rubbish and rank herbage. A brick-paved pathway in the centre led to an open verandah, not less desolate than the rest; but the chokedar, leading the way with courteous gesture, guided his charge by an archway which had been closed by an old matted screen. This led to a long passage, and the darkness which reigned here being dispelled by a torch, lighted by one of the attendants, the Englishman could see that the further end was closed by a purdeh or curtain of white and red cotton cloth.

With another respectful but expressive gesture, and

maintaining profound silence, the chokedar now besought the young physician to wait while he went forward and gave some secret signal. The young man's anxiety was stimulated by all these formal preparatives; curiosity was roused to its height, and the last lingering qualm of doubt had yielded to eager impatience, ere the purdeh was gently drawn aside. The chokedar beckoned him forward, but remained beyond the mystic screen as it closed; and our physician found himself in a very small court with only one other person, a closely veiled female, who had given him admittance.

Even the thrill which ran through his frame at this apparent realization of his fancied good fortune, did not prevent his casting a rapid glance around him at the place which he had thus entered. The scene was changed; the ruin and dilapidation which reigned without had no place here. The court, neatly paved and kept, was surrounded by little apartments, the entrances of which were closed by purdehs, like that which had given him admittance; and an air of comfort and care was everywhere perceptible. Quickly turning, however, from inanimate objects, his gaze fell with more intentness upon the person of the female beside him, and he was meditating in what manner to address her, when she anticipated his intention, by enquiring, with a respectful obeisance but in eager tones—

“Is my lord a physician?”

“I am so, lady,” replied he.

“Oh thou hast tarried long,” said she. “And time and illness press:—let us delay no more.”

“It is thou, then, who hast called me hither,” said the Englishman, in an accent which betrayed somewhat of the disappointment he felt at a denouement which destroyed his visionary hopes. “But why this mystery?—why was the nature of the case, like the name, concealed from me?—thus preventing me from providing myself with what might be necessary.”

“Was not my lord informed that his assistance was required to succour the sick? For that office a great physician must surely be at all times prepared.”

“So much was indeed told me,” replied the Englishman, “but neither the age, sex, nor condition of the patient was made known:—nay, I had cause—I believed”—he hesitated—“in short I could not be fitly prepared for what the case may be found to require.”


“Stranger,” replied the female, “we people of Hindostan trust not our secrets to the mouths of menials, nor breathe even to the wind of heaven what concerns our women. Know that thy aid has been sought for to-night on no common occasion: the life at stake is no mean one, nor shall the reward of success be trifling. A young and beautiful lady lies here struggling with the angel of death: we trust that thy zeal and skill may scare the destroyer away, and restore the drooping rosebud to health and beauty.”

Again did the heart of the young man thrill—“It is youth and beauty then!” was his inward ejaculation; but his lips only uttered, “I am ready—lead me to the sick chamber—I will at least do my utmost to revive this drooping flower.”

“Follow me then,” replied the female : “speak not ; seek not to do more than thou art bidden :—be discreet, and thy reward is sure :—be rash or foolish, and the consequences may be fatal.”

The Englishman had no time to ponder on the alarming hint contained in the last words of his guide, for, pushing aside another screen, she introduced him through a short passage into a still larger court, which was laid out with all the formal refinement of Eastern taste. Parterres of roses and jessamine and other gay flowers, adorned its sides ; a basin of pure water occupied the centre, and a fountain threw up jets-d'eau to cool the air, breaking the reflected star-light with its glittering spray. Of this area, one end was occupied by a building sustained on pillars of dazzling whiteness and graceful form ; their fluted and tapering shafts springing from branches of lotus-leaves, the flowers of which were represented by their capitals— all cut out of that pure marble which gives beauty to so many royal palaces and mausoleums in Hindostan. The archways between these pillars were fitted up with *purdehs* of crimson and green, which all, save one or two, were dropped so as to close the spaces. The other sides of the square were formed by arcades of inferior beauty and materials, and each arch gave entrance to a small apartment. That these were not unoccupied was obvious, from the streams of light which issued from more than one among them, although the entrances were for the most part closed by screens or curtains resembling those in the other court.

There was full time afforded the young Englishman to note all these particulars; for his guide, having reached the steps which led to one of the open archways of the building, requested him to remain until she should have announced his arrival. "But move not, nor speak," said she, "as you value your own safety and that of others."—In another moment he was alone, his heart bounding under the influence of all the powerful emotions inspired by so peculiar a situation. It was not then in Hindostan as in these latter days:—the very slight intercourse which had at that time taken place between Europeans and Indians—between Christians and Mussulmans or Hindoos—had not produced that limited familiarity which circumstances have since compelled between people of dissimilar habits, nor that jealous caution with which a subjugated people must for a long time contemplate their conquerors. To have reached the centre of the remote Indian empire, the court of the Great Moghul himself, was in those days an enterprize of no mean importance—an achievement to be laudably proud of: but to become so immediately the hero of an adventure—to be introduced so strangely and mysteriously into that dangerous and forbidden place, that object of Christian curiosity—the harem of an Eastern Ameer,—for such and no less, in spite of its external squalidity, did the luxury and retirement of its interior proclaim the place where he stood to be—this to an ardent imaginative mind was excitement of so intoxicating a character, that the young man stood gazing around him, with glowing cheek and



beaming eye, as one who felt himself just entering the regions of enchantment.

The clear pale light of the stars fell silently on the spot where he stood; the silence interrupted only by the far-off hum of the city, or a slight occasional whisper, which no less than the tell-tale streams of light seemed to announce that the chambers around were by no means tenantless. But now and then a stifled moan which smote the ear, reminded the young physician of the pain and suffering in that sumptuous dwelling—of the fair young creature for whom his aid had been solicited.

He had not long remained alone, when earnest whispers were heard within the building; and the stern, impatient, though subdued tones of a man's voice, rose with startling emphasis upon the quiet air, in harsh contrast to the accents of female remonstrance with which they were mingled. They jarred upon the young Englishman's ear, for they boded no good to the little airy castle in which he still indulged, spite of his better judgment; but there was short time to weigh their import, or conjecture their meaning, for another low moan stole painfully from the interior of the place, the voices dropped into silence, and the female re-appearing, beckoned her charge to approach. The young man followed her through the archway into an arcaded verandah, where the glimmering light of a few small lamps enabled him to observe more than one veiled female form; but the rise of a curtain left him no further time for enquiry, for it disclosed a scene which absorbed his whole soul and sense.

He had entered an apartment of no great dimensions, but fitted up with every refinement of eastern luxury and even magnificence. The marble pillars and walls were adorned with gold and azure: the archways were closed with curtains of brocaded silk. Silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil, shed a softened ray through screens of fine muslin. The floor was covered with the finest mats of Bengal, on which was spread a cloth of spotless white. Only on one side was the apartment open to the air, and from thence the fragrance which reached the sense, told of the buds of roses which it must have swept ere it reached this favoured retreat. But the eyes of the young Englishman were speedily directed to more interesting objects. On a dewan, or dais, somewhat elevated above the rest of the apartment and at its upper end, under a canopy of silver-knotted muslin, was placed a *charpae*, or Indian couch, of rich enamel-work. The gauzy drapery, which should have fallen around this place of repose, to exclude from its occupant the troublesome insects that buzzed around it, had been drawn, doubtless to admit the fresh air; but the eye of the Englishman sought in vain for the person of that occupant, for before it stood two veiled women, holding between them a shawl which precluded all view. At each side, but removed to some distance, stood a female form, holding a fan of a gigantic and ornamented palm-tree leaf, with which she agitated the air; and close to the head of the *charpae* were two others, who drove away the insects which approached the invalid.

Perhaps, however, the object which principally if not most pleasingly fixed the Englishman's regards, was the figure of a young man, who was standing by the side of the couch as he entered, and who threw upon him a glance in which impatience and restrained wrath were singularly blended with an expression of anxious curiosity. It was not without some uneasy feelings that our physician gazed upon the fair but youthful form, the noble but lowering features, the corrugated brow and the compressed lips, of the person who so unexpectedly arrested his attention : for to meet a man within the forbidden spot to which he had attained, by no means entered his calculations. It was the fierce haughty glance and proud air, rather than any peculiarity of dress or equipage, that proclaimed exalted rank, and hinted at the danger of unauthorized intrusion ; nor, for a moment, could he deem himself in safety : but a gesture of his female guide appeared to recall the stranger to himself ; the hand was withdrawn from the grasp of the jewelled khunjur, and the respectful salute of the Englishman was barely acknowledged by a haughty inclination.

An earnest though whispered remonstrance from the female, was replied to on the part of the lofty stranger, for a while by impatient words alone ; but her importunity seemed at last to prevail, and she turned to the Englishman and addressed him in the same low tones.

“Physician of the Franks, thy patient is here—thy aid is sorely needed, therefore delay not to afford it—

teeth with passion took his seat upon an embroidered cushion at the head of the couch.

The eyes of the Englishman were now permitted to rest upon the form before him. The countenance was still veiled, but in spite of the rich draperies which enveloped her person, deep gaspings and restless tossings of the limbs betrayed the fever which burned in the sufferer's veins. A thrill of genuine compassion, mingled with that indefinable emotion which agitates the heart of man at sight of female suffering, forced an exclamation of sincere pity from our young physician, the tones of which seemed even to soften the jealous fierceness of the youth; for, addressing the intruder for the first time, he said in broken tones—"In the name of God, stranger, save her, and great shall be thy reward!"

"My lord," replied the Englishman, "thy servant is ready to do his utmost;"—and he bent towards the couch to take the hand of the invalid. But again did the storm cross the young man's brow; again did the hand gripe the ready dagger, and "Dog! touch her not, on thy life!" burst in thunder from his lips.

But the Englishman's indignation was at length kindled, and drawing himself up with a proud yet respectful air, he fixed a steady look upon the burning cheek and fiery eyes of the young man, who seemed to feel its influence, as he addressed him.

"Twice, sir, has it pleased you to insult me, unmeritedly with a term, which, in your language as in ours, is vile. How I came hither, and for what purpose,

must be known to you ; certainly it was not for my own pleasure or with my own will, for long did I hesitate to obey your messenger's summons. I have been brought hither it appears to prescribe for a sick lady. Every country has its own ways : those of Hindostan are different from ours, but I can only follow those in which I have been bred. With us, Franks, physicians never prescribe without feeling the pulse and seeing the countenance of the sick, and unless this be permitted me, I cannot and I will not act. Suffer me therefore to proceed in my own way, or dismiss me at once to my friends."

The fury of the young man was excited by this unreserved declaration, to so high a pitch as to threaten some violent explosion ; but the calm bearing of the Englishman operated on it like a spell—as the eye of man is said to cow the spirit of the most savage animals.

"How, slave!" he exclaimed, "an unclean infidel behold and touch the wife of—"


An energetic movement of the female, who abruptly interrupted his further speech, probably prevented some indiscreet disclosure ; and the Englishman, whose interest in the fair object of this discussion, had, after the first burst, somewhat tempered his indignant displeasure, resumed the discourse in more conciliatory tones.

"If it please you, sir, to reflect but a moment—what can a stranger as I am, in your power too, purpose or imagine against your honour or that of this lady?—

what can prompt me to the conditions I have proposed, but a desire to be of real service?—of what use can it be to me to raise your anger by such proposals, or to see a face and touch a hand which I never can see or touch again? If the honour of the English name be insufficient to guarantee my honourable intentions, or if I should in the smallest point deceive you, are not the means of punishment in your hands? Is not the ambassador, under whose orders I am, at hand, to receive your complaints, should cause be given by me. My life and my honour are thus in your power if I betray your trust. But reject not the means which the Almighty has sent you of saving, perhaps, the life of this fair flower whom you love so much.”

Perhaps neither the temperate remonstrance of the Englishman, nor the earnest entreaties of the female, might have been sufficient to soften the jealous prejudices of the young Mussulman, had not a groan and an ejaculation from the poor sufferer herself opportunely interposed in aid of their well-meant endeavours.

Listening as she doubtless had been to the discussion which passed beside her bed of pain, her reluctance to exposure—a reluctance which will often induce a female of Hindostan to prefer death itself to such degradation—deadened by anguish of mind and body, she murmured out, “Oh, mercy, mercy!—I die, I die!” The faint despairing tone in which these words were uttered seemed like the prelude to the catastrophe they announced.



“It is well, then,” said the youth, in hurried accents : — “see — look upon her — touch her — save her — but be discreet — be wise, or you die !”

The female approached — the veil was withdrawn, and the oppressive coverings removed. “Relieve her from these things, and give her air, if you value her life,” said the young physician, as he approached, and bent an earnest eye upon the flushed yet beautiful countenance of the young creature thus exposed to his view. And never surely was there a combination of youth and beauty and helplessness more calculated to interest a feeling heart, than in the fair and drooping flower of Hindostan, for whom his aid was now solicited. Her slight fairy form denoted a very tender age : — in Europe she might have passed for sixteen ; but the precocity of an Indian climate, no less than her interesting situation — for it was now, indeed, sufficiently obvious, as the attendant had declared, that the poor girl must soon be herself a mother — gave the semblance of maturer age to a far earlier time of life : she had barely seen her thirteenth birth-day. The fastidious taste of northern lands might condemn the amber tinge of her complexion ; and yet the “pure and eloquent blood,” which rushed through every vein at each emotion of her youthful heart, produced a glow which contrasted happily with the dark lucid eyes that illuminated her speaking countenance, and the jetty locks which adorned a head fit for the model of a Grecian Venus. The *n'hut*, or nose jewel, the frontlet of pearls, the emerald ear-drops, and the costly necklace

which adorned her person, afforded a more mournful contrast with the feverish glitter of those full black eyes, and the morbid restlessness of disease which agitated her limbs. It was a painful thing to witness so much suffering in one so young, so fair, and, as it seemed, so highly born. Our Englishman felt it so, and addressed his mind with energy to alleviate her distress. The pulse was felt, the eye and the tongue examined, without further opposition; and in compassion to the feelings of the Eastern husband, and the prejudices of those around him, he waived a further and more minute examination, which strict adherence to medical practice might have prescribed, but which the information already gained enabled him to dispense with.


“Had I but known all I now know,” said he, “I might have been better prepared. Something may, indeed, be done immediately, but a messenger must be dispatched to my tent for certain indispensable requisites: in the meantime, I shall wait, if it please you, to watch the effect of what must now be administered.”

The zeal of the Frank physician, no less than the delicacy of his conduct, conciliated even the Eastern husband's jealousy. A messenger was dispatched with due directions, and the young Englishman could not avoid being struck with the significant smile which his regret at the imagined distance to his tents, and consequent loss of time, called forth from the attendants. We pass the unreasonable scruples which the young man betrayed, at permitting the invalid to

swallow the draught prepared for her untasted by her new physician, and the good-humoured readiness with which he complied with this unpleasant form. The relief which followed its exhibition produced a decided effect upon the stranger's demeanour, and inspired a degree of confidence which augured well for the future. But the visit and the scene experienced a very sudden and unexpected interruption.

The messenger had not long returned, and the anxious inmates of the sick room were awaiting the effect of those further measures which the Englishman had conceived it expedient to adopt, and the invalid had just fallen into a quiet doze, when suddenly they were alarmed by a noise in the outer court; the scuffling of men and the cries of women were next heard, and the young man started to his feet. "How now, fellows?—what disrespect is this?" exclaimed he—"Allee Buxsh?—Meer Hussein? Dogs! what means that noise?" But the demand remained unanswered, and the clash of steel and several heavy blows increased the hubbub and alarm. Plucking his dagger from his waist, the young man rushed to the entrance of the inner court, while the females clustered shrieking round the couch of their exhausted mistress; but in a moment he re-appeared, retreating before a number of armed men, distinguished by blue girdles and turbans twisted with blue. "Yah Allah!" exclaimed the female who had acted so principal a part, "we are undone—we are discovered. Allee Yar!—oh, Allee Yar!—have mercy!"

Such is the sanctity of the harem in Asia, that the men who had unwittingly advanced thus into its very centre, though exasperated by resistance and heated with action, paused and gave back when they recognized the forbidden precincts, and stood with their eyes cast on the ground, not daring to raise them to the females into whose presence they had so rudely intruded. But their leader was not to be so easily daunted. "It is the Khan's orders — it is the Padshah's will!" said he, solemnly; "woe to him who shall shrink from obeying them! In the name of the Padshah and the Khan, seize the *Prince!*"—"Back, villains! — to hell with ye!" shouted the Prince, for such and no less he was; "back with ye, dogs — the first who advances shall die!" But the command of their leader was more regarded than the threat of the unfortunate Prince; for they knew that the star of his destiny was sinking, and the power of the Khan was at the full: so, forming themselves to inclose him, they advanced; yet such was the hereditary reverence of the Moghuls for the blood of Timour, that not an arm was raised against him, even when, like a lion in the toils, he threw himself, khunjur in hand, upon the armed crowd with fatal impetuosity. One poor wretch received the weapon in his body, and the gushing blood covered his murderer; and, ere the rest could close around him, another lay writhing and sorely wounded on the floor; but his arms were seized, and he was secured before further mischief could be done. All passed with a rapidity which would have mocked



prevention or control. The shouts of the Prince, and his blood-stained aspect as he stood powerless in the grasp of his captors, aroused the unhappy invalid to a miserable consciousness: starting from the couch, she made one step towards her lover, shrieking "Ai Feeroze! — ah, my beloved lord!" But her strength failed, her head swam round, and she fell in strong convulsions into the arms of her women.

At this sight, the Englishman rushed forward. "If ye be men," said he, "leave the place — leave this unhappy lady — see, she is already dead."

"And who may you be?" demanded the leader of the band, "that dares to interfere with the followers of Mohubut-Khan * in the execution of their duty?" and the scymitar flashed in his hand.

"Hold, Allee Yar Beg," exclaimed the principal female, interposing — "you have done enough; the Prince is in your hands; your orders are fulfilled; your master's daughter is dying; stain not your hands with the blood of the Frank Hakeem; your lives will answer it — it is Noor Buxsh that warns you, whom ye know for your master's sister!"

"And is it well for my lord's sister to be found thus leagued with those who have insulted him?" replied Allee Yar, in a surly voice. "But let this meddling Frank beware — let him, if he can, save the daughter of Mohubut-Khan, but let him see that he lose not his own head by indiscretion."

* He was a nobleman at one time in great favour at the Moghul court of Jehangeer Padshah.

“Stay — hold !” exclaimed the Prince, as they sought to drag him away — stop, on your lives, slaves ! Good and true-hearted Englishman ! my only remaining friend ! remain here — preserve that broken flower — preserve the wife of Suldaun Ferooze. *He* is in the tiger’s clutch, and the dungeon, the cord, or the poison cup, may end his days, or ever a week be past ; but his royal grandfather may one day awake from his dream, and your reward for this day’s work will be sure.” A gesture of fervent devotion was all the reply which time or opportunity permitted ; for in another moment the Prince was hurried from the place ; and the Englishman, heart-struck at the scene, addressed himself to save, if yet it might be possible, the fair lily which had suffered so rudely in the storm.

Shattered and broken in truth it was ; but the spirits of youth are buoyant, and its constitution, more pliant than when hardened by years, bends to the stroke that would destroy a maturer plant. The consequences were exactly those which were to be looked for — a painful, but scarcely a premature, delivery ensued ; but its dangers were averted by the skill of the sympathizing Englishman. The precautionary measures which his prudence had suggested were of much avail in the sequel ; and in spite of the disastrous events of the evening, a prospect appeared of saving both mother and child.

But anguish of mind is often more fatal than sickness of body ; and our doctor sought the means of removing the mental, no less than the corporeal, distress



of his interesting patient. He soon discovered that the Prince was the victim of a political faction. The English ambassador was at the time high in favour with the emperor, and he conceived the plan of interesting that gentleman in the safety of the unfortunate pair. The origin and progress of the intrigue was easily discovered from the old lady who was aunt to the beautiful invalid.

It appeared that Sultaun Ferooze, the son of Sultaun Khosroo, who was the third son of the emperor Jehangeer, having, in the course of a youthful frolic, obtained a sight of Guleyauz, the young and lovely daughter of Mohubut-Khan, then the most powerful noble of the court, was so captivated by her beauty, that though she was then little more than a child, he languished to obtain her. To attempt this otherwise than by marriage, would have been an affront which even the grandson of the Padshah dared not conceive towards a noble so great as Mohubut-Khan, and to such a marriage neither the emperor nor her father would have given their consent; so when the Khan was called away from court by the wars in the Deccan, the young Prince contrived to carry off the lady, and hid her in a retreat, which was discovered by her aunt too late to prevent the ruinous consequences of so rash a step. The Khan, already his father's enemy, swore vengeance against the son; but absence and strict concealment had hitherto averted the storm, and the young and lovely bride remained safe in the retired but luxurious abode which the Prince had provided at

Ajmere, until this fatal evening. It appeared that the servants of the Englishman, alarmed at his prolonged absence, or moved by curiosity to discover its cause, had traced him to the Prince's house, and, conceiving him to be beset by some hidden danger, had applied for a force to search the place. The dependants of Mohubut-Khan, ever on the watch to promote their master's views, very soon discovered or suspected the truth. The rest is already known.

Soothing the trembling mother and miserable wife with hopes of a husband's deliverance, the kind-hearted physician hastened to the camp, which he was surprised to find close by ; for there was no longer any motive for misleading him by a circuitous route. The English ambassador very readily entered into his views ; nor did he find the Emperor obdurate to the voice of mercy pleading for a grandson, against whom he had no positive cause of displeasure, whatever might be the errors of his father ; and Jehangeer prided himself too much upon his title of *just*, to compromise it even in the opinion of a foreigner and a Christian.

The suit was urged, too, at a happy moment — that is to say, at an advanced period of a feast, where the emperor had somewhat forgot his dignity, and the Mussulman the law of his prophet, in copious libations of the forbidden juice of the grape. “*Cabool* — I grant thy petition,” was the gracious reply ; “ and in return, thou wilt command, for the royal use, some more of that delicious liquor, which it is not for the king to name.” Sir Thomas bowed respectfully low,



to conceal the smile which rose to his lip at this singular commutation of a grandson's life for a butt or two of the bright nectar of Xeres, of which the emperor had become somewhat remarkably fond. But the Prince was saved for the time, and the lovers reconciled. With his subsequent history we have not here to do; nor would we hazard inflicting pain upon our fair readers, or disturbing our own equanimity, by searching the dark catalogue of crimes which most commonly close the career of Eastern princes, for a confirmation of our doubts or our fears.

 SONNET.

Oh! if thou lov'st me, love me not so well!
 For in this ceaseless mingling of the heart
 I feel such power of mystery doth dwell,
 I sicken with the weight, and weeping start!
 Are we of earth, and subject to decay—
 Walk we a world of sin, and change, and pain?
 Yet dare we own that forms of mortal clay
 Our all of wealth and happiness contain?
 Oh! surely souls for higher aims were made
 Than thus in love's fantastic realm to rove;
 And ours might treasure find that ne'er shall fade,
 And soar from human to immortal love!
 Then, if thou lov'st me, teach my hopes to rise,
 And lead my heart with thine home—home into the
 skies!

Edinburgh, May, 1832.

GERTRUDE.

AWAY TO THE GREENWOOD.

A Song.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN.

I.

AWAY to the greenwood — away with me
 To the summer tent of the linden tree ;
 Where the glimmering beams of sunshine fall,
 Like shaded lights in a monarch's hall ;
 And the elf-tuned harp of the breeze is heard,
 With the trilling tones of the viewless bird ;
 And the waterfall from the echoing steep
 Peals like an organ his anthem deep ;
 And at every pause, the lute-like voice
 Of the cuckoo sings — “ Rejoice ! rejoice ! ”

II.

Away to the greenwood — away with me
 To the summer tent of the linden tree ;
 For autumn ere long shall shake the bough
 Of the quivering leaves so musical now ;
 And the flowers decay, and the birds be mute,
 And the hoar frost crinkle beneath thy foot ;
 With lowering skies, and wild tempests loud,
 And the cold earth shrunk in her wintry shroud :
 Then hasteth thee, love, while the sweet summer calls,
 To the linden tree by the waterfalls.









AFFECTION.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

SMILE on, young Mother! brightly smile,
 And thank the Lord of Heaven,
 That to those dark and anxious eyes
 The future is not given.
 Smile on, and listen to the sweet
 Low voices in thine ear,
 And press the trembler to thy heart,
 Whose laugh belies her fear.

The day may come, when dead alike
 To human joy or pain,
 Those crimson lips shall meet thy kiss,
 Yet not caress again :
 And thou shalt shroud the fairy limbs,
 So perfect in thine eye ;
 And in the cold and quiet grave
 Thy little one shall lie.

The day *may* come when shame shall creep
 That merry heart within,
 And thou perforce must share the shame,
 Who only wept the sin :

When scorned — and crushed — and left alone
Without a name or home,
The broken heart shall breathe a prayer
For Death, which will not come.

The day may come — (oh ! strange that such
Should be a mother's fate !)
When those so tenderly beloved
Thy heart shall learn to hate :
When, baffled in thy fondest dreams,
That heart with slow decay
Shall wither at its very core,
And eat itself away.

When cold in feeling, cold in speech,
And brooding o'er thy wrongs,
Thou shalt forget the days of old —
Forget thy cradle songs ;
And they who nestled at thy breast,
And laughed upon thy knee,
More strange unto thy home and heart
Than strangers' selves shall be.

Oh ! therefore, gentle mother ! pray,
And God shall hear thy prayer,
And shield thee from that heavy day
Of sorrow and despair.
Pray, while their light feet dance around
With an unwearied joy ;
Pray, while *their* careless hearts are full
But of some favorite toy.

Pray, when their young eyes open to
 Another morning's light;
 And when thou stealest to their couch
 To bless them, in the night.
 Pray! for the shrouded future brings
 A different fate for all:
 And who shall tell what *theirs* may be?
 Pray—and God hear thy call!

CHILD OF THE BRIGHT HAIR.

(For Music.)

BY R. F. HOUSMAN.

I.

CHILD of the bright hair and beautiful eyes,
 Child of the shadowless spirit—arise!
 Rise—like a lily when dew-drops are swept
 By the wing of the wind from its breast where they slept;
 Rise—like a rose-bud that blossoms in June,
 When the heart and the nightingale's song are in tune;
 Rise—like a cloud that Aurora has kissed,
 When it wakes with a blush on the dark mountain's
 breast.
 Child of the bright hair and beautiful eyes,
 Child of the shadowless spirit—arise!

II.

Rise — with the blackbird, the thrush, and the bee,—
With the swan on the lake, and the hare on the lea,—
With the linnet that warbles and swings in the broom,—
With the butterfly stealing the hyacinth's bloom,—
With the lark, who is mounting and hymning on high
Ere the Morning Star leaves his lone watch in the sky ;
Rise — with the dappled deer, foldless, and free
As the wing of the blast, as the wave of the sea,—
Bounding in beauty o'er meadow and hill,
By the cataract's foam, and the rush-margined rill.

III.

Child of the bright hair and beautiful eyes,
Child of the shadowless spirit — arise !
I'll lead thee to dingles where daffodils grow,
And eglantines twine with the white-blossomed sloe ;
I'll guide thee to playmates as guileless as thou —
The lambkin, the leveret, the bird on the bough ;
And rivulets, clear as the waters that glide
Through Tempé, shall sparkle and sing by thy side.
Child of the bright hair and beautiful eyes,
Child of the shadowless spirit — arise !

STRAY LEAVES.

OH! the past—the past! Why has man so many artificial modes of tormenting his own heart? By what law of his moral nature is it that that which is gone seems ever brighter than that which is present? Why is it that (apart from all which may have been won and lost in the meantime, — apart from all the hopes that made the past beautiful, and all the regrets that darken the present) the days that are gone seem ever to have been better than the days which are with us? It is with the ages of man as with the ages of the world,—the early scenes ever better than the succeeding ones, and the earliest the best. It is in this very distance itself, says St. Evremond, that consist the gold and silver of which, at our pleasure, we compose the ages that are past.

It is with the moral as with the natural world. It is not amid the serenity of fortune, it is not in the unshaded light of noon, that the sublime of the one or the other is to be sought. Amid the mingled light and shadow which compose sunrise, the grandest combinations are formed; from the struggle of adverse or doubtful fortune, the loftiest morals are gathered. The doubt and the darkness, the shadow and the cloud, make the glory and the beauty! The moral

and the natural light, in their essence and abstraction, are, alike, things too pure and bright and spiritual to be contemplated or understood by the eye of the body or the mind. It is only when they have some medium to act upon, some sorrow or difficulty to struggle with, some cloud to gild, that their glory and their beauty can be sensibly felt, and in part understood.

Oh! Emmeline! how very fine is thine image in the eye of memory! and how thy going away has changed all things for me. The bright and the beautiful lie still about—still bright and beautiful even to me; but in another manner than when thou wert here! All fair things have a look, and all sweet sounds a tone, of mourning since thou leftest me. How long it seems!—as if ages, instead of months of the grave had grown between us!—as if, indeed, I had known thee in some former and far removed state of being! I do not love to think of thee as dead. I think of thee rather as one whom I have left behind in the sunset and quiet valley of our youth and our love—from whom I have wandered forth, and lost my way amid the mazes of the world. But, oh! how little even that delusion can avail me, when it is saddened by the thought that I can never, never recover the youth which should lead me back to thee! There may have been fairer (sweeter, never!) things than thou in the world, but my heart could never be made to believe or understand it. Had I known thee only in the world, I might not have marked thy beauty; but thou wert

with me when the world left me. In the flood of the sunshine, when a thousand birds are singing about us, we go upon our way, with a sense that there is melody around, but singling, perchance, no one note, to take home to the heart and make a worship of. But the one bird that sings to us in the dim and silent night, oh! none can know how dear its song becomes, filling with its music all the deserted mansions of the lonely soul. But the bird is dead—the song is hushed—and the houses of my spirit are empty and silent and desolate!

The sun is, at each moment, rising upon some part of the world, and setting in another. We have but to change our horizons,—could we travel quickly enough,—to keep him always in view. There is no such thing, in truth, as sunshine or sunrise, but with reference to our fettered selves. It is not until we can learn to abstract self from the investigations which we follow, and the judgments which we form, that we can arrive at just views and sound conclusions, moral or natural.

However unseen or unnoted, the spirit of sadness is ever present, even by the side of joy. It haunts the natural world—it were but a truism to say it pervades the moral. Who ever found himself in the immediate presence of nature without a feeling of sadness,—even in youth, before the sadness lifts up its voice from the chambers of his own heart? Why is it that shouts of laughter, heard in the distance, come sadly on the ear? Why is it that echoes, when the sounds that gave them birth were bursts of gladness, are ever sad?

It is the natural spirit of sadness which dwells in all things, making itself heard to those who are far enough removed from the exciting sentiment which gave birth to the shout and the laugh, to listen to its "still—small voice!"

They who have earnestly wished, must have deeply doubted. There is no hope where there is no fear. The absence of fear or doubt leaves *certainty*. It is no paradox, though it may seem one, to say that fear is an essential constituent of hope. Remove fear from the mind's workings, and what remains is something more than hope. Let in fear again, and the antagonist principle, which is called hope, comes at once to combat it. *They* have never panted after good who have not feared evil.


I know not how to describe the effect which the reflections of a single night have produced on my mind. Though I parted from her only yesterday, already I have learnt to think of her as of one separated from me by a long age of absence and death;—as if it were long since I had beheld her,—as if I gazed upon her from a far distance, across the lengthened and dreary alleys of the valley of the dead! She is yet, physically speaking, within my reach; and yet is she to me as if the tomb or the cloister had received her, and made of her (what the world or the grave makes of all things we have loved) a dream of the night—a phantom of the imagination—an angel of the memory—a

creation of the hour of shadows! Whatever may be her future fortunes—however her name may, hereafter, be borne to my mortal ear, my heart will ever refuse to picture her but as one who died in her youth!

To you I send a final farewell,—and it is uttered in all the simplicity of sorrow and of love! I recommend you—Lucy and you—to the protection of Him who watches over the birds of the air, and clothes, with a beauty passing the glory of Solomon, the lilies of the field. None will learn with more joy than he whom she has deserted, that Lucy shall have added to the charms with which nature has endowed her, the charms which fortune can bestow. Yet would I rather she should remember that *those very* natural graces, those charms which she shares with the lilies, have been pronounced (by an authority paramount for her and me) above all the riches and all the pomp of the richest and most splendid of all the monarchs of the rich and splendid East—before his kingly crown, his poet-laurel, and his reputation as a sage;—and that the gift of a pure, simple, loving, and faithful heart, is worth more than all that can be purchased by its sacrifice. I carry away with me new blossoms and new regrets; wretched hitherto, in that all my lessons have been for me but so many regrets; happy, perchance, in the end, if all my regrets shall turn into so many lessons.

A letter!—alas! a letter is but a feeble consolation for the absence of one who is beloved. Surely separa-

tion must be a heavy evil, when we are obliged to felicitate ourselves on a consolation so imperfect and so sad. I know not if there be more of joy or sorrow in the receipt of a letter from the dearly loved—if it should be most properly said to communicate a painful pleasure or a pleasing pain. These may sound the same to the ear, but the heart knows well that it makes much difference which shall be the substantive and which the adjective. A letter is ever a *witness* of the absence which renders it necessary,—at the same time that it represents very feebly the presence for which the spirit pines. And is it not sad to read of sentiments which may be dead ere we have learnt of their existence ; and to receive assurances which are no assurance for the heart,—because time may have overthrown all which they promise by the moment when they reach us. Two fond hearts, separated by distance, exist not, if I may use the expression, at the same time. One is ever in arrear of the other, and the good announced is, even at the time of its announcement, a good gone by ! A letter, too, must always want that *communion* of sentiment, that *commingling* of feeling, which makes so much of the chain of personal communications—that sympathy, which increases emotion in sharing it, and is like the incommunicable odour of flowers. You, my cousin, may copy for me the *form* and the *colours* of the rose which Henry may have placed in your bosom in the spring-time of the year and of your loves ;—but who shall paint for me the *perfume* which is its greatest charm—



the *mystery* of its enchantment—the *spirit* of its beauty? It is no more to be traced by mortal pen or pencil, my cousin, than is the *feeling* with which it was placed, by Love's own hand, in its sweet resting-place!

It is strange how I have been haunted by the airs which you used to sing me. Sometimes, in the silent night, when broken snatches of melodies, imperfectly remembered, steal through the chambers of my heart,—even in the sweet tones in which it learnt to love them,—I ask myself if our love shall be like these passing and half-forgotten melodies!—If the time shall ever come when it shall be like an old song, learnt in life's happier day,—and whose memory has been treasured to make us weep in the years when the heart has need to be soothed by weeping! Shall there ever be a time when I shall pronounce—no, not *pronounce*—that could not be!—but *hear* your name, as the name of a stranger? Oh! forgive me, but I am far from you, and I am ill and sad! How truly may we be said to live but in the past and the future—to have our hearts made up of memory and hope—for which the present is little better than a void! And alas! is it not true, as a consequence, that the more they are occupied with memory, the less room have they for hope. And thus, the one is ever gaining upon the other;—and the dark waters of memory are hourly spreading upon that shore where hope had room to build her edifices and play about them—till at length they cover all,—and hope,

having "no room for the sole of her foot," flies forward to a higher and a better shore!

Hope!—alas! by what fatality have I once more found myself in a society, and listening to whispers, ever so fatal for me? By a retribution which has never failed me, the fault bore with itself its own punishment; the death of hope has been the price which I was destined to pay for the weakness of having permitted its birth! How many harps have been tuned in honour of hope; and, yet, what, on this dim earth, is it worth,—save only to make us long for that better country where it has no existence, because its place is occupied by certainty! It is the source of many sorrows,—the beautiful parent of deformed and mourning children. For myself, I have never wept, but because I had hoped. For me, the bud has ever perished ere it could blow to a flower! And yet I cannot resist the voice of the charmer, who charmeth "not wisely, but too well!" I cannot but feed the golden-plumaged bird that comes singing to my window, though I know that he will use his bright plumage but to leave me. Hope—eternal hope!—ever departing and ever returning—the heart's unresting tide—ever ebbing, but to flow again—overflowing, only that it may ebb—the true Proteus, filling a thousand shapes—the veritable Metempsychosis, perishing in one form, but to be reproduced in another—undying and eternal in its essence—most mortal and mutable in its combinations!

FOUR SONGS.

BY B. C.

I.

SONG OF THE MARINER'S WIFE.

THY father is far away, child,
 Thy father is on the sea,—
 The mate of the waves and the tempest wild :
 Ah, boy, doth he think of thee ?

He flattered and won my heart, dear,
 And I made him the sire of thee ;
 Yet nothing could keep him (nor love nor fear)
 Away from the faithless sea.

He was born on the roaring waves, boy,
 Beneath an Atlantic sky,
 And he vowed, whate'er happened (or grief or joy)
 That he on the sea would die.

Yet,—let's *still* sing a low sad song, child,
 A prayer to calm the sea,—
 A wish he may 'scape from the tempest wild,
 And come back to my heart and thee !

II.

THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

[For a Birth-day in November—Set to music by M. Moscheles.]

LET thy friends of summer sing
 All that June or August bring !
 Let them love the months of flowers,
 Or the golden harvest hours !
 I will in my heart remember
 Chiefly dim and dark November.

What, though May in beauty blows,—
 What, though June doth bear her rose,—
 What, though August hath her corn,—
 In *this* winter month was born
 One who makes my heart remember,
 And e'er love, the dim November.

Month of storms and sullen showers !
 Thou hast brought to *me* bright hours,—
 Music, sweeter than the spheres,—
 Thoughts that shine through happy tears !
 Ever then must I remember,
 Ever love my Love's November !

III.

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

BEAUTIES! there is nothing new
Near the changing moon :
Maids are fickle ; men are true,
And are vanquished soon !
It was so—(was it not so ?)
A thousand thousand years ago !

Gold is still the king of kings ;
Life is still too brief ;
Love hath still his little wings,
And is still—a thief !
It was so—(was it not so ?)
A thousand thousand years ago !

Beauties, help us to a change ;
Teach us (simple elves !)
A little art, and how to range,
But—be true, *yourselves* !
This may be, though 'twas not so
A thousand thousand years ago.

IV.

GAÏETÉ DU CŒUR.

THEY tell me that love is a folly ;
They tell me that hope is vain,—
That life is all melancholy ;
Yet, cousin, I ne'er complain.

I dance with the Spring when she calleth ;
I laugh at the bright June day ;
And when the wild Autumn falleth,
I look for the Christmas gay.

Time's evils for ever are flying
Away, like the swift-winged rack ;
Life's shadows are daily dying ;
Ah, why should we call them back ?

The mind, it should gladden the seasons,
Should strengthen the heart in pain ;
And so (and for other bright reasons)
Sweet cousin, I ne'er complain.

B. C.

LETTERS FROM HOME.

BY DELTA.

'Tis sweet, unutterably sweet;
 Upon a far and foreign shore,
 The pen-recorded thoughts to greet
 Of those whom once 'twas bliss to meet,
 But now are severed by the roar
 Of mighty ocean, and the green
 Of hill and plain outstretched between !

Then, like a lava tide, the past
 Comes o'er the spirit,—by-past things,
 And half-forgotten thoughts, which cast
 Gleams, far too beautiful to last,
 Of heavenly radiance from their wings ;
 And lo ! in hues more bright than truth,
 Start visioned forth the scenes of youth.

The sheep-clad hills, where boyhood strode
 The wild flowers down ; the shady wood,
 Of timid ring-doves the abode ;
 The winding river bright and broad ;
 The bleak moor's swampy solitude ;

The church-yard yew's sepulchral gloom ;
The ivied porch, and lichen'd tomb.

Yes ! like a picture there they smile,
The sun-bright years of early life !
Ere stooped the heart to worldly guile,
And earth an Eden looked the while,
Replete with bliss, and free from strife ;
Days far too heavenly to remain —
Days which will ne'er return again !

Nor least the wanderers from thy shore,
Green Albyn, wrapt in thought, survey
The waving wood, the mountain hoar,
The battle-field renowned of yore,
The gleaming loch and ferny brae :
Ah ! sweet 'tis theirs to muse upon
The songs and shores of Caledon !

And thus it is, on foreign strand,
That whatsoever strikes the chord
Which vibrates towards our native land,
And bids in thought its scenes expand,
Is almost as a thing adored —
A talisman, whose magic key
Shews what hath been—no more to be !



Therefore 'tis soothing—therefore sweet,
 Upon a far and foreign shore,
The pen-recorded thoughts to greet
Of those whom once 'twas bliss to meet,
 But now are severed by the roar
Of mighty ocean, and the green
Of hill and plain outstretched between !.

THE LOWLANDS.

A Song.

My heart's in the Lowlands ! The Lowlands for me !
My heart's in the Lowlands, wherever I be !
The wood, and the mead, and the stream-haunted dell—
The glade, and the brook, and the peasant's low cell—
The calm glassy lake, and the sweet blossom'd lea—
Oh ! — my heart's in the Lowlands, wherever I be !

My heart's in the Lowlands ! The Lowlands for me !
I long for the shade of the far-spreading tree—
I sigh for the gush of the merry lark's song,
And the chime of the rill as it wimples along :
The Highlands are grand, and their torrents are free,—
But my heart's in the Lowlands, wherever I be !

R. F. H.

THE WRONGS OF AMAKOSA.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

Ulin gube inkulu sibambata tina,
 Ulodali bom' uadali porula,
 Umdala wadalu idalè izula,
 Yebinza iniquiquis sixelilela :
 UHLANGA umkulu gorizulina,
 Yebinza iniquiquis nosilimela.

Poem by Sicana, a Caffer Chief.

IN the wars between the European Colonists and the Native Tribes of South Africa, many mutual injuries, as in most similar cases, have been inflicted ; but if the balance were fairly adjusted, an enormous preponderance of wrong must, I fear, be placed to the account of the less excusable party — the enlightened and the powerful. In support of this opinion, I shall state a few facts from the recent history of the Caffer frontier, which I had opportunities of investigating upon the spot, during a residence of several years in the colony ; and which, though not altogether novel, are not perhaps so well known as they ought to be.


In the year 1818, an internal war broke out among the Caffer or Amakosa tribes, who inhabit the beautiful country on the eastern frontier of the Cape colony ; and one of the parties being worsted, their chief, Gaika, applied to the colonial authorities for aid against his opponents. The Cape government of the day thought fit to interfere, and immediately became the principal

in a quarrel with which it had properly no concern. A strong military force was sent over the Great Fish-River (then the colonial boundary), which ravaged the territories of the confederate chiefs opposed to Gaika—Llhambi, Jaluhsa, Habanna, Congo, Enno, and their followers; and carried off into the colony twenty-three thousand head of cattle, comprising nearly half the live stock of the clans attacked, and their chief means of subsistence; their gardens and fields of millet being also, to a great extent, destroyed in the expedition. The exasperated tribes, incited at once by famine and revenge, and encouraged by the favourable predictions of their prophet-counsellor Makanna, turned their whole force against the colony; and, after cutting off several inferior posts, attacked the British headquarters at Graham's Town, with an army of nearly ten thousand men. A very intelligent officer, the late Captain Harding, who was present, assured me that the Caffers would infallibly have succeeded in capturing the place, and Colonel Willshire the commandant with it, had they not, according to their chivalrous custom, sent notice before day-break, that they were coming "to breakfast with the British chief." Thus prepared, the colonial troops, after a brief but perilous conflict, repulsed the Caffer army with great slaughter; the latter being armed only with their national weapon, the *assagai* or African javelin. A second, and still more destructive invasion by the British troops succeeded. The kraals or villages of the confederate clans were burnt; their principal chiefs

were declared *outlaws*, and high rewards offered for their apprehension, dead or alive; their cultivated plots of maize and millet were ravaged or cut down for forage; and the wretched and famished inhabitants were in many instances mercilessly ~~destroyed~~, being bombarded in the thickets to which they had fled with grape-shot and Congreve rockets.

An officer (Captain Stockenstrom), who had the unhappiness to be employed by the Cape government in this deplorable warfare, furnished me with some notes which he had preserved of a speech, delivered in his presence to the British commandant, in a noble and manly strain of eloquence, by a Caffer envoy—one of the followers of the Chief Makanna, who had, in the extremity of his country's distress, voluntarily surrendered himself as a hostage. The following is a brief specimen:—

“This war, British Chiefs, is an unjust war; for you are striving to extirpate a people whom you forced to take up arms. When our fathers and the white men first met in the Zuurveld (Albany), they dwelt together in peace. Their flocks grazed on the same hills; their husbandmen smoked together out of the same pipes; they were as brethren—until the colonists (the Dutch Boors) became too covetous, and when they could not obtain all our cattle for beads and old buttons, began to take them by force. Our fathers were *men*: they loved their cattle; their wives and children lived upon milk: they fought for their property. Then there was war. Our fathers drove the Boors out of the



Zuurveld, and dwelt there, for they had justly conquered it. There we were circumcised; there we married wives; and there our children were born. The Boers hated us, but could not drive us away.—But you (the British) came into the land; and you took into your friendship our enemies. You called the treacherous Gaika your brother; and you wished to possess the Zuurveld. You came at last like locusts. We stood: we could do no more. You said to us, ‘Go over the Fish-River; that is all we want.’ We yielded, and came hither to the land of our fathers.

“We lived in peace with you. Some bad people stole, perhaps; but the nation was quiet—the chiefs were quiet. Gaika, your friend, stole—his chiefs stole—his people stole. You sent him copper; you sent him beads; you sent him horses—on which he rode to steal more. To us you sent only commandoes (plundering expeditions.)—

“We quarrelled with Gaika about grass—no business of yours. You sent a commando; you took our last cow; you left only a few calves—which died for want, along with our children. You gave half the spoil to Gaika; half you kept yourselves. Without milk,—our corn destroyed,—we saw our wives and children perish—we saw that we must ourselves perish;—we followed, therefore, on the track of our cattle into the colony. We plundered, and we fought for our lives. We found you weak; we destroyed your soldiers. We saw that we were strong; we attacked your headquarters: and if we had succeeded, our right was

good, for you began the war. We failed—and you are here.

“ We wish for peace: we wish to rest in our huts; we wish to get milk for our children; we wish to hunt for game, and to let our wives till the land. But your troops cover the plains, and swarm in the thickets, where they cannot distinguish the man from the woman, and shoot all.

“ You order us to submit to Gaika. That man’s face is fair to you, but his heart is black. Leave him to himself. Make peace with us. Let him fight for himself—and we shall not call on you for help. Set Makanna at liberty; and Lhambi, Congo, and the rest will come to make peace with you, and keep it faithfully. But if you will still have war, you may indeed kill the last man of us—but Gaika shall never rule over the followers of those who think him a woman.”

This manly appeal was in vain. The expedition continued to ravage the country; until, having unavailingly employed every stratagem to get possession of the other chiefs whom the Cape Gazette had proclaimed “outlaws,” the British commander at length retired into the colony, with an additional spoil of twenty or thirty thousand cattle,— which were partly divided among the colonists who had suffered in the war, and partly sold, and the proceeds appropriated to the erection of a Christian church at Uitenhage!

Meanwhile what became of Makanna?—Makanna, of all the Amakosa chiefs the most obnoxious to the Colonial authorities, and who, with a heroic self-de-

votion, had surrendered himself as a hostage, in the hope, as he avowed to Captain Stockenstrom, in whose hands he had placed himself, of thereby obtaining peace and mercy for his country. His fate was briefly as follows. By order of the Colonial Government, he was forwarded by sea from Algoa Bay to Cape Town; there confined as a prisoner in the common jail; and finally, with others of his countrymen guilty of no other offence than fighting for their native land against its *Christian* and *civilised* invaders, he was condemned to be imprisoned for life on Robben Island—the Botany Bay of the Cape—a spot appropriated for the custody of convicted felons, rebellious slaves, and other malefactors doomed to work in irons in the slate quarries. After remaining about a year in this wretched place, Makanna, with a few followers, Caffers and slaves whom he had attached to himself from among the inmates of that house of bondage, rose upon the guard, overpowered and disarmed them; then, seizing a boat, embarked his adherents in it; and would in all probability have effected his escape with them—but as he leapt on board, the last man from the shore, the overloaded pinnace was accidentally upset, and the unfortunate African Chief was engulfed by the raging surf and drowned.

Makanna, though the most eminent, was by no means the only individual of his nation who was subjected to this disgraceful and iniquitous treatment. Many other cases became known to me during my residence in South Africa, and not a few fell under my personal

observation, equally or even more discreditable to the Colonial authorities and to the British name. Hostages and prisoners of war were treated as common felons; women and children, innocent of offence, were separated from husbands and fathers, and consigned to bitter and degrading servitude. So late as 1827, Major-General Bourke, into whose humane and enlightened charge the administration of the Cape Colony had devolved, found several of these unhappy exiles, Caffers and Ghonaquas, still prisoners in Robben Island, and benevolently released and sent them back to their own country.

Not the least remarkable (and I may add not the least iniquitous) result of the Caffer war of 1819-20, was the annexation to the Colony of a large track of the Amakosa country, extending to about two millions of acres. This was effected by a compulsory convention with the native chiefs (our *ally* Gaika included), who, with their followers, were then dislodged and expelled beyond the Keisi and Chumi rivers. The whole of the evacuated territory, under the appellation of the Neutral Ground, remained unoccupied for several years, and a large portion remains so still. I made an excursion through part of it, from the Winterberg mountain down the river Koonap, in 1822, in company with Captain (now Colonel) C. R. Fox, and some other officers; and again, in 1825, in another direction. The aspect of the country, though wild, was beautiful and impressive: it was finely diversified with lofty mountains and winding glens, with picturesque

rocks and forests, open upland pastures, and level savannas along the rivers, sprinkled with mimosa trees ; and herds of wild animals, quaggas, elands, hartebeests, gnooks, koodoos, with many varieties of the smaller antelopes, were scattered over the verdant pastures, while troops of elephants were browsing undisturbed among the wooded kloofs and jungles of evergreens. But the remains of Caffer hamlets, scattered through every grassy nook and dell, and now long deserted and fast crumbling to decay, excited reflections of no gratifying character, and occasionally increased even to a painful degree, the feeling of melancholy *loneliness* which a country void of human inhabitants never fails to inspire.

Before the Caffers were expelled from this territory, a few of them had acquired some knowledge of Christianity, from the instructions of that singular but most meritorious man Dr. Vanderkemp, and subsequently from the missionary Williams, who resided about two years among them previous to his death in 1818 ; after which period, Christian missionaries were for some years prohibited by the colonial government from entering Cafferland. After the decease of Mr. Williams, one of his converts, Sicana, the captain of a kraal or village on the Kat river, continued to assemble every Sabbath his heathen followers to worship God, and composed for their use, in his native dialect, the poem or hymn of which a few lines are prefixed to this paper, and which I have frequently heard chaunted by the Amakosa Caffers, to a low plaintive native air. The following

prose version will serve, better perhaps than one in verse, to convey to the reader some idea of its imagery and tone of sentiment :—

“ HE who is our mantle in the storm, the Giver of Life, ancient, on high, is the Creator of the heavens and the ever-burning stars; even UHLANGA (the SUPREME), high in heaven, almighty, who whirls the stars around the sky. We call on him in his dwelling-place to be our chieftain-guide; for he maketh the blind to see. We adore him as the only Good, the only rock of defence, the only trusty shield, the only bush of refuge. We adore UTIKA (the BEAUTIFUL), the Holy Lamb, whose blood for man was shed, whose feet and hands were pierced; for He, even He, is the Giver of Life, on high, the Creator of the heavens.”

Since the time of Sicana (who died in 1819), Christian missions have made most gratifying progress among the Caffer tribes. More than one chief of influence have recently embraced the religion of the gospel; and the prospect of this mild-tempered, high-spirited, and most interesting people, being at no remote period brought entirely within the pale of the Christian Church, is highly encouraging; although, at the same time, it must be confessed, that the colonial policy in regard to the native tribes, though improved since 1819, is still in several respects extremely objectionable, and calculated rather to retard, than promote their progress in civilization, or to increase their respect for the justice and morality of Christian nations.

The latest intelligence, however, from the Caffer



frontier is well calculated to cheer the hearts of the friends of Africa. We learn from the "South African Advertiser," (a Journal distinguished for eminent ability and steady devotion to the cause of Christian humanity,) that on the 21st of March, 1832, a public meeting of a most interesting character was held in the country of the Amakosa Caffers, at the Missionary station called Wesleyville. The chiefs residing in that quarter assembled with their followers to meet by appointment the commandant of the frontier, who was attended by a number of officers and many of the most respectable colonists of the district of Albany. The principal object was to afford the natives an opportunity of expressing their opinions respecting the advantages of Christian missions, which during the last ten years have progressively extended themselves throughout the whole of Cafferland. The proceedings commenced by singing a hymn and offering up prayer in the Amakosa language; after which the natives were addressed by the commandant and by other English gentlemen.

Addresses were then successively delivered by the principal chiefs present, viz., by Kai the son Llhambi, Fundis the son of Dusani, Pato, Enno, Congo, Kama, Numpethla, and Habanna. Several of the speakers displayed considerable powers of eloquence; and all spoke with feeling and effect in favour of the Christian religion, and expressed their full conviction that the labours of the Missionaries tended greatly to the improvement and tranquillity of their country. Two or three of the chiefs made some striking remarks on the

singular circumstances under which they were now met :— that it was not, as in former times, to consult about a warlike expedition against the colony, or to encounter the calamities of a threatened invasion ;—but that they were now assembled with the Christians in brotherly confidence ;— that the commandant, whose hostile attacks had often occasioned such alarm and distress throughout their country, had come with the English chiefs of Albany, unarmed and without soldiers, into the midst of them ; and that they themselves had ventured to meet them without a single assagai in their hands. This pleasing state of affairs they ascribed chiefly to the influence of the Gospel, which had truly turned their spears into pruning hooks ; for at the moment they were speaking, the women and children were busy in their fields over the face of the land, reaping the harvest with the assagai and battle axe.

The chief Kama, amongst many other observations, remarked that he rejoiced in the opportunity this meeting afforded of testifying, in the presence of so large an assembly of his countrymen, that he had embraced the Gospel ; that he was baptized, and was resolved to live and die a Christian ; and he conjured those who heard him, of whatever race or colour they might be, who might be disposed to think or talk lightly of such matters, to reflect that they were beings formed for immortality, and to prepare themselves to meet their Maker and their Judge.

The assembly was also addressed in appropriate speeches by the chaplain of Graham's Town, and by

four Wesleyan missionaries present; and the interest of the meeting was fully sustained to the end, notwithstanding the inconvenience of using interpreters. The whole was closed by an impressive prayer, offered up in the beautiful and flowing Amakosa language, by the Chief Kama.

I shall close this paper by subjoining a few verses, expressive of the supposed feelings of an Amakosa exile, such as some of those above alluded to whom I found in servitude or in chains in 1825, and whose kindred had perished in some of our devastating expeditions. Camalu is the name of a Caffer kraal or hamlet, near the sources of the Kat river; and my youthful Captive is supposed not to have been altogether uninstructed in the religion of the gospel, or uninfluenced by its pure, elevating and forgiving spirit.

THE CAPTIVE OF CAMALU.

O CAMALU — green Camalu !
 'T was there I fed my father's flock,
 Beside the mount where cedars threw
 At dawn their shadows from the rock ;
 There tended I my father's flock
 Along the grassy-margined rills,
 Or chased the bounding bontébok *
 With hound and spear among the hills.

* *Bontébok*, Antelope Scripta.

Green Camalu ! methinks I view
The lilies in thy meadows growing ;
I see thy waters bright and blue
Beneath the pale-leaved willows flowing ;
I hear, along thy valleys lowing,
The heifers wending to the fold,
And jocund herd-boys loudly blowing
The horn—to mimic hunters bold.

Methinks I see the geelhout tree*
That shades the village-chieftain's cot ;
The evening smoke curls lovingly
Above that calm and pleasant spot.
I see my sire !— I had forgot—
The old man rests in slumber deep.
My mother dear ?— she answers not—
Her heart is hushed in dreamless sleep.

My brothers too ?— Green Camalu,
Repose they by thy quiet tide ?
Ay ! there they sleep— where white men slew
And left them—lying side by side :
No pity had those men of pride,
They fired the huts above the dying !—
—White bones bestrew that valley wide—
I wish that mine were with them lying !

* The yellow-wood tree, *podocarpus elongata*, in appearance resembling the cedar.

I envy you, by Camalu,
Ye wild harts on the woody hills ;
Though tigers there their prey pursue,
And vultures slake in blood their bills :
The heart may strive with Nature's ills,
To Nature's common doom resigned ;
Death only once the body kills—
But thralldom brutifies the mind.

Oh, wretched fate !— heart-desolate,
A captive in the spoiler's hand,
To serve the tyrant whom I hate—
To crouch beneath his proud command—
Upon my flesh to bear his brand—
His blows, his bitter scorn to bide !—
Would God, I in my native land
Had with my slaughtered kinsmen died !

Ye mountains blue of Camalu,
Where once I fed my father's flock,
Though desolation dwells with you,
And Amakosa's heart is broke,
Yet, spite of chains these limbs that mock,
My homeless heart to you doth fly,—
As flies the wild dove to the rock
To hide its wounded breast—and die.

Yet, ere my spirit wings its flight
Unto Death's silent shadowy clime,

UTIKA !* Lord of life and light,
 Who, high above the clouds of Time,
 Calm sittest where yon hosts sublime
 Of stars wheel round thy bright abode, —
 Oh, let my cry unto Thee climb,
 Of every race the Father-God.

I ask not judgments from thy hand —
 Destroying hail, nor parching drought,
 Nor locust-swarms to waste the land,
 Nor pestilence by famine brought :
 I say the prayer Jankanna† taught,
 Who wept for Amakosa's wrongs —
 "Thy Kingdom come — thy Will be wrought —
 For unto Thee all Power belongs." ‡

Thy Kingdom come! Let Light and Grace
 Throughout all lands in triumph go ;
 Till pride and strife to love give place,
 And blood and tears shall cease to flow ;
 Till Europe mourn for Afric's woe,
 And o'er the deep her arms extend
 To lift her where she lyeth low,
 And prove indeed her CHRISTIAN FRIEND !

* *Utika*, a word of Hottentot origin signifying *The Beautiful*, now used by most of the South African tribes as the name of the Supreme Being—the Christian God.

† The Caffer name for Dr. Vanderkemp.

‡ In the Amakosa tongue as follows:— "Amanhla ukusa kuaku makulu ; yenza gokuaku --- Akaudaunios, amanhla, asinkosiné napsketé."

WOMAN.

BY THE REV. CHARLES B. TAYLER.

“ Graceful and useful all she does,
 Blessing and blest, where'er she goes.”

Cowper.

WOMAN! sweet woman! to that name belong
 The gentlest measures of the poet's song,
 Thy smiles, thy gracefulness, thy simplest tone
 Breathing a pure enchantment all thine own—
 Thou wert alike for mirth or woe designed,
 The most rejoicing—or the most resigned ;
 The sweetest trifer in thy playful ease,
 When most unconscious still most sure to please ;
 The wise, true comforter when pain or woe
 Wring the stern breast, and force the tears to flow :
 Who can resist, in danger and distress,
 The earnest zeal of thy chaste tenderness ;
 The deep devotion of that matchless love,
 Which seems so gentle, but which nought can move?
 In strife and anguish, when some dreadful blow
 Has laid man's proud impatient spirit low,
 Thou canst lift up thy meek unshrinking head,
 And smile and suffer-on, till life hath fled. —
 Let downcast looks the slightest grief declare,
 And thou wilt softly plead that grief to share ;

Breathe but a sigh, the sad effect we trace
 On the clear mirror of that angel face. —
 —I love thy wayward hours, when thy soft hand
 Sways the light ivory sceptre of command ;
 The arch, sly glance, the slightly frowning brow,
 Which cry, “ My fancies must be studied now ! ”

My wife, to thee I turn ; for why conceal
 My love of woman’s what for thee I feel :
 My gentle loving wife ! no words can tell
 How tenderly I love thee, and how well !
 In thee, my own Adine, my wife, I find
 All that I value in sweet womankind.


AN EPITAPH.

ON TWO WHOSE AFFLICTIONS WERE SANCTIFIED TO
 THEM.

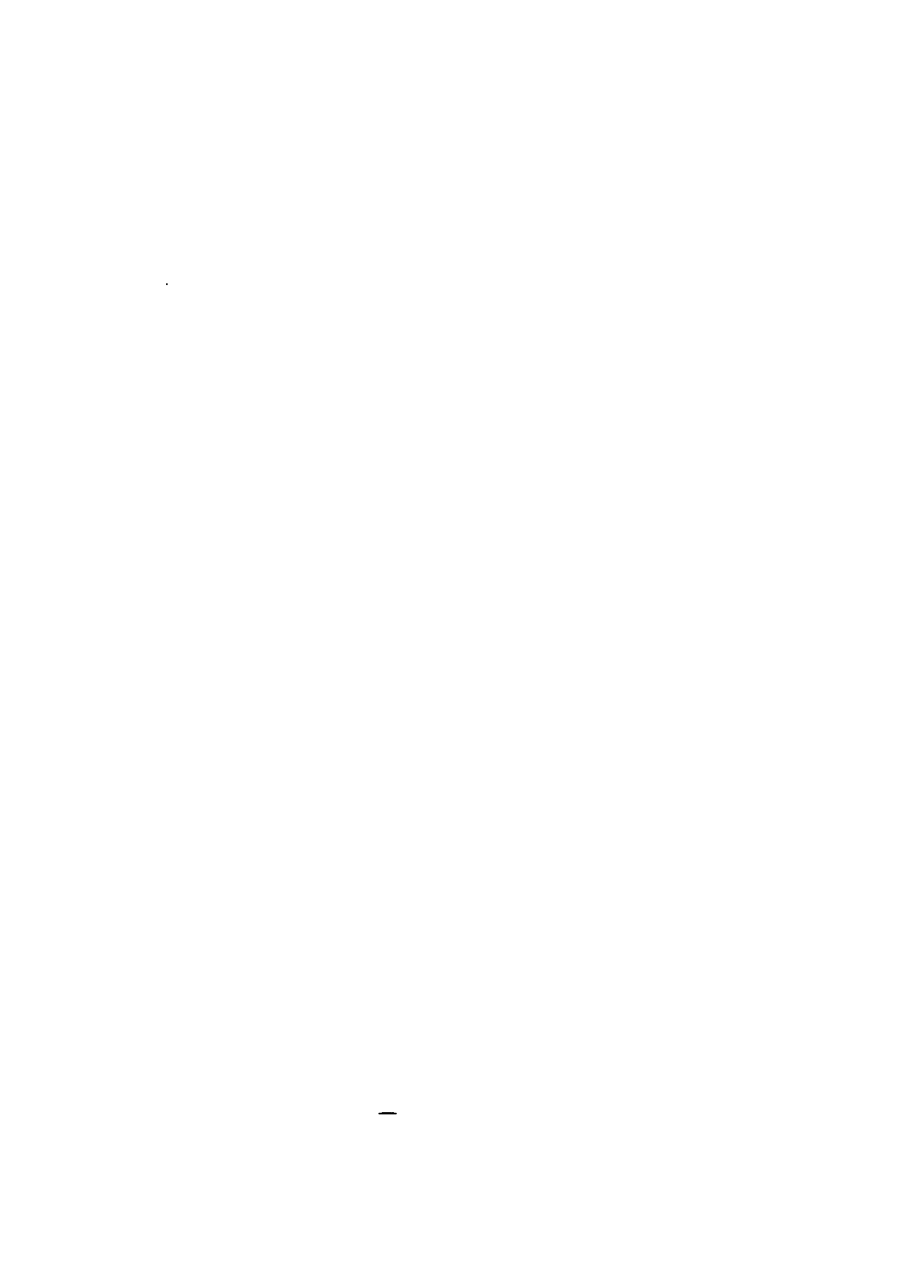
“ As sorrowful yet always rejoicing.”

THE world but saw their sorrows — they alone
 Felt in their sorrows that their God was known.
 The world despised, forsook them—they the while
 Viewed its poor pleasures with a pitying smile.
 No murmur passed their lips ; and thus at length,
 Their weakness was made perfect in God’s strength.
 Their long, long night of darkness cleared away ;
 And calm and cloudless dawned the welcome day.

C. B. TAYLER.







CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.

BY THE REV. CHARLES B. TAYLER.

“He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.—John i. 11.

WHAT a sublime and gladdening sight! The glorious city of God throws open her magnificent gates to the Saviour and the King of men! Multitudes pour forth to meet and welcome Him, and multitudes go with Him as He passes onward; and though His personal state is that of deep humility, and He, a man, poor in spirit, meek and lowly, and riding upon an ass; yet His path is strewed with festal branches and outspread garments, and countless voices fill the air with loud Hosannas, hailing Him as King of Kings! Does not such a triumph befit the King of God’s chosen people, the long-looked-for and adored Emmanuel?

Look closer into this fair show of triumph. Behold, as he advances, there are sneers and glances of a deadly malice cast on the meek and innocent countenance of the lowly Jesus, and other sounds are heard between the pauses of those loud exulting Hosannas; the curses of the envious Pharisees.

“And when He was come nigh, even now at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitudes of the

disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice, for all the mighty works that they had seen ; saying, Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord : peace in heaven, and glory in the highest. And some of the Pharisees from among the multitude said unto Him, Master ! Rebuke thy disciples. And He answered and said unto them, I tell you, that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

But mark what follows. " And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it." He came into the city of His enemies, permitting, and for once encouraging, the triumphal shouts of His disciples : He came amid a joyful train, but He came to weep. While joy was lighting up the faces of those around Him, the tears of deep and heavy grief fell trickling down His own. When the echoes of the rocks gave back their loud glad voices, He spoke in melancholy tones, bewailing the blindness and the sinfulness of His beloved Jerusalem. " O Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee ! How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."


A very great multitude made up the glad procession by which Jesus was attended as He entered into Jerusalem. Not only His own disciples, and the common people, who " were very attentive to hear Him, and heard Him gladly," but " much people that were come to the feast." These spread their garments in the

way, and cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way : and with this joyful troop He passed onward through the gates and along the streets of the beautiful city, even unto the temple. He entered the glorious edifice of God, and there, none resisting Him, He cast out all them that bought and sold in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves, and said unto them, It is written, my house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." In the midst of his holy indignation, the loveliness of his gentle character shone forth. The blind and the lame came to Him : He could not turn away. Those who gazed in speechless astonishment at the awful severity with which He cleared the temple, might have said, " Why trouble ye the Master ? " but Jesus was touched with compassion, and He healed them. In the temple, however, as at the Mount of Olives, there were those on the watch to persecute and revile Him. " When the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that He did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David ! they were sore displeased, and said unto Him, Hearest Thou what these say. And Jesus saith unto them, Yea ; have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

Such was the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem — such his reception into the temple. There were many who exulted at His presence : the expressive words are these, " A very great multitude." Alas !

alas! what a picture of the wretched instability of human kind—the deep corruption of the human heart. The senses were affected, the imagination excited. There was no radical change of heart. In a very few days, another shout was heard from those eager voices, and the cry was then, “Crucify Him! crucify Him!” Among the chief rulers many believed on Him. His miracles of love, the wisdom and the spirit by which He spake, convinced them that Jesus was indeed the Christ; but they did not confess Him, for they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God; and of His own immediate followers—who were faithful found in that dark hour of trial? Where was Bartimæus, so lately restored to sight, who, rising up at once, had followed Jesus in the way, glorifying God?—where Zacchæus, who had made so honest and so open a profession?—and Lazarus, but just restored to life? They were like frightened birds when the thunder-storm is abroad, shrouded in silence and in secrecy. His very disciples, His own personal companions—where were they? One betrayed Him with a kiss; another, His distinguished friend, denied all knowledge of Him with curses and with oaths; nay, all forsook Him, and fled; and, as in the garden of Gethsemane there was no human arm held out to support Him in His fainting agonies, so, before His accusers, not a voice was raised to vindicate His spotless character.

Is there no lesson to be learnt from this for ordinary life?—There is, indeed. We please ourselves with thinking how devout we should have been in those



times of open vision when God appeared on earth, and held converse as a friend with man ; when, as George Herbert has said, in fine but quaint language, addressing himself to the eternal God,

One might have sought and found Thee presently
 At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well:
 "Is my God this way?" "No," they would reply;
 "He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell:
 List, ye may hear great Aaron's bell."

We glow and burn with indignation at the thought of what the meek and innocent Jesus suffered from His cruel foes : we wonder at the slowness, at the want of zeal, in His disciples to defend their Master. How little do we know of ourselves ! such as we now are, wherever His holy faith is concerned, such should we have been then toward Himself. Alas ! how true it is,

We are not His 'mid cross, and shame, and sword ;
 But we are His 'mid pomp, and wealth, and bliss.

We are faithful when called upon to walk by sight, and not by faith ; faithless, when called upon to walk by faith, and not by sight. The gospel of our crucified Lord is not to be taken up and thrust away again just as we will, or will not. It will not suit itself to man's humour. A man may not, as it were, lay himself out for it when in the mood, when imagination is winged for rapturous aspirings, when the senses are warm and glowing and plastic to each forcible and affecting impression. This is a hackneyed truth you tell me—I allow it. But Coleridge has well said, "I think, that many truths of high importance lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most ex-

ploded errors." It is indeed, "hard, rough work to bring God into his own world;" for not only did He come, but now He comes unto His own and His own receive Him not. His gospel cannot be said to be received by some, as the glad tidings of great joy, for this simple reason,—it is not met by faith in them that hear it. To speak of the great and blessed Mediator of that gospel to many, is in the expressive language of an old writer, "like pointing out the sun to a blind man, or scattering flowers over a dead body." Nay, the voices of the world seem often to return this answer to the pleadings of its Saviour's boundless love: Art thou come hither to torment us before our time? what have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou son of the most high God? There is nothing extraordinary in this to those who are acquainted with the teaching of the Holy Bible. We read there, not only of the willingness of God to save man, but of the indisposedness of man's natural heart to be saved. A new power must be brought to bear upon the lifeless and stubborn mass of unregenerate nature; a heavenly leaven must quicken, and lighten, and change the tough and heavy lump of earthly dough. "The dove must settle on the cross," before the cross can be taken up as the most glorious burden man can once bear. But when the religion of Jesus Christ is ever received, not in word but in power, not in profession but into the heart, not with the cold assent of the understanding, but with the love of the whole soul; then all vain imaginations are cast down; and not only Christ triumphant, but Christ crucified is gladly re-

ceived : then not only do we exclaim with Peter, "It is good to be with the Lord in his transfiguration, with the *Son of God* in the light of heavenly glory ;" but we say with the few broken-hearted followers that took their station quietly but fearlessly in the very face of persecution and insult beneath the cross : "Lord, it is good for us to be here with the *Son of Man* in his shame and misery." It is, indeed, a glorious privilege, "not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for his sake;" and when we feel this, then we can join with the poet, Cowper, in his exquisite prayer :

" Lord, who hast suffered all for me,
My peace and pardon to procure ;
The lighter cross I bear for thee,
Help me with patience to endure.

The storm of loud repining hush ;
I would in humble silence mourn ;
Why should the unburnt, though burning bush,
Be angry at the crackling thorn ?

Perhaps some golden wedge suppress'd,
Some secret sin offends my God :
Perhaps that Babylonish vest,
Self-righteousness, provokes the rod.

Ah! were I buffeted all day,
Mock'd, crown'd with thorns, and spit upon ;
I yet should have no right to say,
My great distress is mine alone.

Let me not angrily declare,
No pain was ever sharp like mine ;
No murmur at the cross I bear,
But rather weep, rememb'ring thine."

Oh, let us then ever bear in mind, that we can never have any claim to rejoice in the consolation which is in

Christ the Redeemer, unless we have been first brought to know and believe in Christ the Crucified. The crown of rejoicing can only be worn by those who have spiritually worn the crown of thorns. Those only can repose beneath the tree of life, who have often sunk half fainting beneath the dead and accursed tree of the cross. "A celebrated father,"* (I quote here a passage of much beauty from the writings of a friend whom I value very highly †) says, in his fanciful manner, 'The very form of the death of Christ is more glorious than a diadem. Therefore kings, putting off the diadem, take up the cross, the symbol of His death: on the purple the cross, on diadems the cross, in prayers the cross, on arms the cross, on the holy table the cross; and in every quarter of the world the cross shines more glorious than the sun.' What in his days was fast quitting the heart and taking its place among the baubles of outside show, degenerating into the sign of a wretched superstition, let us, in accordance with purer times, resume spiritually in our bosoms. When we rise, the cross; when we lie down, the cross. In our thoughts, the cross; in our studies, the cross; in our conversation, the cross. Every where, and at every time, the cross shining more glorious than the sun. Yea, let this in our warfare below become our sign, and in this we shall conquer."

* Chrysostom.

† Evans' Church of God.

A HYMN.

I.

WHEN morn awakes our hearts,
To pour the matin prayer ;
When toil-worn day departs,
And gives a pause to care ;
When those our souls love best
Kneel with us, in thy fear,
To ask thy peace and rest—
Oh God our Father, hear !

II.

When worldly snares without,
And evil thoughts within,
Stir up some impious doubt,
Or lure us back to sin ;
When human strength proves frail,
And will but half sincere ;
When faith begins to fail—
Oh God our Father, hear !

III.

When in our cup of mirth
The drop of trembling falls,
And the frail props of earth
Are crumbling round our walls ;

When back we gaze with grief,
 And forward glance with fear;
 When faileth man's relief—
 Oh God our Father, hear!

IV.


When on the verge we stand
 Of the eternal clime,
 And Death with solemn hand
 Draws back the veil of Time;
 When flesh and spirit quake
 Before THEE to appear—
 For the Redeemer's sake,
 Oh God our Father, hear!

T. P.

 INSCRIPTION.

FOR A TOMB-STONE IN THE BURIAL-GROUND AT
 DRYBURGH ABBEY.

A SCOTTISH patriarch lies buried here;
 An upright man, a Christian sincere;
 A frugal husbandman of th' olden style,
 Who lived and died near this monastic pile.
 A stone-cast from this spot his dwelling stood;
 His farm lay down the margin of the flood;



Those moss-grown abbey orchards filled his store,
Though now scarce blooms a tree he trained of yore ;
Amidst these ivyed cloisters hived his bees ;
Here his young children gamboled round his knees ;
And duly here, at morn and evening's close,
His solemn hymn of household worship rose.

His memory now hath perished from this place ;
And over many lands his venturous race
Are scatter'd widely : some are in the grave ;
Some still survive in Britain ; ocean's wave
Hath wafted many to far Western woods
Laved by Ohio's and Ontario's floods :
Another band beneath the Southern skies
Have built their homes where Caffer mountains rise,
And taught wild Mancazana's willowy vale
The simple strains of Scottish Teviotdale.

A wanderer of the race, from distant climes
Revisiting this spot, hath penned these rhymes,
And raised this stone, to guard, in hallowed trust,
His kindred's memory and great-grandsire's dust ;
Resting in hope, that at the Saviour's feet
They yet may re-unite, when Zion's pilgrims meet.

T. P.

THE WOODLAND BROOK.

GOOD-MORROW to thee, wild-wood brook,
 A laughing glance hast thou,
 A sweet voice, and a winsome look,
 Beneath the forest bough.
 Whence come thy silvery-sounding feet
 Forth by my trysting bower?
 And who have been thy play-mates sweet,
 Since day-break's dewy hour?

Thy steps have been in pleasant dells,
 Where honeysuckles bloom,
 And lilies wave their snow-white bells
 Amidst the yellow broom:
 Thy song hath cheered the harebell blue,
 Sweet bending o'er thy side,
 And mingled with the cushat's coo,
 Soft calling to his bride.

Then haste thee onward, gentle brook,
 And tell thy pleasant tale
 To her—the maid of sweetest look
 That dwelleth in the vale:
 Sing to her heart thy summer song
 Of nature in its prime;
 And ask her why she stays so long
 Beyond our trysting time.

R. F. H.





23. MRS. MARY WELLS

Engraved by R. Smith



Figure 1. Relationship between the number of fish and the number of fish per tank.

the number of fish per tank, n , and the number of tanks, T .

Let N be the number of fish and n be the number of fish per tank.

Let T be the number of tanks.

Let $n = N/T$ be the number of fish per tank.

Let $n = N/T + 1$ be the number of fish per tank.

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THE MORNING WALK.

Thy form is full of youthful grace ;
Joy smiles upon thy happy face ;
Thy home is in a country place,
A place of stillness and of shade,
As if for rural quiet made,
Where ancient woods have grown untrimmed,
And garden-walks with trees are dimmed ;
Where plots of flowers, as if chance-sown,
Are found in nooks retired and lone ;
And an old fountain's waters chime
All day, as if they noted time.
There hast thou grown — each passing year
To thee a happy chronicler ;
For life to thee all good doth yield :
And, as the lily of the field,
Thou dost not toil, thou dost not spin,
The bread thou eat'st thou dost not win ;
No labour is a-kin to thee,
Fair daughter of prosperity !

Thy heart is light ; thou knowest not
How sorrow is the human lot :


How tears must fall ; how guilt must break
The bosom's rest ; how hearts must ache.
Perchance thy gentle mother speaks
Of drooping forms and fading cheeks ;
Of heedless youth that takes no thought ;
Of knowledge by experience bought :
What boots it ?—thou art young and fair,
And joy is thy sufficient care !
Thou tend'st thy flowers, and read'st thy books ;
And youth in thee more lovely looks,
Because no trace of tears and sighs,
Of watchings or anxieties,
Has dimmed thine eyes, or lined thy brow ;
Thou ever art as thou art now ;
And like the form of household mirth
Art thou upon thy father's hearth ;
Thy little brothers laugh to see
Thy pleasant eye so full of glee ;
Thy elder sisters hear thy feet
Trip lightly in, like music sweet.

Oh happy maiden, to impart
Joy as a presence where thou art !
What is it gives thee such a grace ?
The beauty of a youthful face —
The brightness of a tearless eye —
A light step passing softly by ?
No, 'tis not these have given alone
The powerful charm that is thine own :

A loving heart intent to please ;
A guileless wit ; a mind at ease ;
A spirit which has ta'en its hue
From healthful tastes and pleasures true ;
A feeling of the great and pure ;
A trust sublime ; a faith secure ;
Have made thee, maiden, as thou art,
Lovely of form, and glad of heart !

Go, take thy book : the red-rose flower
Hangs heavy in thy favourite bower ;
And on the dark and feathery yew
Lie beaded drops of glistening dew ;
And birds are singing loud and wide,
As if the morn they glorified.
Yet, close thy book,—the hour is bright,—
And give thy spirit to delight,
And think thy thoughts ;—the scene, the hour,
Of memories have a sinless dower ;
The memories of all gentle things
Whence no remorse, no sorrow springs : —
The mossy brook ; the forest shade
Where thou and thine have gambols played ;
Where first each sylvan form and tone
Were to thy childish sense made known ;
Some favourite walk, some ancient tree,
Which those thou lov'st call after thee ;
And every place remembered well
In thy young life's pure chronicle ;

How here, in this delightful nook,
Thou earliest read some pleasant book ;
Here found some flower, which none had found
Save thee, in all the country round ;
And here, perchance, first learned to grieve
In the sweet woe of taking leave ;
Or heard those words which thence are part,
As 'twere life's essence in thy heart.
Sweet maiden, all these things may be,
For once I, too, was young like thee ;
And in that wakeful, happy time
Walked out, like thee, in morning's prime ;
And read my book beneath a tree,
And thought my thoughts in poetry.
But time passed on : I am not now
What I was then — ev'n such as thou :
O'er what was bright a shade has passed ;
Youth's visions are too fair to last !
And 'twill be thus with thee ere long,
Thought will grow sad, and care be strong,
And duties of a graver kind
Require from thee a stedfast mind.
And then, from those gone years of youth,
Thy mother's words of serious truth,
Forgotten else, will come to thee
From the clear depths of memory,
And guide thee through the shoals of life,
The thoughtful mother, and the wife !



Now fare-thee-well, my sober strain
 No longer shall thy steps detain ;
 The sun is up—the dews are gone —
 Open thy books, young, joyful one ;
 And in thy bower, or 'neath thy tree,
 Read out thy page of poetry !

M. H.

 SONNET.

SUMMER LOUNGING.

BY JOHN CLARE.

I LOVE to wander at my idle will,
 In summer's joyous prime, about the fields,
 And kneel when thirsty at the little rill,
 To sip the draught its pebbly channel yields ;
 And, where the maple bush its fountain shields,
 To lie and dream a quiet hour away ;
 And crop the pea-pod from the crowded land ;
 Or mid the upland's woody walks to stray,
 Where oaks for aye o'er their old shadows stand ;
 'Neath whose dark foliage with a welcome hand
 I pluck the luscious strawberry, ripe and red
 As beauty's lips :— and in my fancy's dreams,
 As 'mid the velvet moss I musing tread,
 Feel life as lovely as her picture seems.

CARL BLÜVEN,
AND
THE STRANGE MARINER.

A Norwegian Tale.

ON that wild part of the coast of Norway that stretches between Bergen and Stavanger, there once lived a fisherman called Carl Blüven. Carl was one of the poorest of all the fishermen who dwelt on that shore. He had scarcely the means of buying materials wherewith to mend his net, which was scarcely in a condition to hold the fish in it; still less was he in a condition to make himself master of a new boat, which he stood greatly in need of; for it was so battered and worn, that while other fishermen adventured out into the open sea, Carl was obliged to content himself with picking up what he could among the rocks and creeks that lay along the coast.

Notwithstanding his poverty, Carl was on the eve of marriage. His bride was the daughter of a woodcutter in the neighbouring forest, who contrived, partly with his hatchet, and partly with his gun, to eke out his livelihood; so that the match was pretty equal on

both sides. But Carl was in a sad dilemma on one account; he had nothing to present to the minister on his marriage,*—not a keg of butter, nor a pot of sausages, nor a quarter of a sheep, nay not even a barrel of dried fish; and as he had been accustomed to boast to his father-in-law of his thriving trade, he knew not in what way to keep up appearances. In short, the evening before his wedding day arrived, and Carl was still unprovided.

So dejected had Carl been all day, that he had never stirred out of his hut; and it was approaching night-fall. The wind had risen, and the hollow bellowing of the waves, as they rolled in among the huge caverned rocks, sounded dismally in Carl's ear, for he knew he dared not launch his leaky boat in such a sea; and yet, if he caught no fish, there would be nothing for supper when he should bring his wife home. Carl rose, clapped his hat on his head, with the air of a man who is resolved to do something, and walked out upon the shore. Nothing could be more dismal than the prospect around Carl's hut; no more desolate and dreary home than Carl's could a man bring his bride to. Great black round-headed rocks, partly covered with seaweed, were thickly strewn along the coast for many miles: these, when the tide was back, were left dry, and when it flowed, their dark heads, now seen, now hidden, as the broad-backed waves rolled over them, seemed like the tumbling monsters of the deep.

* The fees paid to the clergy in Norway, at births, marriages and burials, are always paid in kind.

When Carl left his hut, the rising tide had half covered the rocks; and the waves, rushing through the narrow channels, broke in terrific violence on the shore, leaving a wide restless bed of foam, as they retreated down the sloping beach. The sun, too, was just disappearing beneath the waves, and threw a bright and almost unnatural blaze upon the desolate coast. Carl wandered along, uncertain what to do. He might as well have swamped his boat at once, as have drawn it out of the creek where it lay secure; so, after wading in and out among the channels, in the hope of picking up some fish that might not have been able to find their way back with the wave that had thrown them on shore, he at length sat down upon a shelving rock, and looked out upon the sea, towards the great whirlpool called the Maelstroom, of which so many fearful things were recorded.

“What riches are buried there,” said Carl to himself half aloud. “Let me see, — within my time, six great ships have been sucked down; and if the world be, as they say, thousands of years old, what a mine of wealth must the bottom of the Maelstroom be! What casks of butter and hams — to say nothing of gold and silver — and here am I, Carl Blüven, to be married to-morrow, and not a keg for the minister. If I had but one cask from the bottom of the Maelstroom, I would” — But Carl did not finish the sentence. Like all the fishermen of that coast, Carl had his superstitions and his beliefs; and he looked round him rather uneasily, for he well knew that all in the Maelstroom belonged to Kahlbran-

nar, the tall old mariner of the whirlpool;* and after having had the hardihood to entertain so bold a wish, Carl felt more uncomfortable than he cared to own; and seeing the night gathering in, and the tide rising to his feet, while the spray dashed in his face, he was just about to return to his solitary hut, when a high crested wave, rushing through the channel beside him, bore a cask along with it, and threw it among the great stones that lay between the rocks.

As parts of wrecks had often been thrown upon this dangerous shore, Carl was not greatly surprised; and the circumstance having allayed the superstitious fears that were beginning to rise, he had soon his hands upon the cask, getting it out from among the rocks in the best way he was able; till, having reached the sand, he rolled it easily up to the door of his dwelling; and having shut to the door, and lighted his lamp, he fell to work in opening the cask to see what it contained. It proved to be the very thing he wanted; a cask of as fine butter as ever came out of Bergen, and as fresh as if it had been churned a month ago. "This is better," said Carl, "than a cask from the bottom of the Maelstroom."

Next morning betimes, Carl Blüven was on his way to his wedding, rolling the cask before him, with the larger half of the butter in it for his marriage fee. With such a present as this, Carl was well received by

* This is one of the oldest and most inveterate superstitions of the western coast of Norway. Scarce a fisherman lives on that shore who has not a story to tell of the Tall Mariner paddling in his small boat, previous to the loss of a ship in the Maelstroom.

the minister, as well as by his father-in-law, and by Uldewalla the bride, who, with her crown upon her head, the Norwegian emblem of purity, became the wife of the fisherman; and he, after spending a day or two in feasting with his new relations, returned with Uldewalla to his hut on the sea shore, carrying back with him a reasonable supply of sausages and brandi-wine, and Gammel Orsk cheese, and such like dainties, as the dowry of his wife.

For some little time all went well with Carl. What with the provisions he had brought home, and the remains of his butter, the new married couple did not fare amiss; even although the fisherman rarely drew a net; for Carl wished to enjoy his honeymoon, and not be wading and splashing among the sea-green waves, when he might be looking into the blue eyes of Uldewalla. At length, however, the sausage pots stood empty, and even the Gammel Orsk cheese was reduced to a shell: as for the butter, Carl and his wife had found it so good, that the cask had been empty long since.

Carl left his hut, taking his net and his oars over his shoulders, leaving Uldewalla picking cloudberryes; and unmooring his boat, paddled out of the creek, and began throwing his nets; but not a fish could he take: still he continued to try his fortune, in and out among the creeks, till the sun set, and dusk began to creep over the shore. The tide had retired, so that Carl's boat was left dry a long way within water-mark, and he had to walk a dreary mile or more, over the shingle and

sand, among the black dripping rocks that lay between him and his own dwelling. But there was no help for it: so, mooring his boat the best way he could, he turned towards the coast, in somewhat of a dejected mood, at his want of success.

As Carl turned away, he noticed at a little distance, close to the water, a small boat, that well he knew belonged to no fisherman of that coast: it was the very least boat he had ever seen, such as no seaman of Bergenhuus could keep afloat on such a sea; and the build of it, too, was the queerest he had ever beheld. But Carl, seeing from the solitary light that shone in the window of his hut, that Uldewalla expected him, kept his direct course homeward, resolved next day to return and examine the boat, which, he had no doubt, had been thrown ashore from some foreign wreck. But Carl had soon still greater cause for wonder: raising his eyes from the pools of water, in which he hoped to find some floundering fish, he observed a tall figure advancing from the shore, in the direction of the little boat he had seen, and nearly in the same line which he was pursuing. Now Carl was no coward; yet he would rather have avoided this rencontre. He knew well that no fisherman would walk out among the rocks towards the sea, at the fall of night; and, besides, Carl knew all the fishermen within six leagues, and this was none of them; but he disdained to turn out of his way, which, indeed, he could only have done by wading through some deep channels that lay on either side of him; and so he continued to walk

straight on, his wonder, however, and perhaps his uneasiness, every moment increasing, as the lessening distance showed him more distinctly a face he was sure he had never seen on that coast, and which was of that singular character, which involuntarily raised in the mind of Carl certain uncomfortable sensations.

"A dreary night this, Carl Blüven," said the strange mariner to our fisherman, "and likely for a storm."

"I hope not," said Carl, not a little surprised that he should be addressed by his name; "I hope not, for the sake of the ships and the poor mariners."

"You hope not," said the other, with an ugly sneer; "and who, I wonder, likes better than Carl Blüven to roll a cast-a-way cask to his cabin door?"

"Why," returned Carl, apologetically, and still more suspicious of his company, from the knowledge he displayed, "what Providence kindly sends, 'tis not for a poor fisherman to refuse."

"You liked the butter I sent you, then!" said the strange mariner.

"You sent me!" said Carl.

But Carl's rejoinder remained without farther explanation. "Ah ha!" said the tall mariner, pointing out to sea in the direction of the Maelstream, "she bears right upon it—the *Frou*, of Drontheim, deeply laden. We'll meet again, Carl Blüven." And without further parley, the tall strange mariner brushed past Carl, and strode hastily towards the sea. Carl remained for some time rooted to the spot, looking after him through the deepening dusk, which, however, just enabled

Carl to see him reach the little boat, and push off through the surf—but farther he was unable to follow him.


As Carl walked towards his own house, as fast as the huge stones and pools of back-water would permit him, he felt next thing to sure, that the tall mariner he had encountered was no other than Kahlbrannar; and a feeling of satisfaction entered his heart, that he had made so important and useful an acquaintance, who not only could, but had already shown his willingness to do him a kindness; and just as Carl had come to this conclusion, he reached the water-mark opposite to his own house, and, at the same time, his foot struck against a cask, lying high and dry, on the very spot where the other had drifted. Carl guessed where it came from; and was right merry at so seasonable a present; and rolling the cask to his own door, he was soon busy staving it, and drawing out, one after another, some of the choicest white puddings,* and dried hams, that ever left the harbour of Bergen. “Here’s to Kahlbrannar’s health,” said Carl, after supper, taking his cup of corn brandy in his hand, and offering to hobernob † with his wife. But Uldewalla shook her head, and refused to hobernob, or to drink, and Carl fancied, and no doubt it was but fancy, that he heard a strange laugh outside the hut, and that as he raised his eyes, he saw the face of the tall mariner draw

* A favourite article of the Norwegian kitchen.

† Either in drinking with each other, or in drinking toasts, every one in Norway touches his neighbour’s glass with his own.

back from the window. Carl, however, tossed off his cup; feeling rather proud of the friendship of Kahlbrannar.

Carl Blüven had a singular dream that night. He thought, that, looking out of the door of his hut, he saw the little boat he had noticed that evening, lying beyond the rocks at low tide, and that he walked out to examine it; and being curious to know whether he could steer so very small a boat, he stepped into it; and leaning forward, hoisted the little sail at the bow, the only one it had; and when he turned round to take the helm, he saw the tall mariner sitting as steersman. Away shot the boat, Carl, nothing daunted at the company he was in, or the frailty of the vessel, for the helmsman steered with wonderful dexterity, and the boat flew along like a sea-bird skimming the waves. Not a word was spoken, till after a little while, the steersman pointing forward, said, "There she is, as I told you, the *Frou*, of Drontheim, bearing right upon the Maelstroom, as my name is Kahlbrannar; she'll be down to the bottom before us." Carl now looked out a-head, and saw a fearful sight: the sea, a league across, was like a boiling cauldron, whirling round and round and round, and gradually, as it were, shelving down to the centre, where there appeared a huge hole, round which the water wheeled with an awful swirl, strong enough to suck in all the fleets that ever sailed the seas. A gallant three-masted ship was within the whirlpool; she no longer answered the helm, but flew round and round the cauldron, gradually nearing the



centre, which she soon reached, and, stern foremost, rushed down the gulph, that swallowed her up. But notwithstanding the terrors of the Maelstrom, and the horror of this spectacle, Carl did not yet awake from his dream. The little boat, piloted by the tall mariner, flew directly across the whirlpool to its centre—down, down, down they sunk; and the next moment Carl found himself walking with his companion on the ribbed sea-sand at the bottom of the Maelstrom. What a sight met the eyes of Carl! Mountains of wealth; piles of all that ships have carried, or nations trafficked in from the beginning of time; wrecks of a thousand vessels, great and small, scattered here and there, and the white bones of the mariners, thicker strewn than grave-stones in a churchyard. But what mainly attracted the eyes of Carl, was the gold and the silver that lay about as plentiful as pebble-stones; all bright and fresh, though ever so old; for Carl could read upon some of the coins which he picked up, the name of Cluff Kyrre, the first king of Norway.

“Now,” said Kahlbrannar, after Carl had feasted his eyes awhile upon all he saw, “what would you give, Carl Blüven, to be master of all this?”

“Faith,” said Carl, “it’s of little use lying here; but, save and except the silver and gold, that which has lain in the salt water so long can be worth little.”

“There you’re wrong,” said Kahlbrannar, taking up a large pebble stone, and beating out the end of a cask, out of which rolled as fine fresh sausages as ever were


beaten, grated, and mixed by any *Frou* of Bergenhuus ; “ just taste them, friend ; and, besides, have you forgotten the casks I sent ? ”

Carl tasted, and found them much to his liking. “ You know,” said he, “ I am but a poor fisherman ; you ask me what I would give for all I see here ; and you know I have nothing to give.”

“ There you’re wrong again,” said Kahlbrannar ; sit down upon that chest of gold, friend, and listen to what I am going to propose. You shall be the richest butter-merchant, and ham-merchant, and spirit-merchant, in all Bergenhuus, and have more gold and silver in your coffers than King Christian has in his treasury ; and in return you shall marry your daughter to my son.”

Carl having no daughter, and not knowing whether he might ever have one, tempted by the things about him, and the prospects set before him, and half thinking the offer a jest, said, “ a bargain be it, then ; ” at the same time grasping the hand of the tall mariner ; and just as he thought he had pronounced these words, he fancied that the water in which he had up to this time breathed as freely as if he had been on shore, began to choak him ; and so, gasping for breath, while Kahlbrannar’s laugh rung in his ears, Carl awoke, and found himself lying beside Uldewalla.

Carl told Uldewalla all that he had dreamed ; how that he had walked with the strange mariner at the bottom of the Maelstroom, and seen all the wealth, and gold and silver ; and of the offer Kahlbrannar had



made, and how that he thought he had closed a bargain with him.

“ Thank God, Carl, it is but a dream ! ” said Uldewalla, throwing her milk-white arms about his neck : “ have nothing to do with the tall mariner, as he is called ; no good will come of the connexion ; ” and it was this morning, for the first time, that Carl learned his prospect of being by-and-bye made a father. Carl thought more of his dream than he cared to tell his wife ; he could not help fancying that all he had seen in his dream was real ; and having already had substantial proof of Kahlbrannar’s good disposition towards him, he saw nothing incredible in the idea, that he might become all that riches could make him.

It was the morning after this, that Carl, awakening just at day-break, sprung out of bed, and telling Uldewalla that he was going to draw a net that morning, left his hut, and walked towards the rocks. Perhaps he had dreamed the same dream that had visited him the night before ; or perhaps he could not dismiss his old dream from his mind ; or it might be, that he really intended trying his fortune with his nets that morning. It is certain, however, that Carl left his hut in the early twilight ; and that Uldewalla, feeling uneasy in her mind, rose and looked through the small window, and saw her husband, in the grey of the morning, walk out among the black rocks (for the tide was back) ; and, although her eye was unable to follow all his turnings out and in among the channels, she could see him afterwards standing close to the low water line, and

another of taller stature standing by him. Uldewalla's eyes filled with tears; and when she wiped away the dimness, she could perceive neither her husband nor his companion.

Carl, however, was not long absent; a terrific storm soon after arose, and in the midst of it he arrived, rolling a huge cask up to the door.

"It is singular," said Uldewalla, "that fortune should so often throw prizes in your way, Carl: for my part, I would rather eat some fish of your own catching, than the stores of poor shipwrecked mariners." But Carl laughed, and jested, and drank, and feasted, and was right merry; and swore that fishing was a poor trade; and that he thought of leaving it, and setting up for merchant in Bergen. Uldewalla thought he was making merry in his cups, and that he only jested; but she was mistaken. Next day Carl told her he was discontented with his manner of living—that he was resolved to be a rich man, and that the very next morning they should depart for Bergen. Uldewalla was not sorry to leave the neighbourhood, for more reasons than one; and besides, being a dutiful wife, she offered no opposition to her husband's will.

The same evening Carl walked out along the coast for the last time, that he might consider all that had passed, and all that was to come; and as he slowly paced along, he thus summed up the advantages of his agreement:—"It's a good bargain I've made anyhow," said he; "I may never have a daughter at all;

and if I have, 'tis seventeen or eighteen good years before Kahlbrannar can say aught about the matter; and long before that time, who knows what may happen, or what plan I may hit upon to slide out of my bargain." But Carl knew little of him with whom he had to deal, or he would scarcely have talked about sliding out of his bargain.

Well, next morning saw Carl and Uldewalla on their way to Bergen. Uldewalla proposed that they should take their provisions with them, and such little articles as they possessed; but Carl said there was no occasion for such strict economy, as he had a well stored warehouse, and every thing comfortable at Bergen; and though Uldewalla wondered at all her husband told her, she resolved to say nothing more about it just then; and so Carl and his wife followed the path through the skirts of the forest, sometimes diving into the deep solitudes of the old pines, and sometimes emerging upon the sea shore, till towards night they reached the side of a great Fiord,* that ran many, many leagues inland; and Uldewalla looked up in her husband's face, as if to ask how they were to get over. But Carl pointed to a small creek just before them, where lay the very least boat, and the queerest shaped, that Uldewalla had ever seen: and Carl helped her into it, and paddled her over. Uldewalla wished her husband to moor the boat, that the owner might find it again; but Carl, with a significant look, said, "Trust him for finding it;" and so the boat drifted down the

* *Fiord*, an arm of the sea.

Fiord towards the sea ; and Carl and his wife pursuing their journey, arrived the same afternoon at Bergen.

Carl led Uldewalla to a good house, facing the harbour, where, as he had said, every thing was prepared for their reception. A neighbour who lived hard by brought the key, telling them that a good fire was lighted, for a tall gentleman who engaged the house, had ordered every thing to be got ready that evening ; and adding, — “ The quantity of goods brought into the warehouse this day, is the wonder of all Bergen : they ’ve been carried in as fast as boats could land them, and boatmen carry them ; and the boatmen, they say, were all as like to each other, as one cask they carried was to another.”

Never, indeed, was warehouse better stored than Carl Blüven’s ; casks of butter, casks of rein-deer hams, casks of foreign spirits, jars of grated meat, and jars of potted fish, all ready for sale or for export, were piled in rows one above another ; and besides all that, there was a granary filled with as fine Dantzic corn as ever was seen in Bergen market. Carl drove all before him ; and as every thing that he sold was allowed to be prime, and as all that he bought was paid for in gold counted down, he was soon looked upon as the most considerable merchant, and the most monied man in Bergenhuus. It is true, indeed, that Carl had detractors. Some wondered where he came from ; and others, where he had got his money ; and to all who did business with Carl, it was matter of surprise, that all his payments were made in old coin, or strange

coin, and not in the current money of the country. But prosperity always raises up enemies, and there are whisperers in Bergen, as well as elsewhere. And Carl's gold was good gold, and none the worse for its age; and his payments were punctual; and so he soon rose above these calumnies.

To Uldewalla all this was a mighty agreeable change; in place of being a poor fisherman's wife, clad in the coarse stuff of Stavanger, she was the *frou* of the richest merchant in Bergenhuus; with her silks from France, and her muslins from England, and her furs, the richest that could be bought in the Hamburg markets. And in good time Uldewalla became the mother of a girl so beautiful, that she was the admiration of her parents, and the wonder of all Bergen. About the time of this event, a cloud might be seen upon Carl's brow; but it wore off; and he was as fond and as happy a father as any in all Bergenhuus; and as Uldewalla never gave him but this one, he was the prouder of the one he had.

Well might any one be proud of the little Carintha. The purest of hearts was mirrored in the most beautiful of faces. But there was a seriousness in the depth of her large mild blue eyes, that was remarked by all who looked upon her; and in her gentle and courteous speech, there was a sadness, that never failed to reach the hearts of those upon whose ears her accents fell. And Carintha grew into greater beauty, and more and more won the affection of all who knew her; and at length she reached the verge of womanhood, and grew

lovelier still, every day disclosing new charms, or adding another grace to those that had accompanied her from infancy.

For the first fifteen years after Carintha was born, Carl was not only a thriving, but a right merry merchant. His dealings grew more and more extensive; and in respect of wealth, he distanced all competition. Carl enjoyed himself also: he had his five meals every day; sour black bread was never seen in his house; he had his wheaten bread and his dainty rye bread, sprinkled with carraway seeds; and his soup, with spiced balls in it; and his white puddings, and his black puddings, and his coffee, ay, and his wine and his cognac; and he hobnobbed with his neighbours; and sung *Gamlé Norgé*;* and, in short, enjoyed himself as the first merchant in Bergen might. But as Carintha grew up, Carl grew less merry; and when she had passed her sixteenth summer, and when Uldewalla, some little time after this, spoke to her husband about settling Carintha in the world, any one, to have looked in Carl's face at that time, would have seen that something extraordinary was passing within.

It was about a year after this, that the son of the governor of Bergenhuus, Hamel Von Störgelven, cast his eyes upon Carintha, and became enamoured of her. She, on her part, did not rebuke his advances, except with that maidenly timidity that is becoming; and all Bergen said there would be a wedding. The

* *Gamlé Norgé*, the national song of Norway.



governor liked the marriage, though Carintha was not a Fröken ; * calculating upon the wealth that would pass into his family : and as for Carl Blüven, rich as he was, he was elated at the thoughts of so high a connexion ; for Carintha having now passed her seventeenth year, and having heard nothing of a certain person, he began to treat all that had once passed as an old story ; and seeing his money bags about him, and his warehouses full of goods — (goods as well as money all new and current—for he had long ago parted with all his first stock, in the way of trade)—there was nothing to remind him of his hut on the sea coast, and what had happened there, and nothing but what might well breed confidence in any man ; so that when sitting in his substantial house, with his substantial dinner before him, and his substantial townsmen round him, he would have thought little matter of tossing a glass of corn brandy in Kahlbrannar's face, if that individual had made so free as to intrude upon him. But the fancied security of the merchant was soon to be disturbed.

It was now the day before that upon which Carintha was to espouse Hamel Von Störgelven. The affair engrossed all Bergen ; for Carl Blüven was chief magistrate of the city, and never before were such preparations witnessed in Bergenhuus. Carl, above all, was in high spirits ; for although the bargain he had once made would sometimes intrude upon his thoughts, he had taught himself the habit of getting quickly rid of

* *Fröken*, young lady of quality.

the recollection ; and, indeed, the multifarious business of the chief magistrate, and first merchant in Bergen, left him little leisure for entertaining the remembrance of old stories.

It was a fine sunshiny day — the day, as has been said, before the celebration of Carintha's nuptials — and Carl Blüven was standing on the quay with the other merchants, looking at the cheerful sight of the ships passing in and out, and the bales of goods landing, and chatting about city matters, and trade, and such like topics,—every one paying to Carl Blüven the deference that was due to one who was on the eve of being allied to the governor,—when suddenly all eyes were directed towards the harbour ; Carl's eyes followed the rest, and sure enough he saw something that might well create wonder in others, and something more in him.


“ Where does it come from ?” said one.

“ What a singular build !” said another.

“ Never was such a boat seen in Bergen harbour,” said a third.

“ And look at the helmsman,” said a fourth ; “ he's taller than the mast.”

The seamen who were aboard the ships, hurried to the sides of their vessels, and looked down as the small boat glided by with the tall mariner at the helm ; the porters laid down their burdens, and stared with wondering eyes ; even the children gave over their play, to look at the strange boat and the strange helmsman. As for Carl, he said nothing, but remained




standing with the group of merchants. Meanwhile, the boat touched the landing place, and the tall mariner stepped out and ascended the steps that led to the quay. There was something in his appearance that nobody liked ; every one made way and stood back ; and he, with a singular sneer in his face, walked directly up to Carl Blüven, who had not fallen back like the rest, but manfully stood his ground, and was, therefore, a little apart from his companions. No one could distinctly hear what passed between the tall old strange mariner and the chief magistrate, though it may well be believed that the conference created on small wonder ; it was evident, however, that angry words passed between the two ; the countenance of the mariner grew darker and darker ; Carl's grew flushed and angry ; and the bystanders thought things were about to proceed to extremities, when the mariner, darting a menacing scowl at his companion, turned away, and descended into his boat, which he paddled out of the harbour, while every one looked after it, and asked of his neighbour the same question as before, " Where does it come from ? " But no other than Carl Blüven could have answered that question.

" I served him right ! " said the chief magistrate, as he walked homewards : " fulfil my bargain, indeed ! No, no ; if he was such a simpleton as to fill my warehouse with goods, and my coffers with cash, upon a mere promise, I 'm not such a fool as to keep it. Let me but keep on dry land, and I may snap my fingers at him ; and by the ghost of King Kyrre, if I catch

him again on the quay of Bergen, I'll clap him in the city gaol."

So spoke the chief magistrate; and to do Carl Blüven justice, he had no small liking to his daughter Carintha; and if even he had had no prospect of so high an alliance, he would never have entertained the thought of decoying his child into the power of Kahlbrannar. He now, however, knew the worst. His promise could not bind Carintha in any way, who would be secure even against treachery, so soon as the wedding ring was placed upon her finger. But the mariner had told him, as plainly as words could, that having consented to her marriage with another, he had no mercy to expect; and bade him remember the white bones he had seen lying at the bottom of the Maelstrom.

It was Carintha's marriage day; and a beautiful bride she went forth; her eyes were blue, and deep, and lustrous, as the heavens that looked down upon her; her smile was like an early sunbeam upon one of her own sweet valleys; her blush, like the evening rose-tint upon her snowy mountains; her bosom, tranquil, and yet gently heaving, like the summer sea that girded her shores. Carintha went forth to her nuptials, having first recommended herself to God, who took her into his keeping; and the ring was placed upon her finger, and she was wed; and from that moment, the danger that hung over her from her birth being for ever gone by, the seriousness that all used to remark passed away for ever from her countenance and from her speech.



There is little doubt, that if Carl Blüven had kept his promise to the strange mariner, and decoyed Carintha into his power, God would have saved the child, and punished the unnatural father, by delivering him early into the hands of him with whom he made so sinful a bargain. But, although it was wicked in Carl to make such a bargain, it would have been more wicked still to fulfil it; and Carl's refusal to do this, as well as the good use which he made of his money, and the creditable way in which he discharged the duties of chief magistrate, had, no doubt, the effect of weakening the power of Kahlbrannar over him, and of, therefore, preventing the success of the many stratagems resorted to for getting Carl into his power. And so for more than twenty years after the marriage of Carintha, Carl Blüven continued to enjoy his prosperity, and to exercise, at due intervals, the office of chief magistrate: and he saw his grand-children grow around him; and at length buried his wife Uldewalla. But the penalty of the rash promise had yet to be paid.

It chanced that Carl Blüven,—who, by the bye, was now Carl Von Blüven, having long ago received that dignity,—was bidden to a feast at the house of a rich citizen, who lived just on the opposite side of the harbour. Although it was nearly half a league round the head of the harbour and across the draw-bridge, Carl walked round, rather than trust himself across in a boat; a conveyance which, ever since his interview on the quay, he had studiously avoided. It was a great

feast ; many bowls of bishop* were emptied, and many a national song roared in chorus ; so that Carl, as well as the rest of the guests, began to feel the effects of their potations. In the midst of their conviviality, and when it nearly approached midnight, the merriment was suddenly interrupted by the hollow beat of the alarm drum ; and all hastily arising, and running to the window, which looked out upon the harbour, Carl saw that his own warehouse was in flames. Carl was not yet tired of being a rich man, and so with only some hasty expressions of dismay, he hurried from the banquet, and ran at full speed towards the harbour. It was, as has been said, half a league round by the draw-bridge : the merchant saw his well stored warehouse within a stone throw of him, burning away — the fumes of wine were in his head — and without further thought, he leaped into a boat that lay just below, and pushed across.

Scarcely had Carl Blüven done this, when he recollected his danger. Paddle as he would, the boat made no way : what exertions the merchant made, and what were his thoughts, no one can tell. Some seamen were awoke by loud cries for help ; and some, who jumped out of their hammocks, told how they saw a boat drifting out of the harbour.

Two or three days after this event, the *Tellemarke*, free trader, arrived in Bergen, from Iceland, and reported, “ that but for a strong northerly breeze, she would have been sucked into the Maelstream ; that a

* *Bishop*, a kind of mulled wine.

little before sunset, when within two leagues of the whirlpool, a small boat was seen drifting, empty ; and that soon after another, the smallest and strangest built boat that ever was seen, passed close under their bows, to windward, paddling in the direction of the Maelstroom ; that two mariners were in it ; he at the helm of an exceeding tall stature, and singular countenance ; that the other cried out for help ; upon which the ship lay to, and manned a boat with four rowers ; but that with all their exertions they were unable to gain upon the little boat, which was worked by a single paddle ; and that the boatmen, fearing they might be drawn into the whirlpool, returned to the ship ; and that, just at sunset, they could descry the small boat, by the help of their glasses, steering right across the Maelstroom, as if it had been a small pond." Of all which extraordinary facts, the master of the "Telle-marke" made a deposition before the chief magistrate who filled the chair after Carl Blüven had disappeared in so miraculous a manner.

THE LAST KING OF GRANADA.

There is a tradition, that Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Granada, was visited on the closing night of the siege, by three spectres or spirits, who gave him his choice of the means of restoration. He chose submission; and, on the same night, the troops of Spain gave the final blow to the Moorish monarchy.

THE moonbeam sleeps in silver on the ground,
 The silent waters are a silver lake,
 The mountain's forehead is with silver bound,
 The moonbeams shine on rose and woodbine brake;
 The dewy air, the earth, returns no sound;
 All in a slumberous trance, delicious, deep, is drowned.

But all earth's grandeur in Boabdil's hall
 Could shed no slumber's dew-drop on his eye;
 Though hung from golden roofs the silken pall,
 With lovely forms alive, and rubied dye;
 And Persian essences in clouds were rolled
 From gem-emblazoned urns of India's loveliest mould.

A thousand milk-white steeds were at his gate,
 With hoofs of wind, and eyes like the gazelle,
 On which a thousand turbaned chieftains sate,
 From when the evening trumpet's solemn swell
 Made all Granada's bowery valleys ring;
 Watching the golden halls where lay the weary king.



And stormy thoughts swept thro' his heavy heart,
Such as oppress the crown and the tiar,
Of battles lost and won, of treacherous art,
That clouds in bloodshed empire's setting star, —
Dungeon and grave, ambition's purple game,
The strife that fills the soul with fever and with flame.

“ Oh, for a friend !” exclaimed the weary king ;
“ Oh, for one heart that I might call my own !”
At once, like some sweet fountain murmuring,
His ear drank deep a faint half dreamy tone ;
And lo ! a shape of lustre seemed to glide,
With rose and amaranth crowned, a Moslem's Houri
bride.

The glittering starlight wove the floating robe
That sparkled round her beauty-moulded form ;
A jewel lay upon her bosom's globe,
Rich as the lights that through the northern storm
Shoot heaven's blue splendour o'er the tossing main,
To tell the seaman's heart of hope and home again.

“ Lord of the Moslem, rise !” the vision said ;
“ And from thy forehead take the diadem ;
Thy deadly bow be on the marble laid,
Thy scymetar unbound, thy signet-gem,
Thy plume once blazing in the battle's van ;
And be a man again, and be no more than man.

“ Wash from thy guilty soul thy brother's blood ;
Fling from thy grasping hand thy people's gold ;
Be holy prayer thy spirit's heavenly food ;
Or know, thy lot is cast, thy tale is told.”
The vision waved on air a rainbowed plume,
And all again was still, sweet dew, and gentle gloom.

Anon low thunder filled the distant clouds,
And the quick lightning played, like trceries
Of spectral emblems on their vapoury shrouds ;
And, riding on a courser of the skies,
Down darted through the elemental war,
A shape, that looked the king of some malignant
star.

Above the monarch's diamond-studded couch
A sceptre quivered in his giant hand,
That, where on earth it turned its fiery touch,
The solid earth blazed upward like a brand ;
And warrior-shout, and groan, and clash of steel,
Came mingling with the blast and howling thunder-peal.

“ King of the Moor, uprising and be a King !”
With lip half scorn, half ire, the vision said :
“ Be thine the lion-roar, the tiger-spring ;
Let nations shrink beneath thy banner's shade ;
Be blood like water through the nations poured ;
Be king again, and let thy sceptre be thy sword.”

The thunder died, and all was midnight gloom ;
But soon a splendour, like the evening sun,
Slow-swelling came, with such delicious fume,
As, when the eastern summer's day' is done,
Wreathes to the twilight star from thousand bowers,
Earth's altar-gift of fruits, and all gem-tinted flowers.

And throned, where all the throne was but a rose,
Came, floating on the waving golden gleam,
A spirit, seeming lulled in rich repose,
Half-whispering, as in some love-kindled dream ;
Upon the pillow spread her purple wing,
Breathing a sleepy balm, as from some opiate spring.

And o'er her hung a soft attendant cloud,
Shading her beauties, like the canopy
Above the Persian Sofi's throne embowed,
Encrimsoning her lip's carnation dye,
And shedding hue and light, deep, tender, warm,
On the sweet slumberer's cheek, and young bewitching
form.

But while he gazed, the rosy day closed in,
And the broad sun in vestal moonshine died ;
And as the gossamery mantle thin
Heaved with the heaving of her snowy side,
Her eye, through half shut violet eyelids, stole
A glance that sent a spell to his luxurious soul.

Her lips were two twin buds, when morning's dew
 Freshens their beauty in the slanting sun ;
 The breath that breathed those living roses through,
 Was worth all scents of Yemen's flowery zone ;
 A sigh still heaved her bosom's ivory round,
 Yet on those glowing lips awoke no living sound.

But, floating down the perfumed air, a lute
 Came gently gliding, by no mortal hand ;
 No minstrel's and no maiden's sandaled foot
 By that reposing beauty took its stand ;
 But the slight fanning of the spirit's wing
 Shook tones like silver words from the enchanted string.

“ What's life ? a dream ”— the airy oracle
 Upon the panting monarch's ear distilled ;
 “ Let fools delight in ocean's stormy swell ;
 Brief is the throne that toil and trouble build.
 What's death ? the banquet's close ; a long, cold sleep.
 Be wise, and leave earth's fools to bleed, and war, and
 weep ! ”

“ Then pleasure be my throne ! ” exclaimed the king.
 But, at the words, all heaven seemed mixed with flame,
 And charger's tramp, and cannon's thundering,
 Came mingled with the Spaniard's fearful name.
 Granada's towered walls that night were won ;
 Boabdil's crown was dust, a vanished dream his throne.

Σοτηρ.

CLARA MANDEVILLE :

A Tale of British India.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

OF all the innumerable host of projectors, whose "baseless fabrics" of philanthropy or self-interest find toleration, at least, if not favour, in the eyes of a world compounded of theorists like themselves, the only class on whom the anathemas of youth, and even the censures of all, are unsparingly lavished, are those parents, who, combining something of an "old world" sense of property in, and authority over their children, with a yet more antiquated solicitude for their substantial happiness in life, venture to sun their old age in the prospect of uniting them to partners less showy perchance, but often more enduringly valuable, than those whom giddy inexperience, or fickle fancy, have made the gods of their youthful idolatry.

Far be it from me to affirm that parents should influence, beyond a certain point, far less constrain the inclinations of their children. All I claim on their part is pardon, at least, for the wish to place happiness within their reckless offspring's grasp, and for myself the pri-

vilege of recording one of the many instances in which resistance and regret were synonymous things.

Mr. Mandeville—and I knew him well—was a Civil servant of long standing and great eminence at one of our eastern presidencies. Partial to the country in which he had resided from youth to age, and engrossed by important judicial functions, he had deferred visiting Europe till nearly all that were dear to him there had departed. I left him a stranger on his native soil; and when he returned to India, it was with a chilled heart and repressed affections, and the secret determination to die, as he had lived—in the East.

But he did not return alone. A fair cousin, of the few fate had left him, consented—though from disparity of years, with some hesitation—to be the companion of his exile; and never for a moment did Lucy Warner regret the day when she exchanged her name for that of Mandeville. Confidence the most unbounded, affection the most heartfelt and mutual, soon united her to the mild and generous husband, whose added years were soon forgotten in the maturity of worth with which they were conjoined.

They were but too happy; till, having lost several children—and, something whispered, in consequence of the delay in sending them home, so natural to a parent advanced in life, and dubious of witnessing their return—a precisely opposite feeling of imperative duty induced Mandeville to insist on his wife's accompanying their only remaining child—a daughter—herself to England.

The sacrifice was great on both sides, and the struggle severe; but the child was equally precious and delicate, and parental solicitude prevailed. Nor, during the long ten years of watching over the precarious health of their mutual darling, could the anxious mother find one interval of sufficient ease of mind to enable her to return to India.

The object of all these solitudes seemed at length suddenly to outgrow them. She expanded at once from a pale and sickly exotic into a blooming British rose—hardy enough in appearance to bear transplanting to the parental bosom which yearned in exile over its dear and absent treasures.

Mrs. Mandeville lost not a moment in realizing, as soon as prudence would permit, her husband's long cherished anticipations. She sailed for India with her daughter, a fine blooming girl of sixteen, the youthful and more animated *fac simile* of what her mother had been, when, as the bride of her worthy father, she embarked on the same voyage.

But she herself, alas! was sadly changed; not by years, for she as yet numbered few—but by the mining influence of climate and bereavement while in India, and anxiety and separation in England. She did not live to gladden the heart of Mandeville with that tried and cherished blessing which had so long been folded to it, and still longer so cruelly estranged. She died almost within the waters of that Ganges to which her torn and divided heart had ever unconsciously clung; and it was a stranger's office


to bid a heart-broken father embrace his motherless child.

But it was soon that child's office and privilege to recall a smile, though a subdued one, to lips which never thought to smile again. The resemblance to her mother, at first so painful, which Clara bore, endeared her inexpressibly to her surviving parent; nay in his slightly enfeebled state of mind, as well as body, it established a kind of identity between them which soon made his loss, though ever deplored, less sensibly felt.

Lucy, early married to one so much her senior, had been thoughtful, even in the midst of happiness; but Clara's gay disposition luxuriated in the sunshine of parental indulgence, like the bright flowers of the soil she trod. To contradict her, or deny aught to one so lovely and loving, never seemed to her doating father within the range of possibility; and Clara soon ruled, where her mother had found felicity in obeying.

Young, beautiful, and from her father's known emoluments, a supposed heiress, Clara was soon the idol of Calcutta, as well as of her father's heart; and as she fluttered through its lighted ball-rooms, bright and dazzling as the fire-flies of an eastern heaven, satellites of all ranks and ages were drawn into her sparkling track.

In the graceful *abandon* of early youth, she smiled at first almost alike on all; but least, perhaps, ere long, on him, whom of all the admiring throng her father could have wished to fix for ever at her feet. This was his own tried and valued friend of half a life-time — a




man, whom to name, was to personify worth and honor ; of years not near enough his own to scare the loves and graces from the compact, but too remote from Clara's childish standard to let her see in Mr. Courtenay what he really was—a noble-looking finished gentleman of five-and-thirty, with manliness and candour stamped by nature on a brow, some prematurely scattered grey hairs on which served to enroll him in the school-girl list of *ci-devants*.

His fortune and high station, the dazzling mark at which the whole female artillery of Bengal had for years been aimed in vain, she was too young and disinterested to take into the account. But while it was as dross in her father's eyes, compared with Courtenay's high integrity and intense capacities for domestic happiness, it could not in human nature be overlooked by a parent, whose own princely hospitalities, liberal as the heart that dictated them, would leave, as he rather suspected than cared to ascertain, but a scanty reversion for his indulged and expensively-educated daughter. The melancholy blank created by the absence of wife and child, he had insensibly filled up, by adopting every young creature who reminded him of blessings lent but to be resumed ; and doubts, too well founded, of ever being survived by one among his many children, deferred economy till time and habit rendered it impracticable.

Mr. Mandeville, though too upright to have deceived for a moment on this score one serious aspirant to Clara's heart and hand, did not feel called upon to pro-

claim the state of his affairs to the host of flutterers who surrounded her, and most of whom it would have sufficed to disperse. To Courtenay alone, who was in this as in every thing else his second self, he had no reserves; and but spoke in perfect sincerity, when regretting the obstacle her slender expectations presented to his darling project, of giving her, in Courtenay, a protector after his own heart. The disclosure so much dreaded, had a precisely opposite effect from what Mandeville (spite of twenty years' knowledge of his friend) anticipated. It seemed to release Courtenay from the influence of some withering spell; and, on the strength of it, he, whom genuine diffidence had hitherto kept a distant lingerer in Clara's train, now ventured to betray the feelings which all, save herself, watched in wondering envy of her rare good fortune.

Her eyes and thoughts, alas! were otherwise employed; and her ear engrossed by the least amiable, perhaps, though not least fascinating, of the younger votaries at her feet. A gay young soldier of a cavalry corps up the country, on his way to England, chiefly for that *maladie du pays*, which surly veterans are apt to translate by the harsh synonymes of idleness and dislike of hardships, was thrown in evil hour in Clara's daily path. She began by sympathy with his supposed illness and exile—and pitied—till she induced him, ere long, to forget both. There mingled something of gratified pride in renovating the bloom and cheering the spirits of the handsome reputed invalid; and when devotion to her bright eyes could throw home and



country, and all on which he had eloquently expatiated, into utter oblivion, the triumph of conquest was unhappily complete.

The attentions of Brabazon — though all who have been in India can appreciate those of a pennyless captain of dragoons to a rich civil servant's daughter — were not, to do him justice, entirely dictated by interest. He admired — for who could do otherwise — the cynosure of Calcutta, nay, returned her girlish devotion with such a passion as triumphant vanity and gratified ambition can dignify with the name of love.


Their *liaison* was soon the universal topic, and all, save the faithful Courtenay, seemed tacitly to give place to the youthful Cæsar, who had “ come and seen,” only to “ conquer.” But Mr. Mandeville — whom, as an absentee since his wife's death from festive scenes, the flirtation between his daughter and Brabazon was the last to reach — was shocked beyond measure by an attachment, which, while it overthrew the darling project of a life-time, threatened his only child with a lot so widely different from what he had planned for her.

On one hand, ease and affluence awaited her, under the guiding influence of a man of lofty talent and sterling principle, and one who, to a mother's feminine tenderness, would add a father's solicitude, and a lover's chivalrous devotion. On the other, there was a life of separation from her father and society — a life of certain hardship and privation, amid the thousand chances of Indian warfare, with a wild, thoughtless lad,

already familiar with folly, if not vice — and as unfit as the babe unborn to guide a child like Clara through a path, beset with snares and thorns.

One expedient alone—when eloquence had been exhausted on one too loving not to listen, nay, with tears, though too long indulged to yield — her father hoped might work on her young suitor, if not upon his daughter. When he reminded Clara (though with all a parent's delicacy), that the ten years' double establishment her own weak health and lavish education imposed, had left him little beyond the salary which must die with him, she had thought too seldom on the subject to feel more than momentary disappointment; and when her father hinted more explicitly still, at the probable effect of the information he felt bound to impart on one less inexperienced in the world than herself, she unhesitatingly consented to stake on his own decision the chances of union with her lover.

This Mr. Mandeville hailed with transport, as nearly tantamount with its relinquishment; but to his horror and dismay, the *exposé* of his finances—though “nothing extenuated” by one who clung to it as the talisman that might save his child—had no effect in inducing Brabazon to retract his pretensions. For this conduct, which (as inferring disinterestedness) insensibly disarmed much of the good parent's hostility to the match, there was one simple reason, “never dreamt of in his philosophy,” viz. that Brabazon did not believe him! He looked upon the statement as purely apocryphal — as a masterly manœuvre



to get rid of an unwelcome son-in-law ; and when he protested, that with Miss Mandeville's future prospects, be they what they might, he was perfectly content, he merely signified (according to a young captain's usual estimate of the hoards of a thirty years' resident) his entire approbation of some twenty or perhaps thirty thousand pounds.

In vain did Mr. Mandeville reiterate and remonstrate : the soldier scorned to be out-generalled by a civilian, and stood firm. Clara appealed triumphantly to her father's accepted alternative, and more irresistibly still to the love which could deny her nothing, not even ruin! — and with the presentiments of one who saw his sole hope embark in a slight gilded vessel, on an ocean more treacherous still, Mr. Mandeville saw his wilful girl become the wife of the gay dragoon.

The separation, which might, even in the full tide of passion, have appalled poor Clara, — who, though she had not yet learned to think, could feel, and that acutely — was deferred by the interest of her father, which enabled him to detain the pair for a few short months of bridal festivity at Calcutta. But reported disturbances in the upper provinces, soon left a soldier, even a carpet one, no option ; and Brabazon, and the wife worlds would not have detained behind him, set out together for his regiment.

The shock of this parting, and its cause, though the rumoured danger proved imaginary, Mr. Mandeville never entirely recovered. He vegetated on, during a couple of years of feverish anxiety, watching the tone of

his daughter's letters for indications of altered feelings, which it would have been death to find realized—half thankful that Brabazon still seemed all the world to her—half mortified to think that, separated from him by some thousands of miles, she could taste unmingled happiness!

This all his remaining energies centered in promoting. As long as life lasted, the ample emoluments of his office were shared with, or rather lavished on the young couple. Luxuries unknown in the camp, followed, nay, even preceded their frequent removals; and nearly the last act of parental solicitude (a prophetic and most important one) was enquiring into, and paying up, the long arrears of his improvident son-in-law's contribution to the military fund—on which, something whispered, his poor girl's subsistence might, one day or other, depend. This done, his long undermined constitution fell an easy prey to a prevailing epidemic, and Clara, who had been importuning with reviving filial anxiety her husband to let her visit her father, received, in the act of embarking, the news of his sudden death.

It was not destined, like other misfortunes, to stand long single. To the pangs of natural grief, and secret self-upbraiding, were soon added the more degrading annoyances arising from the extent of Brabazon's disappointment. As long as Mr. Mandeville lived, his splendid allowance and liberal presents kept pace with even a spendthrift's expectations; and though soon irritable and capricious (as gamblers, whether on turf

or billiard table—and Brabazon was both—proverbially are), he had too good reasons for keeping well with his father-in-law, to quarrel with or neglect his wife. But when the will was opened, and a paltry sum of three thousand pounds (fully as much more having been, to his secret vexation, appropriated to cover the arrears before mentioned) proved to be the whole splendid dowry of the wife whose imaginary expectations—for he could not complain of deception in the matter—had led him into expences far beyond an officer's limited means, he reproached the unoffending Clara with the very pertinacity of affection which had made her prefer him to affluence and Courtenay!

His downward progress in the career of dissipation, was, from this moment, rapid and headlong. Difficulties which he had not the courage to look in the face, were encreased at the gaming table, and then drowned in the midnight bowl; and his finances now forbidding the riotous hospitality from which even Clara's gay disposition had early shrunk, she was left whole days and nights in the lonely bungalow, while her husband revived, by a course of intemperance, the threatening symptoms which had sent him once before—fatally, alas! for her peace!—to Calcutta to embark for Europe.

It was now that Clara, weakened in mind and body by her sorrows and approaching confinement, first learned to feel acutely the bitterness of her own chosen lot. But it was not till she had wept (scarce cheered by a transient gleam of reviving affection in its father) over the marble features of her dead infant, that a full

sense of all she had owed to her own father, and made him suffer, took possession of her altered mind. Alas ! it was too late ; and remorse sometimes taught her to consider the removal of her babe as an act of special retribution.

She had little leisure to brood over these painful reminiscences, for dissipation and disease are alike foes to duty ; and Brabazon, at best but an inefficient soldier, taxed severely his commanding officer's compassionate indulgence. His mind as well as body were, ere long, so weakened by a short but headlong course of riot, that his dismissal on furlough promised as much benefit to the regiment as to himself ; and it was with feelings of deep mortification as well as sorrow that Clara set out to return with him to that Calcutta which had witnessed their inauspicious nuptials.

The first part of the monotonous and usually uneventful voyage was performed as comfortably as slender means, and, consequently, limited accommodations, would permit. Only two or three ordinary native servants (independent of the boatmen) assisted Clara in her fatiguing attendance on an irritable and capricious invalid, whom the disgraceful circumstances of what he felt to be a virtual retreat from the service, preyed upon, though they could not reform.

His health seemed, however, gradually amending under the influence of change of air and scene ; when, towards afternoon of one of the hottest and most oppressive days the travellers had experienced, he was suddenly seized, after indiscreet exposure, with symp-

toms too much resembling those of the Indian malady since so fatally known in Europe. The remedies — if such there be — were too familiar not to be at hand. They were administered ; and in the temporary rally they occasioned, his removal to some spot where coolness and shelter superior to those of the budgerow could be obtained, became indispensable. In vain his anxious wife strained her eyes, and interrogated her attendants, in the hope of some pagoda or choultry within a reasonable distance from the river, to which it might be possible, without risk of his life, to carry the sufferer. None such existed. At length one of the boatmen, who had on a former occasion accompanied European travellers thither, recollected a cave in the hills (at this point closely approaching the river), which promised, if the invalid could reach it alive, the requisite shade and shelter.

He thought he might be able to thread the path to it through the jungle, if guided by shouts from the boat, in the proper direction of the sharp conical hill in whose bowels he knew the cavern to be situated ; and a rude palanquin being formed of a mattress from the boat lashed across its oars, a sufficient number of bearers set forward, accompanied on foot by the weeping Clara, to whom terror and anxiety lent activity for an exercise so little familiar to Indian females.

To enhance the other painful circumstances under which the journey was performed, there were well-founded apprehensions among the natives of the tigers with which they knew the jungle swarmed ; and ever

and anon, when Clara, either absorbed in more distressing reflections, or insensibly withdrawn from them by the exquisite beauty of the scenery, was inclined to forget this formidable peril, she was painfully reminded of it by the screech and whirr of some stately peacock, whose sure instinct of danger quickened that of the pusillanimous unarmed natives.

The chief servant flourished indeed, in idle demonstration of protection, his poor master's costly fowling-piece ; but slight was the dependence which in case of real danger a helpless woman could place in the courage and fidelity of mercenaries, long irregularly paid, and half alienated by Brabazon's capricious treatment. In Providence, and Providence alone could poor Clara now confide— with the humility which penitence teaches, and the trust religion only can inspire.

With difficulty, and occasional deviation from the right course, they at length gained the cave. The shattered nerves of Clara recoiled from the simultaneous shout given by the bearers, to ascertain that no fierce inmate of the forest had anticipated them in selecting the cavern for his lair ; and in the moment of breathless suspense which succeeded, when the post of each Indian at the foot of the nearest tree left it but too easy to guess (in the event of their fears being realized) the fate of the helpless immovable victim in the litter,—Clara paid the penalty of long years of thoughtlessness and folly. All was at length pronounced safe. One bolder than the rest kindled a torch to explore the cavern, whose low and narrow entrance

— hardly admitting of the rude litter being dragged rather than carried through it— gave little promise of the extent and loftiness of the excavation within.

Though far inferior in these points to the more celebrated caves once used as places of worship in various parts of India, that which they now entered bore the traces of gigantic labour and elaborate though barbarous sculpture. At its further end, too dimly lighted by the narrow opening to dispense with the torches which the natives (rendered provident by their recollection of its darkness) had fortunately brought with them— was deposited, on a couch of branches hastily collected in the jungle, the mattress of the exhausted patient, whom the motion of the litter and the giant strides of Indian disease had sunk in fatal and apparently hopeless stupor.

Such arrangements as circumstances permitted were made for his sojourn in a place which it was more than probable he would never quit alive; and before the rapid nightfall of a tropical climate, the once gay, indulged Clara was left all but alone— amid the half-scared owls and bats of a dreary abandoned cavern, surrounded by the symbols of Indian idolatry— with the fast-expiring human idol, to whom she had sacrificed with equal infatuation, ease, affluence, her own happiness and that of a parent— stiffening before her into a ghastliness of repose little inferior to that of the grim deities whose vices he had emulated!

All within the cavern was solitude and desolation. The boatmen had fled, availing themselves of the brief

twilight, to the necessary care of their boat, which their presence and large fires could alone protect from the depredation of midnight marauders, and the visits of the wild denizens of the forest,—whose incessant roar came, softened perhaps, but deepened by the windings of the cavern into strange unearthly groanings, upon Clara's wakeful shuddering ear.

The head servant—on whose lately insolent demeanour compassion for his mistress seemed to have worked a pitying change—had gone out at her earnest entreaty, armed with a torch in one hand, and their sole weapon, the gun before-mentioned, in the other, to fetch water from a spring, to moisten lips which the thirst of disease and death was parching into agony. The two other Hindoos had stationed themselves outside the cavern, to feed with unslumbering vigilance the fire at its entrance on which their safety depended; and Clara was thus alone with the well-nigh insensible relics of all she had loved so madly—nay, still at this moment loved, through unworthiness and neglect; for whose immortal part, fast flitting to its dread account, the long polluted echoes of this heathen fane were waked that livelong night with many a christian prayer.

She prayed too for herself—for pardon for the past, and guidance for the future—and for that special guardianship of the widow, which she felt it would soon be hers to claim from heaven alone. Relations in India she had none; and from the friends of her father, alienated no doubt by her unfeeling conduct, what had she to expect but reproaches or avoidance?

In such orisons and such reflections the long night was spent. With the last expiring torch of her store, the flickering gleam of life she yet watched over was gradually extinguished.

Appalled by the prolonged sound of the last sigh of mortality in such a scene and hour, and oppressed by a sense of invincible terror, Clara flew to the entrance of the cave, to call the slumbering attendants, and breathe a moment the invigorating morning air.

The transition seemed as to paradise, from the sickly atmosphere of that murky cavern, to the sparkling beauty of Eastern sunrise—beneath hills, clothed to their airy summits with odoriferous shrubs, and amid a forest whose waving branches were spangled with diamond dew-drops, and gemmed with birds of every rainbow hue, whose matin song, if inferior inharmony to that of the choristers of Europe, yet repaid in wildness and variety the absence of her native melodies.


The contrast was overpowering, from the stillness of desolation and mortality within to the flush of vegetation and tumult of life without; and Clara would have shrunk in natural revulsion of feeling from a gaiety so discordant, had she not recoiled in real alarm at the unaccountable absence of the servants, and the glimpse—for it was no more—which she caught of a wild-looking native in the savage garb of the hill country, armed not only with their peculiar bow and arrows, but a formidable glittering *creese* or dagger—who was loitering, in lieu of her scared attendants, beside the embers of their abandoned fire.

Clara now gave herself up for lost ; and prayed fervently for escape from the worse than death and pillage which perhaps awaited her. She had thrown herself on the body of her husband — partly from inextinguishable remains of affection, partly from the hope of protection even his inanimate remains might afford — when the sound of cheerful European voices gave rise to another rush of emotion as overwhelming as the sense of utter abandonment which preceded.

The cave was, even in the brilliancy of morning, too dimly lighted to be at once explored by eyes fresh from the glare without ; and two Europeans, a gentleman and his servant, attended by several natives, had advanced some way into it, ere they perceived, with an astonishment better to be conceived than expressed, the melancholy spectacle exhibited by the dead English officer, and the scarce less pallid being by whom he was in death convulsively embraced.

An exclamation from the leader of the party smote like a knell of judgment, on the ear, while it yet involuntarily spoke comfort to the heart of poor Clara. It was the voice of the rejected, long-forgotten Courtenay, whom Providence, at this her greatest need, had sent, at once to humble and console her ! It came associated with all the now embittered, yet ever cherished memories of her home and father — and for the first time during her brief but intense agony, she found relief in tears.

The runaway servants, re-assured by the presence of the stranger's numerous retinue, now came in ; the



one who had gone for water, with a tale, probable enough to be true, of such pressing danger in the dusk from tigers, as left him no alternative but to remain in a tall tree until daylight; the others, (whom similar fears had basely withdrawn from their watch, careless of the fate of the helpless pair within,) from the river, whither they pretended to have but just gone to ascertain the fate of the boatmen.

One thing only was evident — that the fair sufferer within had been basely deserted by cowardly menials, and that she must be rescued from hands so unworthy of confidence. This resolution, so inevitable in a Briton and a countryman, was adopted by Courtenay before even a suspicion crossed him of ever having seen its object. But when, slowly rising like a spectre from the rude bier of her once gay, handsome bridegroom, Clara Mandeville stood before him, with dishevelled hair, and speech rendered incoherent by the rapid events and torturing anxieties of the last twenty-four hours, and implored him, as her father's friend, to lay her husband in a Christian grave — the firmness which had never before deserted him fairly gave way to emotions the most complicated and painful. Pity, however, and sympathy of the tenderest kind, of course predominated; and, after insisting on bearing her out of the dismal cave into the morning breeze, and preparing for her a couch of fresh boughs under the impervious shade of a huge banyan tree, her heaven-sent protector lost not a moment in making the more melancholy arrangements, which the climate ren-


dered indispensable, for the speedy and honourable interment of his once-envied rival.

The nearest settlement was too distant to admit of the removal thither of the senseless remains; and when, in absence of the beautiful burial service of the liturgy, its most affecting portion (the fourteenth chapter of Corinthians) was read over them by the deep, mild voice of Courtenay from the Bible (hastily procured from his boat) which, since first placed by a mother's hand amid his slender boyish wardrobe, had been his inseparable companion through life — even the heart of a wife felt no lack of a holier ritual, or a more soothing ministry!

The place of sepulture chosen was the cave itself, both as less exposed to the depredations of wild animals, and more easily identified in memory than a nameless spot in a trackless forest; and a slab of rock, which Nature herself had detached, formed an appropriate grave-stone.

When the last sad duties to the dead were completed, the next thought of Courtenay was for the comfort of the survivor. Gladly would he have been her escort to Calcutta, whither, no doubt, she might wish to proceed, but duty called him in a precisely opposite direction; and to allow her to perform the long-remaining voyage with none but native attendants of such doubtful fidelity, was not for a moment to be thought of.

Through the medium of a billet, as delicacy forbade his personal intrusion, he requested her permission to



precede her, by a few hours, to the nearest military station up the river, and to prepare for her cordial reception the lady of the commandant, a particular friend of his own; to which he added, partly from consideration for her superior accommodation, but chiefly from distrust of her native servants, the proposal of an exchange of boats, by which he should be enabled to leave her in charge of his own tried and obsequious domestics.

To all this the humbled, heart-broken Clara could only signify her tearful acquiescence. Her nerves and spirits shrunk alike from the perils of the voyage to Calcutta, and from a return to that scene of her giddy triumphs and ill-starred marriage. Placing herself, therefore, implicitly under the guidance of one whom she considered as her dear father's delegated representative, she saw him depart, and sunk at length, surrounded by a guard of vigilant defenders, into a long slumber of exhaustion.

On her awaking, she was conducted, with the respect a princess might have commanded, to the spacious barge of office, fitted up with every eastern luxury, in which Courtenay had embarked on a tour of inspection into some reported abuses in the collection of the revenue in the upper provinces. How strange and complicated were her feelings while taking possession of a state and accommodation which might, but for her own rashness, have been legitimately hers!

Engrossed as she was by more painful and pressing anxieties, two objects in the cabin riveted her attention,—the simple book-shelf whence had hastily been

snatched (from amid comrades worthy of itself) the Bible used in the late sad funeral rites, and—sharper than a thousand daggers—the picture of her dear, lost, too indulgent father! She gazed on it till her brain wavered, and her heart melted beneath its melancholy smile—then kissing it with frantic self-upbraiding, rushed up on deck for air.

Daily, during the three days' tedious passage up-stream to M——, did she revisit, with mingled emotions, this cherished likeness; and there, under the deep teaching of Affliction and Religion, did she for ever abjure the follies which had grieved a parent, and the sentiments which had given rise to them. To live henceforward as would have pleased her father, for others, not herself, was her inalienable resolution; and as it was made in pious diffidence, it was registered at a higher tribunal, and, in the strength of a higher power, maintained!

As the first step of merited self-abasement, Clara resolved to accept the charitable good offices of Courtenay and his female friend, in the spirit in which they were tendered, with no rebellious feelings of pride, but simple, unmixed gratitude to Heaven and its appointed agents. This feeling, and her recent grief, imparted to her manner such a touching and unaffected humility, that Mrs. G——, who had remembered but to dread or despise the silly, undutiful Clara Mandeville, felt disposed to take to her heart, as well as home, the chastened, saddened Mrs. Brabazon.

Courtenay, whom instinctive delicacy still taught to

defer their meeting, only awaited the arrival of his own boat to proceed on his mission; on his return from which, in about five months, he hoped to be permitted to see his old friend's daughter in safety to Calcutta, or whithersoever else she should wish to be escorted. Till then, she was the bespoken, and soon deeply-endear'd guest, of the wife of the commandant at M——, in whose valuable society (for she declined all other) her tardy mental education was at length perfected.

A life of regularity and peace, while the past was disarmed of its sting by present piety and virtuous resolve for the future, soon brought again the charm, if not the bloom, of beauty to Clara's faded cheek. The widow's dress, so trying to most styles of countenance, harmonized, as though designed for it, with the meek Madonna expression which had supplanted the saucy smile so tantalizing in former days to the infatuated Courtenay. When she smiled now, that smile was irresistible—it seemed a tribute gently yielded to some pleasurable feeling in others which the fair smiler had herself for ever, though calmly and unostentatiously, abjured.

Such was Clara, when, at the end of some months longer than he had anticipated, Courtenay announced his approaching arrival at M—. This event compelled her to come to some determination regarding her future projects. To remain with her kind friend at M—, however tempting, was not to be indulged in; and the fittest task which the now sedulously cultivated benevolent feelings of Clara could suggest—was the devotion of her society and attentions to soothe the

declining years of a maiden sister of her father's, whom she remembered as having been kind to her childhood, when in England. To this old lady, her scanty pension would prevent her being a burden, while her resemblance to her father would render every trial which age or infirmity might impose, comparatively light.

This resolution, formed and communicated to Mrs. G— before Mr. Courtenay arrived, enabled Clara to encounter with more of fortitude and less of embarrassment, a meeting so fraught with painful reminiscences. Courtenay struggled less successfully for composure—especially since her wonderful return to her former self (the saucy smile and laughing eye excepted) brought Calcutta rather than the Cave of R— before his unprepared mind's eye.

There was that in the demeanour of both—in their ill concealed confusion, and incoherent enquiries, and evident fear of any save the commonest topics—which convinced Mrs. G— that all would end as it should do, in the triumph of a virtuous steady attachment over painful recollections and honest scruples, and a genuine sense of disparity, no longer in years, but in worth and merit.

This induced her to venture on the present detention of the letter actually written by Clara, to old Aunt Mandeville in England, and to sanction by her presence in quality of chaperon, the voyage of Mrs. Brabazon, under the escort of Courtenay, to Calcutta.

When abreast of the Cave of R—, natural feelings prompted poor Clara to wish to revisit it—and the

wish was too amiable to find opposers in either Courtenay or Mrs. G —. While repassing, cheered by such friendly supporters, the well-remembered jungle, which she had so despairingly traversed only a short year before, Clara's heart swelled with gratitude, as well as with the emotion inseparable from the abrupt dissolution of ties so close, however uncongenial.

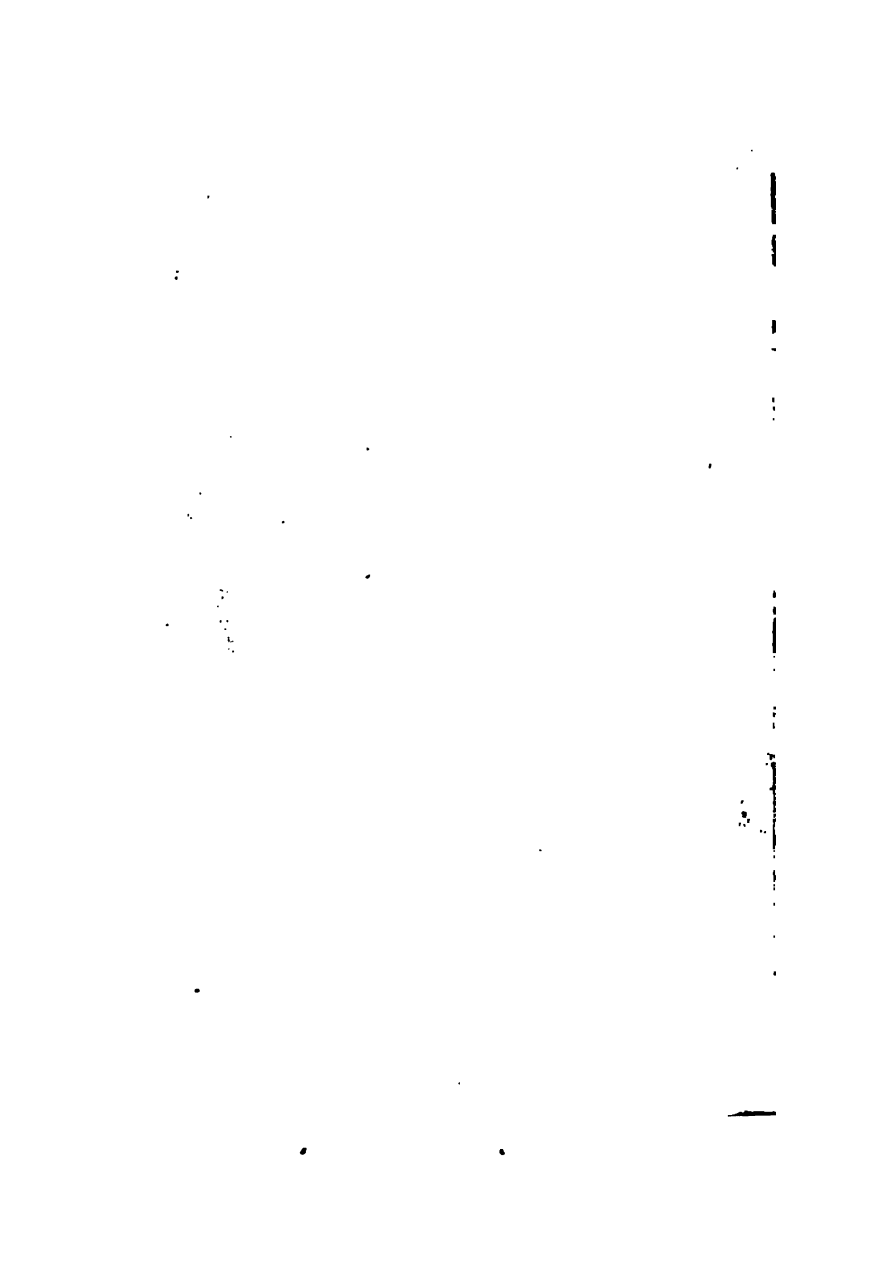
It was a satisfaction to the latter feeling to find the grave and its rude tombstone undisturbed ; nay more, a private order from Courtenay had graced it with a plain inscription, commemorating the decease at this romantic spot of a youthful British officer. For whom this delicate tribute was in reality destined, it was not difficult to divine. It was felt and acknowledged with such a sweet mixture of grace and confusion, that Mrs. G—, one of those strong-minded, straight forward persons who, by abjuring false delicacy, often so discreetly cut the Gordian knots which finer natures find it difficult to untie — took a hand of each, and said, with a solemnity of manner suitable to the scene and circumstances —
“ My dear friends, strange as may seem to you the place and time I have rather availed myself of than chosen—I do not know that earth could, after all afford a fitter—for the one to express, or the other to avow, sentiments to which on one side at least, this cavern and its incidents gave birth. Yonder grave has closed over an ill-starred union. If spirits partake our feelings, and any thing could add a drop of gladness to the bliss of Clara's sainted father — it would be seeing her faith plighted and heart devoted to one, who has

wasted in devotion to her the best years of his life, and who can ill afford to yield to punctilio and etiquette a share of its remaining happiness.

“ That you, Courtenay, love, and have ever loved Clara, your joyless solitary condition, so foreign from your nature, may amply convince her. That she esteems, nay I might on any other spot be tempted to say, loves you — that blush and downcast eye save her the effort of denying. Here, then, where first your fates were strangely joined by Providence on earth, let them be finally united for Eternity! The voice from yonder grave, far from reproving, would bless and sanction the union. It is not pure kind love like yours that need shrink from the awful presence of the dead. From that of the living, now that the ice is broken, and my office done — I will release you.”

So saying, this singular woman walked to the mouth of the cave, where she was soon followed by those, whose streaming eyes, if not their lips, thanked her, for smoothing their path to mutual happiness.

My tale is at an end. — Years after these events, I saw Clara in England, the happy, honoured wife of the man of her father's choice: and as I contrasted him with the being her own rash preference had well nigh linked her to for life, I ended, as I began, by surmising, that parents might sometimes, if not always, be the best judges of their children's happiness!





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CUPID SEIZED BY PIRATES.

HIGH noon was from its burning round declined ;
 The purple clouds were sinking in repose ;
 And the rathe hyacinth, and scented rose,
 With dew, like living diamond wreathes, entwined,
 Were waving in the whispering twilight wind ;
 And, hymning to the sweet departing day,
 A thousand birds were singing on the spray,
 Like voices in the myrtle boughs enshrined.

But, in an arbour, wrapped in popped sleep,
 With all their sweet confusion in his ear,
 Like music dropping from the starry sphere,
 When spirits sing around the Olympian steep,
 An Infant lay. The bowering roses weep
 Their tenfold fragrance round his slumbering form ;
 There comes no cloud by day, no midnight storm ;
 But Venus and her doves sweet vigil keep.

But, on the ocean waters, sunset-stained,
 Three lovely sister shapes are seen to glide,
 Sporting along the silver murmuring tide ;
 And now the primrose bank their steps have gained :

Above their heads day's fiery star has waned ;
But, like a meteor through the twilight haze,
The Infant on his couch now meets their gaze :
Spell-struck they stand, in wonder sweet enchained.

And still he sleeps : yet on his cheek a gleam
Spreads, like the sunshine of an April day ;
And smiles along his lips fantastic stray ;
And toss his little arms as in a dream ;
And lovely scorn, and sportive mischief, seem
Ev'n through his eyelids' silken lash to glow :
Beside him lie relaxed an ivory bow,
And shafts whose points with gold and diamond beam.

And now they bear him struggling to the brink :
In vain his stamping feet, and looks of flame ;
In vain his kiss, their laughing lips to tame ;
Still closer round the babe their white arms link.
No fear that they in the wild waters sink ;
Born in the depths of ocean's pearly caves,
They float, they fly, like sea-birds on the waves ;
Scarce even the curling foam their tresses drink.

And in their snowy arms upbearing still
The boy of beauty, like an Evening Star
Seen flashing o'er the purple tides afar,
They reach the foot of a sea-cinctured Isle,
Where blushes through the year spring's living smile ;
And airs like scents from Indian censers rolled,

And harmonies unbreathed from mortal mould,
The senses in immortal rapture thrill.

But who shall chain him ? Let them chain the morn
 Flooding the gates of heaven with orient rose,
 Or bid the storm its dragon pinion close !
Lightly by Love the sisters' bonds are worn :
He glances round a look of silent scorn ;
 Still feigns to be their slave ; but woe, wild woe
 Is lurking for them in that unbent bow :
Well for their hearts he ne'er from sleep were torn !

Even while they gaze, a crown of brilliant light,
 As if a thousand living jewels flamed
 Around his brow, the little king proclaimed :
Spread in the air two quivering pinions white.
They shriek ; away they sweep in sudden flight ;
 They hear the arrow from his bow-string clang ;
 Each in her bosom feels the venom'd pang :
The God of hearts has smote them in his might !

Weeping the hour they caught that fatal prize,
 Each feels within her soul a deathless fire ;
 Sad hopes, glad sorrows, loving hates, fond ire,
Anguish in smiles, and joy in lonely sighs ;
A cloud eternal dims the amber skies ;
 The earth is but a garden of despair !
 They kneel ; the little Tyrant spurns their prayer,
Waves his white wings, and darts amid the skies.

Σοτηρ.

BENEFICENCE.

An episode-group in a monumental work by Canova.

BY T. K. HARVEY.

WEARY, wasted, wan, and old,—
 Like a bard whose tale is told,—
 Like a harp whose chords are broken,
 Music dead, and message spoken;
 To whose shell alone belongs
 The memory of its former songs,—
 Save, at times, a low reply,
 When the solemn breezes sigh;
 And the touch of viewless wings
 Brushes through its shivered strings,
 Bringing to the aged ear
 Voices it has pined to hear,
 Many a night, and many a day,
 From the grave-land, far away!

Wasted, weary, old and wan,
 He is journeying feebly on;
 As a pilgrim from afar,
 Guided by the eastern star,
 Many a smiling region past,
 Entered on the waste at last,

Treads the last and desert stage
Of his weary pilgrimage!—
Faith is as that star to him,
Brighter as all else grows dim ;
While its beauty leads him home,
Through the temple, to the tomb !

And a form is by his side,
Earthly, yet no earthward guide,
Leading on his *mortal* part,
While Faith whispers to his *heart*,
This his steps, and that his breast
Cheering onward to their rest !

Though the silver almond-bough
Waves above his hoary brow,—
Though the sunny soul of yore
From its windows looks no more,—
Though his torch is burning low,
And its weak and wasting glow
Sheds, of all the light it gave,
But light enough to mark a grave ;
Though the keepers tremble round,
And the mighty men are bound,
And the grinders few and still,
Yet the bird is singing shrill ;*

* See the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes, for the images alluded to in this and the eleven preceding lines.

Shrill, and sweet—and soft, and clear,
Speaking, to his spirit's ear,
Of the country, bright and free,
He has come so far to see!

— Can his way seem long and far,
With that crutch—and bird—and star!

FAIRIES.

BEAUTIFUL spirits! whither do ye fly
When the first roseate blush of morning streaks,
With trembling touch, the cliffs and mountain peaks,
And the pale bosom of the wakeful sky?
Where lies the gorgeous land of Faëry?
Far underground?— beneath the grassy hills?
Or down in the recesses of bright rills,
Where never penetrated human eye?
Or, wrapt in folded blossoms, do ye hide
During the summer noon? Perchance 'tis ye
That fill the crimson rose with fragrantcy—
And load the white bells of that gentle bride
The dingle lily with rare melody?
Tell me, fair spirits— where do ye abide?

R. F. II.



THE ROSE.

FROM THE POEMS OF BERNIS.

"Tendre objet des pleurs d'Aurore."

IMPEARLED in morning's richest dew,
 Sweet flower, thy silken leaf unclose,
 And blush thy softest, sweetest hue,
 My timid Rose!

Yet stay, one little moment stay;
 How like my hope thy crimson glows!
 But born, and dying with the day,
 Poor, transient Rose!

Yet go, my lady's lip thou'lt see,
 And rest upon her bosom's snows;
 Like thee to rest, I'd die like thee,
 Too happy Rose!

But, if thou breathe her lips' perfume,
 The sigh she never gave my woes,
 Thou'lt flourish in immortal bloom,
 Oh, envied Rose!

Eως.

GLENEIRA :

OR

The Deer-Hunt of Corry-na-Gabr.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HIGHLAND SMUGGLERS," ETC.

" Now, come, be advised — don't think of stirring. If our quarters are not magnificent, they are dry and warm, no bad qualities in a rough night: we'll pass the evening merrily, and as for beds, when we want them, why, our plaids and a little heather,—old Alaster there can give us some, I dare say, and it's not the first time we have both fared worse."

" Ou, your honour, it's no come to that yet wi' Alaster Breachk, that gentlemen in his house shu'd hae to put up wi' straw or heather. There's two good warm beds in bye,—no just for the like o' you an' young Gleneira; but there's mony a one, gentle, an' simple, has sleepit in them for a' that, an' got a good night's rest after a day in the hill. An' its a *course* night, like to be, an' the roads long and weary to Leu-rich, an' no that ready to find for them that does na ken the hill weel."

“ Oh, but I know the hill well enough,” said young Gleneira; — “ I have gone the road more than once myself, and I know the lay of the ground, and if once I get the water-shear, there’s no fear of me, if the night were as dark as the black dog’s mouth. But the night will be fine yet — see, there’s the moon out already.”

“ It’s the last sight ye’ll get o’ her the night, then, or Ewen Bochall kens nothing about it,” said an old man rising from a dark newk near the fire, and thrusting out a brown and grizzled muzzle to the weather, before he delivered his opinion — “ it’s just the time she’ll shew her face if she’ll shew it at all; but see till her, how she’s glowing out o’ yon bruch, an’ the drifts whuddan ow’r her like a flock o’ black crows — an’ div ye see yon bonnat on Benlarich — it’s never for nothing that he puts on his cap that fashion” — and he pointed to a wreath of grey mist that was rolling down the glen, and devouring, as it might seem, the forms of the huge mountains, already powdered by the snow that had fallen.

Ewen Bochall (or the *herd*, as the name implies) was an old man, whose occupation, exercised for a period of seventy years in the neighbourhood, with a more than common acuteness of observation, had rendered him so experienced in the changes of the weather in those elevated regions, that he had become almost the oracle of the district in such matters; and his opinion so decidedly expressed, was sufficient to influence even the most knowing of the company in their

arrangements for the evening. Those who believed that the storm was breaking up, and might on such belief be preparing, like the young laird of Gleneira, for their departure, sunk once more into their seats, and mentally resolved to remain where they were for the night.

The opinion of Ewen Bochart had its effect even on the person to whom it was addressed. The young man cast an uneasy look abroad over the dreary highland prospect, wrapt in darkness and storm,—in mist and snow;—then turned his eyes upon the scene within. The hut in which they were for the present sheltered, was only a black turf-built bothy; but turf makes warm walls; all crevices were stopped against the cold; a glowing fire, kept well supplied from a heap of dry peats, diffused not only heat, but a bright light through the dusky apartment: and though the blue smoke curled and eddied among the blackened rafters, and floated in a dense cloud above the heads of the inmates, they were too well accustomed to such an atmosphere to feel materially incommoded by it. On a little table before this fire was placed store of good whiskey, and even the brandy of France, which in the days we speak of found its way into the meanest public houses of the Highlands, offered its attractions to the company. At this table had been seated the two young sportsmen who have been introduced to the reader, and who, after a day's deer-stalking in the hill, from which they had been driven by the storm, had fortunately made good their way to the humble dwell-

ing of Alaster Breachk. Around the fire at various distances, and in various attitudes, sat or lay the attendants, and other casual guests, who had taken advantage of its hospitable shelter, and who, according to their respective claims to respectability, or the consideration they enjoyed with their superiors at the table, occasionally joined in the conversation, and ventured on a remark.

The contrast without was sufficiently striking; and a temporary struggle shewed itself in the young man's countenance. But it was of short duration. "No," said he—"go I must. My old aunt would be miserable if I did not return to night—I shall at all events get near Leurich, and be with her early in the morning—and see, there's the moon out again. Ewen, canny as ye are, my old boy, I believe ye are out for once—the night will be fine yet. I'll be up the hill, and through the pass before the next cloud breaks, at all events."

Old Ewen shook his head, and Gleneira's companion made another effort to dissuade his friend from so rash an attempt. "I wish to heaven, man, you would just make yourself easy; I have as much cause to wish myself at home as you can have, but not a bit shall I move; come, let us spend the night in good fellowship; and when we part to-morrow, let it be with a pleasant recollection of our night in the bothy of Aultshie."

"No, my good fellow, no. It was not a little against the old lady's wish, good soul! that I took

this road at all ; for you know it does not pass a thousand miles from the dwellings of some of these Inerallin folk that she makes such a work about. I do believe the good lady would as soon hear of my keeping tryste with the devil, as of meeting by chance with one of that family ; and to say the truth, Ronald, though I can't see the sense of it, nor feel particularly wroth at them, it would scarce be seemly for my father's son to throw himself in the way of my father's sworn foes. But we need not talk of that just now — must not lose the blink—the blast may come full soon. I'm off—another pull, just by way of *Deoch-in-dorris*—and so God bless you !”

So saying, young Gleneira emptied his cup, threw his plaid over his shoulder, drew tight the belt of his phelibeg, felt that his dirk was loose in its sheath, took his long Spanish gun from the corner, called on his unwilling attendant, whistled his great wire-haired deer-hound from its snug lair before the fire — a summons lazily obeyed by the huge weary animal — and opening the door of the hut, strode forth into the waste beyond it, followed by the anxious thoughts and wishes of all the party.

The prospect which met the keen gaze of the young sportsman as, on emerging from the ruddy glare and smoke of the hut, he cast his eyes around, was certainly none of the most cheering. The wide muir, on which was dropped the bothy of Alaster Breachk, stretched for several miles on every side, exposing its bleak irregular surface to the driving wind. Already

was that surface grey with fallen snow ; and, in spite of his sanguine hardihood, young Gleneira could not help admitting to himself the possibility, at least, that the prognostics of the old herd might still be accomplished, and that the muir would probably be yet whiter, and the snow still deeper before many hours should pass ; for the heavy grey clouds, driven by a fierce and rising wind, came fast over the hills, filling up glen and corry with their dull threatening vapour.

Perhaps, as this conviction forced itself upon the young man, he might almost have repented that manly firmness of purpose, as he conceived it to be, but which now, even in his own eyes, began to appear like rash obstinacy. But pride forbade what prudence whispered ; so, drawing the plaid yet tighter over his breast, he “ put the best foot foremost,” and strode away in the direction of the pass.

“ She ’ll be a wild nicht,” said Allan the gillie, screwing his features into an uneasy grin, as he looked to windward, and then stept lightly after his master — “ I wish we may wun through it.”

“ Bah ! no fear, man,” said the young laird. “ We ’ll make the pass, at all events, and then we can’t go wrong ; the road is plain after that, if it’s none of the smoothest.”

“ Ochone ! no, sir—she ’s a wild road sure enugh ; an’ there ’s a hantle o’ bad steps in ’t, an’ many a black hole in the burn o’ Corry-vrechkie : an’—an’ they ’re sayan’ the glen ’s no just canny, Sir.”

“What, Allan!—afraid?—If you fear to go with me, there’s the bothy not far off; go back; remain till morning, and then join me at Leurich.”

“Is’t me, Sir?—me leave you on the wide muir, or anywhere? I did na expeck such a word from your honour! No, no, come ill come good, there’ll no be that to say o’ Allan Mac Callum. An’ for fear, Sir, its no the nicht nor the sicht o’ man that can fear me: but if your honor wud think proper—the nicht’s wild—an if——”

“No, no, Allan, on I must go; so if you are going with me, let us set forward at once.”

Allan shrugged his shoulders, and muttered a highland oath; but with highland devotion hesitated no longer to follow where his lord led.

The hills which divided the district where the travellers then were from that which they desired to reach, rose a few miles in their front, presenting a ridge of rugged and uncertain crests to the driving clouds, which dashed themselves upon them as they passed, as the waves of a troubled sea break upon the black rocks which gird its shore. But all view of these landmarks was quickly lost; for scarcely had the travellers proceeded a mile, when one of the heavy snow-clouds in the rear burst, and gave forth its contents. The thick flakes, borne on the wings of a furious squall, shut out moon and hills and every thing beyond a few yards’ distance from their eyes.

“Diaoul!” muttered Allan.

“Bad luck, sure enough!” exclaimed his master in

an under tone ; but neither seemed disposed to open a conversation on so unpleasant a subject.


The wind had hitherto blown from the west, and the course of the travellers being eastward, they had not as yet to contend with its full violence.

" We can, at all events, hold onwards before the wind," said Gleneira, as their perplexity increased with the increasing storm ; " we shall at least gain something by that."

" Ay," responded Allan, " if the wun' hauds from the same airt ; but who kens how long that 'ill be ?"

" There 's nothing better for it," rejoined his master ; and accordingly on they went.

But Allan was right. Proverbially inconsistent as is the wind, in highland regions it is more remarkably changeable. The breeze that blew from the west in the morning, will often beat east before mid-day, and an hour will frequently change its character as well as its direction. And such was the case on the present occasion, although the travellers were ignorant of a fact so important to their safety. The dim and momentary glimpses which an opening cloud would sometimes afford them, through the falling snow, of hill or peak, were too imperfect to guide them on their devious route ; and while the wind howled, and the drift flew in sheets, it was impossible for the forlorn laird and his follower to know whither they were tending. In this manner they had wandered for more than an hour, when the lurid gleam of a grey semi-frozen sheet of water caught their view, and arrested their progress.



“ I ’m thinkan’ this’ll be the Lochan-rua, that’s to the left o’ the fut o’ the pass, Sir,” said Allan. “ We must keep farder to the right.”

“ I don’t know,” replied Gleneira : “ but we can easily determine that, for Lochan-rua is not large, and it is full of reeds at the side next the pass ; we may take our direction from them if we find it so. I will keep to the right, do you keep to the left, and we will go round it and meet again, keeping the water-side.”

Loth was Allan to part from his master, even for a moment and for so important an object as that of ascertaining their situation ; and many were the remonstrances he made use of to change the young laird’s resolution. But the measure was at last agreed upon ; and the travellers separated.

It is at all times a hazardous experiment for persons travelling together in thick or foggy weather in the hills, to separate, for whatever purpose ; and on such a night, the measure was particularly perilous, for no human voice could have been heard at any distance through the furious howling of the wind. But the usual prudence and judgment of young Gleneira appeared for the time to have deserted him ; and the consequences were just what were to have been anticipated. A quaggy piece of ground forced him to leave the water’s edge, and he could not regain it. When he hoped and desired to rejoin his servant, he sought for him in vain. He shouted and hollowed, and called out his name until hoarse, and till his voice refused to obey him ; but no answer was returned ; and

after losing some time, the young man was forced to continue his own route according to the best of his bewildered judgment.

In the meantime the snow fell faster and faster; path there was none; and the uneven surface of the hill-side afforded but painful and uncertain footing. The drift was fierce and thick, sometimes in the traveller's face, sometimes in his back or side, as the whirling eddies of the tempest directed its violence; and, in spite of firm step and stout heart, weariness and uneasiness began to make themselves be felt. "At worst it is but the lee side of a heather cove, and my plaid for the night," said he to himself; but the true feelings of his heart belied the cheerful expression which he sought to maintain, and he could not but acknowledge his own fool-hardihood and folly in persisting so obstinately to quit his comfortable quarters at Alaster Breachk's at so unseasonable an hour. "I shall suffer for it, no doubt," said he; "but there's no help for it now — my poor aunt!"

Still, however, he persevered; and hour after hour elapsed in this painful struggle against the elements; when at length he found himself descending what he conceived to be the hollow of some glen. A young torrent roared beside him, and he had no small difficulty in keeping clear of the scaurs and precipices with which its sides abounded. Snow still fell, and drift blew; — he had frequently fallen into pools of water, and his garments were stiff with ice. In spite of his violent exercise, the cold penetrated his very bones.

His limbs were numbed, his step became heavy, and to drag one foot after another was a labour too great to endure. "It has come to a stand-still at last," thought he; "I can go no farther." Weariness and torpor stole over him irresistibly; and, halting in what his failing faculties conceived to be a convenient spot, he unfolded his plaid and sought to wrap it round him so as to defend his person better from the piercing wind. But while thus engaged, his strength deserted him,—the blood ceased to flow—the surrounding scene swam before his eyes—a deep sleep fell upon him, and—he knew no more.

When Gleneira recovered his senses, he found himself in a comfortable apartment, stretched upon a good bed, and surrounded by several persons, two of whom were chafing his limbs, while another endeavoured to force some ardent spirits down his throat. A painful tingling pervaded his frame, and a sensation of oppression, amounting almost to torture, forced from him a groan as he opened his eyes and gazed around him. The words "He lives!—he is coming to!—he will do yet!" uttered by several voices, fell almost unmarked upon his ear; but even the dull gaze which wandered listlessly over the objects around him, rested for a moment in one quarter, ere the eyes again closed, as if weary of the light.

They had fallen on the persons and the features of two females among the groupe: one of these was of matronly aspect, and appeared to be directing the operations for his recovery; but the countenance of the

other was such as dwelt upon the young man's mind with an emotion of enchantment, even when the beautiful vision was shut out from his waking sense by the closing lids. It was, indeed, fair and lovely beyond what his sober fancy had ever imagined ; perhaps he thought himself in heaven, for well might the mild blue eyes, and alabaster brow, with its waving ringlets of gold, have been taken for those of an angel, even though the bewitching smile which dwelt perennially around the lips had given place to an expression of anxious compassion.

As life grew strong within him, he again opened his eyes ; but the angelic vision had fled, and he gazed once more around him with an inquiring and unsatisfied glance, conscious of the void which that lovely countenance had left in his heart. Recovered sensation supplied him soon with the power of speech ; but his enquiries were speedily silenced by an elderly person, who, enjoining quiet and repose, tendered him a draught, calculated to promote both. Perhaps the languor consequent upon continued fatigue, rendered the young man more docile than he might have been found under other circumstances. His eyelids were already heavy ; he took the draught ; the attendants withdrew ; and sleep speedily overpowered him while tasking his confused imagination to recall and comprehend the events of the night. It was late on the succeeding day ere our young Highlander awoke, which he did, with frame and faculties restored to their natural vigour ; and, impatient not only to learn where

he was, and to whom he was indebted for such opportune hospitality, but also to proceed on his way, that he might relieve the distress of his anxious relative, he sprung from his couch, and proceeded to arrange his dress. While thus occupied, the door opened, and a tall old Highlander, clad in dark tartans, entered the apartment.

“*Faitha!* Gleneira; it rejoices me that you are recovered.”

“Thanks, and welcome to yourself, old man,” replied Gleneira; “your’s is not the face of a stranger, and yet I know it not. But it seems you know me, and can tell me, no doubt, where I am, and how I come to be here.”

“The eyes o’ Donald More Mac Huistean must be dark, indeed, when they wudna ken your father’s son; and his heart must be could as death can mak’ it, afore it wud fail to help him at his need, an’ wi’ his blood.”

“Your words sound fair, old man; and I would fain learn how you came to know my father’s son so well: but inform me first where I am, and how I came to be here, and to whose hospitality I am at this moment indebted?”

“For the first, then, Sir, be pleased to understand that these old arms bore you from under the snow-wreath that would soon have been your winding-sheet; and for the second, you are under the roof of the lady of Innerallin, and to her care it is owing that life has not left your veins.”

“How, — at Castle Innerallin! — in the dwelling of

a Campbell! And couldst thou, a friend as thou sayest of my father's house, betray his son into the hands of his foes?" exclaimed the young man, starting up with vehemence.

"Be patient, Sir," replied the old man; "Donald Mac Huistean never was a traitor, nor are you now in the hands of them that hate you. But ye'll just hear how it cam' about. It was still dark morning, when I was lying waking in my bit bothy, for there was something on my heart that wudna let me sleep, when I heard the yeowlling o' a doug. When I opened the door to see what ailed the baist, that very hound, your honour's bonny doug, jumpit in upon me as if it wud have worried me; but it was na for anger, for it whined an' worked as if it wud have coaxed me to notice it. It was the Lord himsel, Sir, that guided the brute beast, an' it was *His* hand that opened my eyes to the truth. Weel did I ken what it cam' for; for scarcely two days ago, afore the snow was on the ground, there was a vision cam' on me, and I seed a young man most smoo'ed in a snaw wreath. So I followed the doug as it bounded away, an' I got a lad wi' me from the *toon* down by; but when we came to the place, nothing was to be seen but the white drifting snow. But the doug still scratched and smell't, and we dug wi' our han's till out cam' the tartans from under it; an' there was your honor, cauld an stiff as a lump o' stone. But weel did I ken that a' was na owr; an' atween us, the lad and me carried you till the strath. But it was na in my poor bit bothy that the like o' you was to get the

help that was needed,—ochone! no. So to the castle we boud to bring your honour; and great was the wonder an' the lament o' the good lady Innerallin when she seed you a lifeless corpse, as she thought, and kent who it was that lay dead-like afore her."

"What? and does the Lady Innerallin know who is under her roof?"

"Ay, 'deed she does that; but what she has done for your honour she wudna have refused to the poorest body living; her heart is good, Gleneira; she sees none but friends in them that need her help."

The brow of the young man contracted as he mused over this communication; but it was with thought rather than displeasure. "A friend!" said he mentally; "the son of a Mac Dougal a friend to the Lady of Innerallin?—strange—impossible!—And you, old man, to whom I am so deeply indebted—how came you to be thus interested in my father's son?—what can the vassal of a Campbell have to do with the heir of Gleneira?"

"An' weel may you ask that question, Sir, an' weel is it my part to answer it; for long afore I was the Campbell's vassal as ye call me, I was follower and tenant o' Gleneira. But when the lands o' Strathbuy went out o' the family—ochone! that so it should hae been—I was sweer to leave the bit bothy where I lived so long, an' my ould mother clean refused to quit the spot. An' your father—he was a wild man whiles, Sir—he swore against her and me, an' abused us both for mean false-hearted slaves False-hearted

we were not, an' I cudna bear the word ; so I keep it to my own will, and stayed wi' the old woman till she was gathered to her fathers. But my heart aye warmed to a Mac Dougal, and the Lord has seen fit to mak my weak arm the means o' preserving the last o' his race — praised be his name for the same ! — An' noo, Sir, this is the Lord's doing ; an' surely it is his will that all discord should be at an end, or he wudna have led the son o' the dark Dougald o' Gleneira to Innerallin Castle the-day."

"Nay, my good fellow, it was you that led him thither, thanks to your kindness, however questionable may be your prudence," replied the young man, scarcely yet yielding to a conclusion so adverse to all his ancient prejudices. But not so did Donald give up the point.

"An' what was the vision that shewed me your honour dying, Sir ? was that no the Lord's sending ! An' hae ye na heard what was said o' the family by ou'ld Rob Dhu, the Lord kens how long ago — an' Rob never tould what was false : " — and he repeated some uncouth Gaelic rhyme which might thus be rendered :

"When the hawk flees for aid to the nest of the dove,
And the gripe of its talons shall harmless prove,
Then the feud shall cease and love shall be free,
And the rose-bud shall bloom on the dark holly-tree."

Gleneira smiled. "And what would you prove from all this ?" said he.

"Ou, deil a need o' proof, Sir ; its a' plain enough," replied Donald. "Is na the hawk in the doo's nest

already?—ay, an' we'll soon see the rose-bud blooming in the black holly's briest, please the Lord."

"I think you'll see the one as soon as the other," said Gleneira. "But pray who plays the dove in this pretty arrangement of yours?"

"Ou, dinna' ye ken, Sir? didna the Innerallins ye wear the three white doos in their banners; an' for a rose-bud, isna Miss Ellen a bonnie, an' a fair, an' a sweet one?"

"Miss Ellen!" repeated Gleneira slowly and thoughtfully, as the recollection of the bright, angel-like face which met his scarcely waking eye that morning, flashed across his mind—"and who is Miss Ellen?"

"Just the pride an' the darlin' o' every one that kens her, Sir."

"And a Campbell?"

"Ou, what then, Sir?—But winna ye go down stairs, Sir?—the ladies will be weel pleased to see ye looking so weel after last night's work."

"The ladies?—ah, true—we must not be uncourteous at all events—courtesy and gratitude are at least their due—but they know who I am, I think ye said?"

"Ou ay; sure eneugh, Sir, weel that; it's no ill to ken; they needed but to look in your face for that, forbye my telling them."

"Hah! a pretty figure I am, too, for a lady's bower," muttered the young man, casting a glance over his soiled and weather-beaten tartans."

"Ou, your honor, hunters an' Hielandmen need na

be nice. Ise warrant the ladies will leuk more at the man than his clothes; an' I'm no thinking the Mac Dougals will hae much cause o' shame."

A conscious lighting up of the eye seemed to hint an acquiescence in this remark; so throwing his plaid gracefully over his shoulders, he turned him to his old friend, and said, "Well, then, so be it; and now for these ladies, Donald."

Marshalled, accordingly, by his ancient guide, young Gleneira soon found himself in one of the sitting apartments of the castle, and in the presence of two females, whom he speedily recognized as the benevolent persons to whose judicious kindness he was probably indebted for existence.

The ladies rose at his entrance, and the elder of them advancing towards him, said in cordial accents, "I rejoice to bid the young laird of Gleneira welcome under my roof; and doubly do I rejoice, young man, to greet the son of your dear mother, and to see him restored to the health and the life he had so nearly lost."

"That such is the case, Lady, is due to your goodness, and I entreat you to receive my thanks; but deem it not strange that I should marvel at your words; for I think it is many a day since greetings of peace and welcome have passed between those of your house, lady, and my father's."

"And is it not full time, young man, that such unhappy and causeless enmity should cease?—believe me, that if such has not sooner happened, it is not the fault of her who speaks to you."

“ But my mother, madam — you named my mother ; did you then know her ? what —— ”

“ Ay, what, you would say, could the Lady of Innerallin know of the mother of a Gleneira ? — what, indeed, but as of the dearest friend she had, separated from her by unhappy circumstances. Your mother, young man, was my earliest companion, — my best, most valued friend ; nor ever till our marriage did that friendship experience the smallest check. The sad disputes that arose between our houses — the revival in fact of still more ancient feuds, — interrupted, if they could not sever, the ties of feeling which had bound us so long. Her early death was to me the bitterest drop of a bitter cup ; for it was forbid to me to seek her — to render her those offices of affection which she would as eagerly have received as I should have paid. But we need not dwell on such melancholy remembrances. Let me present you to my daughter : you will not find that *she* has been nurtured in feelings of hostility to your house.”

Perplexed by an address so unexpectedly cordial, so parental almost, from one whom he had been accustomed to regard as of a hostile race, — and fascinated by the polished elegance, no less than by the candor of the ladies' manner — a candor perfectly calculated to win his confidence, — the young man felt his stern resolves give way, as wholly misplaced and uncalled for, in presence of his fair foes ; and, to his own amazement, found himself soon very much at his ease with his kind hostess and her fair daughter, — forgetful of the

lapse of time, or the circumstances of his unlooked-for introduction, otherwise than as it formed an interesting subject of conversation. At length, however, he did remember not only where he was, but that he had friends who must be uneasy at his absence, and that he had an attendant brought into jeopardy by his own rashness, and of whose fate he was still ignorant. Far spent as the day was, he would instantly have put his narrowly saved life again at hazard, by setting off upon a long journey in order to relieve their fears and his own anxiety; but of this his entertainers would not hear.


“Care has already been taken for this,” said the lady; “before day-light a messenger was dispatched to Leurich,—your good aunt is by this time relieved from her alarm, and I am rejoiced to be also able to inform you of your servant’s safety. You cannot have recovered the effects of fatigue and exposure, and must not think of stirring from hence, until the weather and your own health may permit you to do so without hazard.”

But one day before, who could have persuaded the young Laird of Gleneira that force or entreaty could have induced him to remain a night—nay an hour, in the dwelling of a Campbell! yet now he saw himself yielding, almost without an effort, to the gentle solicitations of a woman, and that woman the widow of his father’s bitterest enemy! What share the soft expressive eyes, the cherub lips, and graceful form of the gentle Ellen Campbell might have had in in-

fluencing his resolves, we venture not to pronounce ; but it were vain to assert that the occurrences of the evening were equally dubious of effect ; for every passing minute brought conviction to the young man's heart and soul, that the mind enshrined in this fair casket was a gem exceeding far in value the choicest external charms.

The following day was one of storm and wind ; the drift and the snow increased : to attempt a journey over a wild tract of hills, at all times difficult and fatiguing, under such circumstances, would have been utter madness ; and the eyes of young Gleneira had doubtless been opened to the rashness of his former attempt, if we may judge from the readiness with which, after a faint effort, he yielded to the remonstrances of his fair hostess, and remained at Castle Innerallin. At the end of three days, little persuasion was required to reconcile him to a still longer residence, and, when further excuse for delay existed not, — to promise another visit.

We cannot pause to detail the progress of a passion which circumstances had thus conspired to give rise to, between the young laird and the daughter of his hereditary foe, and which, unquestionably, was not discouraged by the only person with whom it lay to exercise such prohibitive authority ; nor need we seek to explain the specious mental casuistry by which the young man contrived to reconcile his pride, rather than his conscience, to the entertainment of a sentiment so repugnant to the customary feudal prejudices of his



countrymen. The truth is, that there is no such leveler of distinctions — no such uprooter of prejudices — no such reconciler of differences, as love — particularly when unthwarted by the evil whisperings of calumny and malice ; and the advantage of an education partly foreign, and the residence of a few years abroad, had doubtless, in some measure, opened the eyes of Gleneira to the absurd illiberality of hereditary prejudices. A sentiment of respect for the memory, and even for the weaknesses of a deceased parent, with a soreness of feeling arising from the alienation of certain landed property, which the imperfect, and possibly partial law of an earlier day, had wrested from the weaker, and given to the more powerful party, were the causes, doubtless, of the dislike with which the young man had hitherto regarded the family of Innerallin, and were now the only prepossessions to be combated by the gentler sentiment that was arising in his heart. Need we add, that the struggle was entirely successful, and that, as admiration for the daughter increased, the faults of the father were forgotten or forgiven. Days, weeks, and even months rolled on, and served but to augment an affection and esteem which was mutual, as it was well placed, and encouraged by the benevolent and well-meant efforts of the Lady of Innerallin. — One day she thus addressed him : —

“ I am happy to tell you, Gleneira, that I hope in the course of a few days, for the pleasure of presenting to you my son, who is now on his return from Germany, where he has been, as you know, for the last four

years. Unless a mother's partiality deceives me, you will find him worthy of your acquaintance; and most anxiously do I desire your friendship for him, and a continuance of those kindly feelings, which it delights me now to see existing among us."

Very sincerely did the young man echo these wishes; yet a chill came over his mind at this information: a doubt — a dread, would arise in spite of himself, that all might not go well — that the happiest days of his intercourse with the inmates of Innerallin castle were past. Nothing is so apt to engender mistrust, misunderstanding, or coldness, in others, as the consciousness of it in ourselves. Whether there was any involuntary hesitation in the manner of Gleneira, which alarmed young Campbell, or whether that young man could not, in spite of his mother's exhortations, bring himself to meet the son of his father's enemy with that open cordiality which alone could insure a happy result, we do not venture to pronounce. There might be faults, possibly involuntary, on both sides; but certain it is, that the acquaintance did not lead to the amicable feelings or intercourse which his mother contemplated; and she saw with great uneasiness, a jealousy of young Gleneira on the part of her son, which threatened with evil their recent friendship. The obvious attentions of Gleneira to Miss Campbell, were as obviously regarded by her brother with displeasure; and the taunts and remonstrances with which he assailed the young lady, created a restraint on her part which was most painfully felt by her lover.

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Such was the unpromising situation of affairs, when the period of young Campbell's coming of age arrived; an event at all times regarded as of the first consequence in a Highland family, and generally celebrated by feasts and rejoicings of every description. To assist at these festivities, the friends and neighbours of the family were all summoned; and the Lady Innerallin, ever anxious to promote her favourite object of conciliation, and if possible, to create a union of interests between the hitherto hostile families, made it a point that the laird of Gleneira should receive an invitation as a principal and honoured guest. To this young Campbell readily assented; for although jealous and haughty, he was neither inhospitable nor ungenerous by nature. The crowd of guests prevented any species of unpleasant collision, and every thing proceeded in peace and harmony.

Among the amusements of the occasion, it was purposed that a hunting match should be held, on a scale of unusual grandeur in point of extent and preparations. The vassals and followers of the house of Innerallin and its connections, were all called out; and, joined by those of the neighbours invited, were dispatched in various directions to drive the deer from the wide tract of mountains around, into a glen of great depth, from whence they could only *break* by certain passes, where the hunters could take post and shoot them as they rushed by.

“ And why should we men have all the sport to ourselves ?” said young Campbell, as they were discus-

sing the arrangements on the day previous to the hunt, or *tenkill*. "Why should not the ladies take their share in it? There's a tolerable bridle path most of the way up the glen to Corry-na-gavr; and our highland ponies can easily take their fair riders to the passes, or at least to some point from which they can see the sport. Ellen, you shall have your favourite, *Ruary-grad* — he'll carry you as safe and as easy as if you were in a chair:— come, you must go." Both her mother and Gleneira looked grave at this bold proposal, and the former began a remonstrance; but the young lady, with sparkling eyes, and joyfully clapping her hands, exclaimed, "Oh how delightful!—Oh, my dear mother, don't say a word!—there's no danger—you know I am a capital rider; and I should so like to see the sport—oh! I will go."—And, supported by the voice of her brother, who laughed at the imaginary risk, it was accordingly resolved that go she should, with such of the ladies of the party as chose to accompany her.

It was a bright morning in July; the heat was tempered by a smart breeze; the sky here and there was flecked with fleecy clouds, and the fragrance of the heather and birch gave a balmy richness to the air, redolent of health and delight. The little army of Highlanders had repaired to their posts early on the previous morning; and before the early dawn of the season, they had already driven in some hundreds of deer from the wide hilly tracts around. The guests alone, for whom the sport was intended, had remained at Innerallin castle, whence, mustering at an early hour

in their hunter's geer, they now issued forth towards the scene of action.

The Corry-na-gavr was a dark rugged hollow, at the upper part of a narrow glen, about six or seven miles distant from the castle. It was a sort of reservoir for the waters of a great extent of hill, which, collecting from the various channels on its rocky sides, discharged themselves by a narrow chasm into the glen below. Into this corry it was the hunters' object to have the deer driven; and through the opening at its lower extremity, as well as by some still more remote clefts among the precipitous walls above, the animals usually sought to escape.

Having entered the lower glen, the sportsmen divided into several parties, in order to occupy their respective stations on either side the corry. In the course of these arrangements, whether by chance or by design, it so happened that a station was assigned to young Gleneira on the opposite side of the glen (and consequently of the stream) to that by which the ladies on their little ponies proceeded to their positions; and, unwilling though he was to lose sight of his mistress upon an expedition certainly involving some degree of hazard, he could not, in courtesy, refuse to occupy his post, nor declare the true reason that would have led him to remain with young Campbell, and the ladies of his party.

At length all reached their stations, and as the morning advanced, distant shouts might be heard, indicating the approach of the driving parties; and the sharp

eyes of the experienced sportsmen could descry antlers crowning the further heights. As these became more obvious and more numerous, the excitement increased ; the animals themselves were sometimes seen relieved against the sky for a moment — then rushing down the steep sides of the corry, to seek the shelter of its dark bosom. But shelter was not there to be found ; for soon did the forms of men appear where those of deer had just been seen ; and the shouts and the halloos and the uproar became more close and continuous, as the circle narrowed and closed in around.

And now did the eager sportsmen prepare for the coming rush, and with straining eyes and in-held breath, and hands upon the locks of their long deer-guns, sit, silent, each, and still as the grey stones which sheltered them from the view of the beset and bewildered animals. Driven by the hubbub behind, on they came, making towards their customary passes ; but scarce had they reached the deadly ambush, when a flash and a loud report rung from behind a rock, and the foremost tumbled headlong in the struggle of death. And now began the carnage ; for, repulsed in one quarter, they brought up — stood still for a moment — then dashed for another ; and shot succeeded shot, until one might have fancied it the rattle of a real skirmish.

At length, driven from all their usual paths, a number of the distracted deer made a rush in another more difficult and quite unexpected quarter, pressing right up a precipitous cleft, in utter desperation. It was

close to this point, upon a little heathy height, commanding a view of the corry, that some of the ladies had been posted, both as a good station to see the sport, and to be out of all reach of hazard either from deer or ball. The spirited little pony on which Ellen Campbell was seated, excited by the noise and bustle, and still more by the scattering fire, had already become so restless as to alarm the ladies; and even his fair rider, although a good and courageous horse-woman, might have been induced to dismount, had any one been at hand to hold the beast. But this not being the case, she remained seated, soothing the little creature, until suddenly the deer burst out close beside her. Restraint was at an end:— bounding under the combined influence of spirit and terror, away dashed Ruary-grad down the steep brae face, rocky and rugged as it was, making straight for a goat track that bordered the precipice. All her companions shrieked at the fearful sight, and Ellen herself, though she elung with instinctive firmness to the seat, believed that her end was come. But there was one more vigilant, more interested than them all—who did not permit his horror to deprive him of his judgment or activity. Although separated from his mistress, the eyes of young Gleneira had never ceased to turn towards the point where she stood; even during the highest excitement of the sport, his attention was directed to her rather than to the business of the day. He had observed the unexpected rush of the deer, and, alarmed for the consequences, was already rapidly approaching

the spot where the ladies stood, when he saw the pony take its desperate flight. We have mentioned that the stream lay between them, and it was this obstacle, rather than the inconsiderable distance which intervened, that seemed to forbid the aid he sought to give : but the heart of a bold Highlander, and a young ardent lover, is not easily daunted. The stream, bursting from the corry over a fall of considerable height, ran boiling in a dark and tortuous chasm, which it had worn in the hard granite, chafing and foaming among the fragments. In some places the rock seemed riven asunder, leaving scarcely room for the water to run through, in others opening out into basins, containing pools of great depth and size. The stag-hound is scarce more rapid than was the course of the young man as he bounded with instinctive precision towards a point where the heathery banks approached each other so closely that at a little distance they seemed to meet. The huge chasm which really divided them, and the black restless water that boiled far below, might have arrested the foot of the most undaunted. But Gleneira had neither fears nor eyes for any thing but his mistress, who, borne by the impetuous animal, was within a few paces of the brink of the chasm — where to plunge was to die horribly. With a bound that might have vied in vigour and agility with one of the animals they were chacing, the young man flung himself across. Gigantic as the effort was, the space was too great — he fell short of the bank — but his hands grasped the branch of a stunted birch that grew from it, while his

1



THE HIGHLANDER'S DRESS.

By J. G. S. & Co. London.



feet caught on an inequality of the rock under it. Insensible to the horror of his situation, with his mistress still in view, he gave one vigorous spring—the fragment of the rock detached from under foot, crashed into the gulf below, and the branch was half torn from the stem; but he had gained his footing and kept it; his hand had caught the heather; in another instant he was on his feet, flying to meet the frightened horse. It was full time—three more bounds, and all would have been over. With a quick eye and determined hand he flung himself in the animal's course, seized the reins, and received the shock full on his own person. That shock, while it staggered the small pony, threw its burthen into his very arms; he reeled, and fell with her upon the spot. The noise of the animal plunging into the dark gulf was unheard by him: but even in the deadly sickness that overwhelmed his frame, he felt that his Ellen was safe, and that it was he who had saved her.

Ere many moments had elapsed, others had hurried to the scene; and young Campbell himself, alarmed at the cries so different from those which so lately rung around, came running on the foot of terror to the spot where his sister still lay, bending over the insensible body of her lover. “Ellen!—dearest Ellen!—Good heavens! what means this—are you hurt?”—But she heeded him not—she only strove to raise his bleeding head, and cried, “Oh horror! he is dead! he is dead!—will none of you help him?” It did indeed appear as if life had departed; for he was pale, bleed-

ing, and utterly insensible. It was some time ere the efforts of his friends did succeed in reviving the lingering spark ; and when they were enabled to examine into his state, it was discovered that he had received considerable injuries — a dangerous wound was found on the head, and he was otherwise very severely bruised. But of himself he did not think ; he only asked for Ellen, who, when she saw that sensation was returning to her lover, had herself recovered to a recollection of her own situation, and with maidenly delicacy withdrew to her female friends. “ She is safe — she is safe,” said her brother, “ thanks to your devotion and gallantry ! Forgive me, my dear Gleneira, if I have ever seemed cold to you, or proud, or haughty. I hate and despise myself for it. I knew not your value — you are every way my superior. I cannot thank you fitly for what you have done, but Ellen shall do it for me ; and you will like her thanks far better than mine.” —

Reader ! need we tell the rest ?

LAMENT OF KHITONI, THE SERVIAN CHIEF.

The last struggles of the Servians against the Turks were marked by many of the feats of heroism that distinguish the warfare of barbarian nations. But the force and multitude of the enemy prevailed; and the principal Servians were driven into exile, and forced to fly to the protection of Russia, which they hated, or of Austria, which they despised. One of those gallant exiles is said to have sung the following lament to his country, from the bridge on which he crossed the Danube into the territories of the house of Hapsburg.

FAREWELL to all I loved—farewell for ever;
 On Servian ground I never more shall grieve:
 Farewell, tree, mountain, valley, mighty river,
 No more the tear shall drop, the heart shall heave:
 Thy soldier's luckless step shall tread no more
 Hill, vale, delicious plain, or sandy shore.

Oh that this hour my heart could sink to sleep,
 Nor feel the feverish pulse that throbs for thee!
 Tears are not made for eyes that *scorn* to weep;
 Grief is not made for hearts that *will* be free.
 No more this soul shall hear thy trumpet swell;
 Land of my faith and hope, farewell! farewell!

I see a cloud: O! false and treacherous eye!
 The cloud sends down the shower; but yonder cloud
 Bears on its sullen woof a bloody dye,
 Bears in its breath the vapour of the shroud,
 Bears in its crimson fold the bloody brand—
 Sign of the tiger's heart and tyrant's hand.

I tread thy plains : the Moslem has been there,
 I find pollution in their heavy breeze ;
 I find the human panther in his lair ;
 I see thee drain heaven's vial to the lees—
 The vial that on guilty lands is poured,
 Sorrow and shame, the chain, and torch, and sword.

Come from thy grave, my father Lazarus !
 With thine old bow, and keen-edged brand and spear :
 Come, as upon the Tartar and the Russ
 Thy trumpet rang, like thunder on their ear :
 Come, as in days when Moslem flight and yell
 Told where the whirlwind of thy sabre fell.

Come, lift above thy sons the crimson vane,
 Dipped in the torrent of the Moslem's gore,
 When death rode glorious o'er the dark Ukraine ;
 And, strewed like broken barks upon the shore,
 Pasha and Janizar lay side by side,
 War's wildest wreck upon war's bloodiest tide.

Come ! — Yet to whom ? — a faint, and woe-worn band,
 Once bright, now faint as stars before the dawn.
 Come ! — Yet to whom ? — the pilgrims of the land.
 Come ! is 't to see thy children crouch and fawn ?
 To see thy soldier-son an Austrian slave ?
 Heaven keep thee, mighty father, in thy grave !

Σορηρ.

OLD MAIDS.

I LOVE an old maid ; — I do not speak of an individual but of the species, — I use the singular number, as speaking of a singularity in humanity. An old maid is not merely an antiquarian, she is an antiquity ; not merely a record of the past, but the very past itself, she has escaped a great change, and sympathizes not in the ordinary mutations of mortality. She inhabits a little eternity of her own. She is Miss from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I do not like to hear her called Mistress, as is sometimes the practice, for that looks and sounds like the resignation of despair, a voluntary extinction of hope. I do not know whether marriages are made in Heaven, some people say that they are, but I am almost sure that old maids are. There is a something about them which is not of the earth earthy. They are Spectators of the world, not Adventurers nor Ramblers ; perhaps Guardians ; we say nothing of Tatlers. They are evidently predestinated to be what they are. They owe not the singularity of their condition to any lack of beauty, wisdom, wit, or good temper ; there is no accounting for it but on the principle of fatality. I have known many old maids, and of them all not one that has not pos-


sessed as many good and amiable qualities as ninety and nine out of a hundred of my married acquaintance. Why then are they single?—It is their fate!

On the left hand of the road between London and Liverpool, there is a village, which, for particular reasons, I shall call Littleton; and I will not so far gratify the curiosity of idle inquirers as to say whether it is nearer to London or to Liverpool; but it is a very pretty village, and let the reader keep a sharp look out for it next time he travels that road. It is situated in a valley, through which runs a tiny rivulet as bright as silver, but hardly wide enough for a trout to turn round in. Over the little stream there is a bridge, which seems to have been built merely out of compliment to the liquid thread, to save it the mortification of being hopped over by every urchin and clodpole in the parish. The church is covered with ivy, even half way up the steeple, but the sexton has removed the green intrusion from the face of the clock, which, with its white surface and black figures, looks at a little distance like an owl in an ivy bush. A little to the left of the church is the parsonage house, almost smothered with honeysuckles: in front of the house is a grass plot, and up to the door there is what is called a carriage drive; but I never saw a carriage drive up there, for it is so steep that it would require six horses to pull the carriage up, and there is not room enough for more than one. Somewhat farther up the hill which bounds the little valley where the village stands, there is a cottage; the inhabitants of Littleton call it the white cottage. It is merely a small white-

washed house, but as it is occupied by genteelish sort of people, who cannot afford a large house, it is generally called a cottage. All these beautiful and picturesque objects, and a great many more which I have not described, have lost with me their interest. It would make me melancholy to go into that church. The interest which I had in the parsonage house was transferred to the white cottage, and the interest which I had in the white cottage is now removed to the churchyard, and that interest is in four graves that lie parallel to each other, with head-stones of nearly one date. In these four graves lie the remains of four old maids. Poor things! Their remains! Alack, alack, there was not much that remained of them. There was but little left of them to bury. The bearers had but light work. I wondered why they should have four separate graves, and four distinct tombstones. The sexton told me that it was their particular desire, in order to make the churchyard look respectable; and they left behind them just sufficient money to pay the undertaker's bills and to erect four gravestones. I saw these ladies twice, and that at an interval of thirty years. I made one more attempt to see them, and I was more grieved than I could have anticipated, when the neighbours shewed me their newly closed graves. But no one long pities the dead, and I was, after a while, glad that they had not been long separated. I saw these ladies twice;—and the first time that I saw them, the only doubt was, which of the four would be first married. I should have fallen in love with one of them myself, I do not

know which, but I understood that they were all four more or less engaged. They were all pretty, they were all sensible, they were all goodhumoured, and they knew the world, for they had all read Rollin's "Ancient History." They not only had admirers, but two of them even then had serious suitors. The whole village of Littleton, and many other villages in the neighbourhood rang with the praises of the accomplished and agreeable daughters of the rector; nor were the young ladies dependent for their hopes of husbands merely on their good qualities; they had the reputation of wealth, which reputation I am constrained to say was rather a bubble. The rectory of Littleton was said to be worth a thousand a year—but it never produced more than six hundred. And the worthy rector was said to be worth ten or twelve thousand pounds. Bless him! he might be *worth* that and a great deal more, but he never possessed so much; the utmost of his private fortune was fifteen hundred pounds in the three per cents.


It is enough to designate the ladies by their christian names. Their good father used to boast that his daughters had really christian names. The eldest was Mary, the second Martha, the third Anna, and the youngest Elizabeth. The eldest was, when I first knew them, actually engaged to a young gentleman who had just taken a wrangler's degree at Cambridge, and had gained a prize for a Greek epigram. Such an effort of genius seemed next to miraculous at Littleton, for the people of that village never gain prizes for Greek epigrams. The farmers, who had heard of his success, used to stare at him for a prodigy



and almost wondered that he should walk on two legs, and eat mutton, and say "How do you do?" like the rest of the world. And every body said he was such a nice man. He never skipped irreverently over the river, as some young men of his age would do, but always went over the bridge. It was edifying to see how gracefully he handed the young ladies over the said bridge, Mary always the last, though she was the eldest. The young squire of the parish was generally considered as the suitor of the second. The third had many admirers; she was what is called a showy young woman, having a little of the theatrical in her style. She was eloquent, lively, and attitudinizing. She had a most beautiful voice, and her good papa used to say, "My dear Anna, the sound of your voice is very delightful, and it does me good to hear you sing to your own harpsichord, but I wish I could hear you sing at church."—Poor man! he did not consider that there was no possibility of hearing any other voice while that of the parish-clerk was dinging in his ears. Elizabeth, the youngest, was decidedly the prettiest of the four; sentimentality was her forte, or more properly speaking, her foible. She sighed much herself, and was the cause of sighing to others. I little thought when I first saw them that I beheld a nest of predestinated old maids; but it was so, and the next time that I saw them they were all living together, spinsters. How I was occupied the next thirty years would be tedious to relate, therefore I pass over that period and come again to Littleton.

Time is like a mischievous urchin that plays sad tricks in our absence, and so disarranges things and persons too, that when we come back again we hardly know where to find them. When I made my second visit to Littleton, the good old rector had been several years in his grave ; and when I asked after his daughters, I was told that they were living, and were together, and that they occupied the white cottage. I was rather pleased to hear that they were single, though I was surprised at the information. I knew that I should be well received, that I should not find all their old affections alienated by new ties. I knew that I should not have to encounter the haughty and interrogatory eyes of husbands, that I should not be under the necessity of accommodating myself to new manners. I had indeed some difficulty in making myself known, and still more difficulty in distinguishing the ladies, the one from the other, and connecting their present with their past appearance ; for Anna's attitudinizing days were over, and Elizabeth had ceased to sigh. But when the recognition had taken place, we were all exceedingly glad to see each other, and we all talked together about every body and everything at once.

My call at the white cottage was at the latter end of August. The weather was fine, but there had recently been much rain, and there were some few heavy clouds, and some little growling of the wind, like the aspect and tone of an angry schoolmaster who had just given a boy a sound thrashing, and looks as if he were half inclined to give him some more. The cottage was very



small, very neat, very light. There was but one parlour, and that was a very pretty one. A small carpet covered the middle of the room; a worked fire-screen stood in one corner; a piece of needle-work, representing Abraham going to sacrifice Isaac, hung opposite to the door; shells, sea-weed, and old china stood on the mantelpiece; an old harpsichord, in a black mahogany case, stretched its leviathan length along one side of the room; six exceedingly heavy and clumsily carved mahogany chairs, with high backs, short legs, and broad square flat seats, any one of which might have accommodated all the four sisters at once, according to their mode of sitting, stood around the room; these chairs, I recollected, had been in the dining-room at the rectory, but then there was a great lubberly cub of a footman to lug them about. The fire-place was particularly neat. It had an old brass fender, polished up to the semblance of gold, delineating in its pattern divers birds and beasts, the like of which never entered Noah's ark, but they had a right to go in by sevens, for they were as clean as a penny. The poker looked like a tooth-pick, the shovel like an old-fashioned salt-spoon, and the tongs like a pair of tweezers. The little black stove shone with an icy coldness, as if the maid had been scrubbing it all the morning to keep herself warm; and the cut paper was arranged over the vacant bars with a cruel exactitude that gave no hopes of fire. The ladies themselves looked as cold as the fire-place; and I could hardly help thinking that a stove without a fire, at the cold end of August, looked something like

an old maid. The ladies however were very chatty ; they all spoke together—or nearly so, for when one began the others went on, one after another, in the way and after the manner of a catch, or more accurately speaking, perhaps somewhat in the similitude of a fugue. They talked very loud, and sat very upright, which last circumstance I should have thought very conducive to health, but they were not healthy ; the fact is, they lived too sparingly, for their father had left much less than had been expected, and they were obliged to keep up appearances, as they still visited the first families in the neighbourhood. By living together they had very much assimilated in manners ; they all had the same sharp shrill voice, and the same short snappy, not snappish, manner of speaking.

When I called on them I had not dined, but I suppose they had, for they asked me to stay and drink tea with them ; though I should have preferred diuner to tea, yet for the sake of such old acquaintance, I was content to let that pass. They pressed me very much to take a glass of wine, and I yielded—but afterwards I repented it. Single elderly ladies are very much imposed on in the article of wine ; ill luck to those who cheat them ! Then we had tea. I knew the old cups and saucers again, and the little silver tea-pot, and the little silver cream-jug, and the sugar-tongs, made like a pair of scissars ; I was glad to see the tea-urn, for it helped to warm the room. The tea made us quite communicative ; not that it was strong enough to in-oxicate, quite the contrary, it was rather weak. I

should also have been glad of some more bread and butter, but they handed me the last piece, and I could not think of taking it, so it went into the kitchen for the maid, and I did not grudge it her, for she seemed by the way to be not much better fed than her mistresses. She was a neat respectable young woman.

After tea we talked again about old times, and I gave several broad hints and intimations that I should like to hear their respective histories; in other words, I wished to know how it was that they had all remained single; for the history of an old maid is the narrative of her escapes from matrimony. My intimation was well received, and my implied request was complied with. Mary, as the eldest, commenced.

“ I believe you remember my friend Mr. M—— ?”

“ I do so, and is he living ?”

“ He is, and still single.”

I smiled, and said, “ Indeed !” The lady smiled not.

“ Yes,” continued the narrator, “ he is still living and still single. I have occasionally seen him, but very seldom of late years. You remember, I dare say, what a cheerful companion he was, and how very polite. He was quite of the old school, but that was only as regarded his external manners. In his opinions he partook too much of the new school. He was one of the liberal party at Cambridge; and though he was generally a very serious and good man, he perplexed his head with some strange notions, and when the time came that he should take orders, he declined doing so, on account of some objections which he had to some of

the Thirty-nine Articles. Some people have gone so far as to say, that he was no better than a Socinian, though I do not believe he was ever so bad as that. Still, however, it would never do for the daughter of a clergyman to marry a man who had any doubts concerning any of the Thirty-nine Articles. We did all in our power to convince him that he was wrong, and he did all in his power to convince us that he was right; but it was all to no purpose. Indeed, he seemed to consider himself a kind of martyr, only because we talked to him. He argued most ingeniously to shew that exact conformity of opinion was not essential to happiness. But I could not think it correct to marry a man who had any doubts concerning the Articles; for, as my father very justly observed, when a man once begins to doubt, it is impossible to say where it will end. And so the matter went on from year to year, and so it remains still, and so it is likely to remain to the end of the chapter. I will never give up the Thirty-nine Articles."

All the sisters said that she was perfectly right; and then Martha told her story, saying, "It was just about the time that you were visiting Littleton that Mr. B——, who had long paid me very particular attention, made me an offer. Mr. B—— was not a man of first-rate talents, though he did not want for understanding; he was also tolerably good humoured, though occasionally subject to fits of violence. His father, however, most strenuously objected to the match, and from being on friendly terms with us he suddenly dropped our acquaintance, and almost persecuted us. My father was

a man of high spirit, and could not patiently brook the insults he received, and I have every reason to believe that thereby his days were shortened. In proportion, however, as the elder Mr. B—— opposed our union, the affection of the younger seemed to increase, and he absolutely proposed a marriage in Scotland, but my father would never allow a daughter of his to be married otherwise than by the rites of the church of England. At length old Mr. B—— died, and then it was thought that we should be married; but it was necessary to wait a decent time after the old gentleman's death, in which interval the young squire, whose attentions had diminished of late, went up to London, where he married a widow with a large fortune. They are now living separately."


"You were faithful to your first loves," I observed.

"But I," said Anna, "have a different story to tell. I had four offers before I was nineteen years of age; and I thought that I was exercising great judgment and discrimination in endeavouring to ascertain which was most worthy of my choice; so I walked, and talked, and sang, and played, and criticised with all in their turn; and before I could make up my mind which to choose, I lost them all, and gained the character of a flirt. It seems very unfortunate that we are placed under the necessity of making that decision which must influence our whole destiny for life, at that very period when we least know what life is."

"It is inexpedient," said I, "to entertain several lovers at once."

“ I found it inexpedient,” said Elizabeth, “ to entertain several lovers in succession. My first lover won my heart by flute playing. He was a lieutenant in the navy, visiting in the neighbourhood. My father disapproved the connexion, but I said that I would not live without him, and so a consent was extorted ; but, alas ! my flute player’s ship was ordered to the West Indies, and I heard of him no more. My next lover, who succeeded to the first rather too soon in the opinion of some people, was a medical man, and for a marriage with him a reluctant consent was obtained from my father ; but before matters could be arranged, it was found that his business did not answer, and he departed. Another succeeded to the business, and also to my affections, and a third reluctant consent was extorted ; but when the young gentleman found that the report of my father’s wealth had been exaggerated, he departed also ; and in time I grew accustomed to these disappointments, and bore them better than I expected. I might perhaps have had a husband, if I could have lived without a lover.”

So ended their sad stories ; and after tea we walked into the garden. It was a small garden, with four sides and a circular centre, so small, that as we walked round we were like the names in a round robin, it was difficult to say which was first. I shook hands with them at parting, gently, for fear of hurting them, for their fingers were long, cold, and fleshless.—The next time I travelled that way they were all in their graves, and not much colder than when I saw them at the cottage.



RURAL JOYS.

POETS may rave about their groves,
 And pin a verse to every tree,
 Where "little birds sing of their loves"—
 But no one sings of love to me.
 The winding vale, the mossy seat,
 In sonnets look extremely well—
 But oh! to me how much more sweet,
 A walk with Harry in Pall Mall.

My aunt is raving all the year,
 What prospects deck her Vale of Peace;
 She never thinks how staying here
 Destroys the prospects of her niece.
 She tells me of the hills and rocks,
 The valley, and the lake's calm tide—
 I'm thinking of the opera box,
 And Harry listening at my side.

She boasts about the garden's bloom,
With living roses sprinkled o'er—
What are they to the dancing room,
With flowers in chalk upon the floor!
Where music rises clear and high,
To banish sadness and regrets;
Where pleasure beams in every eye—
And Harry whispers 'tween the sets!

But here, e'en here, Time passes on—
Dear Time! don't spare your lazy wing;
Winter and snow will soon be gone,
And Harry joins us in the spring.
How sweet shall be the sheltered glen!
The bird's soft music sounding through!
How I shall love to listen *then*—
If Harry loves to listen too!

How lifeless now each scene appears—
How gaudily those gardens flaunt—
And then—so dull—one never hears
Soft pretty speeches from one's aunt!
Well—but 'twould be absurd to weep,
Though sorrow thus my memory racks—
I'll off and sink my woes in sleep,
And dream of Harry and Almack's!

POLAR SCENES.

WHITHER, swift Fancy ? Lo ! the freezing seas
 Of Greenland, where on icebergs high-uppiled
 Breaks the rude polar wave. The eider-duck,
 That, through the summer's endless sunshine, sought
 And found, upon these half-forsaken shores,
 Shelter and home and sustenance, hath winged
 Its long, long way to southern waves ; but still,
 Master and tyrant of the drear domain,
 Growls the brown famished bear uncouth, and paws
 In search of prey the snowy waste ; the morse
 Dives floundering ; and the silver-vested seal,
 Cold-blooded, slumbers on the icy shelf.

Wrapt in the changeful vision, on the view
 Widens the desolate Lapland plains, where life
 Is dwarfed ; and, through the half-unmelted snows,
 Shews the green juniper its early leaves. —
 Can these be human dwellings ? yes, within
 These cabins, low and rudely thatched, from which
 Ascends the yellow smoke, beat bosoms warmed
 By kindest sympathies. Around them feed
 The timid rein-deer, with their antlered heads,
 Wide-scattered ; and the docile-looking dog
 Watches from lichened brae their dappled fawns
 Cropping the new-seen herbage of the glen.

DELTA.

SONG.


BY THOMAS ATKINSON.

I.

OH, love — it stoopeth down
To all on whom it doateth ;
Like yon soft and cloudy crown
That round the hill-top floateth.
Heaven's azure arch above,
O'er the subject sea extending,
Is the type of lofty love,
To its object ever bending.

II.

The moon shines down to earth,
And the star-ray thither fieth ;
To the wave that gave it birth
Turns the mountain-stream, or dyeth,
With a panting for the ocean,
As my spirit pants for Thee :
But, alas ! though thou 'rt my chosen,
It is Thou must stoop to me !



HOME-SICKNESS.

BY JOHN BANIM.

Oh! here are not the smiling eyes,
The earnest word and hand,
That sooth the stranger's home-sick sighs
In our own native land — my dear,
In our own native land!

Friends we have found, and they have done
Kind service in our need;
But oh, not with the word and tone
That grace a gracious deed — my dear,
That grace a gracious deed!

Oh, no! not in the blessed way
That saves the stranger's blush,
And smiles, and wiles the tears to stay
That in his heart will gush — my dear,
That in his heart will gush!

And at their gay and gorgeous boards,
And at their winter hearth,
We have sat down, and heard their words
Of welcome and of mirth — my dear,
Of welcome and of mirth:

But, oh ! they echoed not the sound
 Of those same words of old,
 Or in our hearts no echo found,
 Or they were cold, cold, cold — my dear,
 Or they were cold, cold, cold !

THE THREE MANSIONS.


BY MRS. C. E. RICHARDSON.

“ O HOMELESS and unsheltered head !”
 Desponding pilgrim, weep not so :
 Three mansions are before you spread —
 To ONE you *must*, to ALL *may* go !

Each offers freely, and has room
 For all earth's travellers, rich and poor—
 The House of God, His Heaven, the Tomb,
 Have each, for all, an open door.

Go lowly to the House of Prayer,
 With stedfast faith and contrite breast ;
 Then shall the Narrow House prepare
 For weary limbs a welcome rest.

Cherish the THREE in daily thought—
 The House of God, the Grave, and Heaven,
 And all by Sin and Sorrow wrought
 Shall pass away and be forgiven !



NOTES OF A JOURNEY TO RICHMOND.


(A PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.)

I AM acquainted with a member of the Traveller's club ; an excellent man, gentle, courageous, honest, but as migratory as the swallow. His name is — a secret. The communications which he makes to literary and scientific publications, have appended to them the word "*Philo-Vagabundus*,"—nothing more. Be he ever so learned — ever so profound — though he unrip the mysteries from Mid-Afric or the Gold Coast, or exhibit conspiracies ripening in the strong-holds of Rajpootana — all comes under that one simple appellative. My friend, as he has one name, has also one axiom — "Man was made to travel!" He himself is fifty-four years of age, of which he has travelled fifty.

I have mentioned these few particulars, because it was at the instance of this gentleman, that I first took flight from London, some two moons ago. I was bred, like a house sparrow, just underneath the chimney-pots of our house ; and, after living there almost forty years, it is possible that I might have collected a few prejudices. My friend insisted that I *had* ; and recommended — travel ; his invariable remedy. We often debated this matter over together. If the argument

commenced towards the conclusion of a bowl of punch, it was sure to be the fore-runner of a fresh supply. We were well matched : he had the most words, and I the better logic. He had seen half the world ; — *Half?* — he had seen the whole world ; whilst I had never abandoned the sweet smoke of my dear native city. Yet—like the horse of the mill, who performs his countless rounds over the same small humble circle, I had trod my ground well. I could, however, make no impression upon my traveller ; and, I need scarcely say, his slight missiles had as little effect upon me. I made it a point of honour, indeed, to return his inflexibility with interest. I was impervious,—*nulli penetrabilis Pkilo-Vagabundo*. It is true, that I was instigated by my friend's observations to take the very serious journey which I have done ; but, I believe, from my soul, that the principal motive which influenced me, was the hope of refuting his opinions.

The observations of inveterate travellers have always appeared to me to bear a strong likeness — filial or fraternal—to each other. For many years, I was perplexed at this. I consulted one or two eminent divines — a mathematician — a poor scholar — a philosopher — and other individuals, in vain. One attributed their common qualities to the fact of each having performed, in the first instance, a multitude of eccentric curves ; as every voyager necessarily does, being borne, up and down, over the undulating ocean : another referred it to the variation of the atmospheric pressure upon the brain, when men visited the higher regions of the



globe: a third talked about "specific gravity:" a fourth of "oxygen," "nitrogen," and "gaseous influences;" and others puzzled themselves and me, by running over all the technicalities of science, and concluded by propping up, with dog-latin and awful gibberish, those observations and opinions which plain English was insufficient to support. At last, I became convinced, that to attribute the effects (the causes of which I was enquiring after) to travel, was altogether an error. The truth is, that men who travel resemble each other, in the main, *before* they set out. What wonder then that their after-thoughts should be alike? There is the same uncomfortable, discontented, harum-scarum character in all—the same irritability of body—the same laziness of the intellect. The philosopher, properly so called, does not desire to travel. *He* can think at home. The materials for thought are ample in any country. It is only those who are dying of ennui—who are void of imagination—who cannot project a thought—whose brains, in short, are barren and destitute of the active principle of thinking, that require to have objects multiplied a thousand-fold before their sluggish ideas can be stimulated into birth. The meditative man is never a traveller; (*he* is sedentary—*sedet aeternumque sedebit.*) However quickly and shrewdly we may observe, it is pretty certain that we cannot *meditate* at full gallop.—O that a clear-headed, honest-minded, stay-at-home man could be enabled, by any process, (short of journeying or voyaging,) to see the world and give us his ideas of men and things! I

would venture a para, that he would not employ all his time in measuring churches—in telling us, for the fiftieth time, that Michael Angelo was a great painter—or that he and Bramante (surpassing Sisyphus) rolled up the huge cupola to the top of Saint Peter's great church. We should have fewer larcenies from the guide-books—fewer raptures about Tivoli or Terni. We should have no tawdry criticisms, no dull slander, nor ancient jests. We should escape stanzas from Lord Byron, and hexameters from Virgil. Above all, we should be spared those ambitious tirades and sentimentalities, where writers seem laboring to huddle into one overwhelming mass, all the living languages of the civilized world; but where in fact the unfortunate reader can too often distinguish little beyond the simple fact, that the aggregate is—*bad*; unless, indeed, as is the case occasionally, when something more than usually detestable predominates—some hideous smack, of bad French, or vulgar Italian—which extinguishes all previous doubts as to where the scribbler is *most* ignorant, and sets the question at rest for ever.

I was proceeding much after this fashion one day at dinner, with my friend the traveller, when he interrupted me with—

“You, who are a ‘sedentary’ man, as you term it, had better treat us with a few of your own opinions. But you *have* travelled, I am afraid,” continued he, hesitatingly.—“Let me see: You have crossed the New Road (your Rubicon)—you have been heard of in Saint George's *fields* (*O fortunate agricola!*)—You have

coasted the basin in the Green-park—you have even been on the edge of Hammersmith—”

“That was an accident,” said I—“a mistake—a—”

“Spare your excuses,” replied my friend; “I acquit you of intentional sin. You had no more design of emigrating from the city, than the blow-ball has, when some frightful urchin (*Boreas juvenalis*), swelling out his cheeks, cries ‘What’s o’clock?’ and puffs its white head into air!—Nevertheless, I think, for the sake of your country—of the rising generation—that a man of your talents—”

“Say no more,” returned I, (the devil prompting me—the devil Vanity)—“Say no more. I *will* travel—a little.”

“Well said,” replied my friend; “we will drink success to your voyage. This Madeira is twenty years old.”

“It is excellent,” sighed I. “I shall get none such out of London. And these little—nameless—trifles—how delicious they are!”

“They are excellent, but not nameless. They are called ‘*Maids of Honour*.’ They are, moreover, made—*not* in London—but at Richmond.”

“Richmond!” I echoed. “I have read of the place. There is a hill there, I believe, which is not without its renown. I think I will venture upon Richmond.”

“Well,” returned my friend, smiling, “you may try a flight thither, before you determine between Syria and the Niger.”

... The result of all this was, that I made my will—

put my house in order—took an affectionate leave of my mother—insured my life for two thousand pounds (to secure her an annuity in case of my death) packed up three vast trunks, filled with conveniences,—and mounted, with a bold heart, the Richmond stage.

If any man desire to travel comfortably to Richmond, let him, by all means, take his place by Tolley's coach, of which 'West' (the profane cads and watermen call him 'Old West,') is the driver. It starts (I assure the reader that this is not an advertisement) from Richmond to London at half-past ten in the morning; and it may be found at the 'Spotted Dog,' in the Strand, at ten minutes before five o'clock every evening. Being a green coach, it is, by an effort of the imagination, occasionally called "Green Richmond." But the mere colour must not be relied on: coaches change their colour (like the serpent) about once a year. Besides, there may be "Six Green Richmonds" in the field. The reader must rely only upon the name of the driver—ancient West.

It was on a fine evening, early in August, that I first entered "Green Richmond," at the Spotted Dog, resolved upon seeing distant places. We started at a sensible pace, a sober trot, which we continued, without intermission, till we reached the White Horse Cellar; which we did in safety, a little after five o'clock. Here coaches travelling westward take up most of their passengers; and here we received, not only our usual compliment of citizens, but also took into our verdant bosom (I here identify myself with 'Green

Richmond') a lady of such agreeable pretensions, that I never can altogether dismiss her from my memory. Our first intercourse consisted of an act of gallantry on her part. I happened to cough—'if cough it might be called'—slightly—tenderly—it was, in fact, a 'hem!'—nothing more—yet, in an instant, I heard a gentle, though somewhat shrill voice at my ear, saying, "You appear to suffer, sir. Let me recommend a lozenge." I turned round, and saw a lady of about—thirty—five and thirty—forty, perhaps, looking expressively at me. She was thin, tall, somewhat large-featured, and had a deep colour spread over and touching even the prominent parts of her visage. It was truly the "mingled damask." And her smile!—she was "blandly smiling." What could I do? I took the lozenge, which was flavoured with balsam of Tolu, and fell rapidly into friendly conversation with the fascinating unknown.

"You are going to Richmond, sir?" was the first interrogatory.

"I am going to Richmond, madam, for the first time in my life."

"Indeed! You will find Richmond a sweet pretty place."

"I am sure I shall, madam;—for you say so."

"Oh! sir—you flatter me," replied my friend; "but it is beautiful, notwithstanding. There are *such* walks! *such* pleasant company, (they come by the steam-boats)—and the hill is so very fascinating—and there

are several delightful inns, too, the Castle—the Star and—a—a—hem!”—she hesitated.

“And Garter, madam,” said I, (for I love to help a fine young creature, in a dilemma.) “The Star and Garter, the —”

“There is no necessity to repeat the word, either, sir,” said my friend, looking grave.

“May I perish—” I was proceeding earnestly, when she touched me on the arm with her fore finger, as though to enjoin silence. I was dumb in a moment. The coach went on its way.

—“That is the Cannon Brewery,” said she, after a time.

I looked up, and saw a huge stony cannon, surmounting a huger building. If it should go off! thought I:—but it remained quiet.

“It is an odd sign, sir,” observed the lady.

“It is an odd sign,” returned I; but whether it was a sign of the times, or a sign of the beer within, or what it precisely meant to indicate, I have never yet been able to learn.

“We are now passing Sloane Street,” continued Theophila—(we will call her thus, if there be no objection.)—In this neighbourhood lives Miss L. E. L. the poetess—Mr. Carne, the Eastern traveller—further on, within those great gates, Mr. Braham lives, the great singer, sir. Now you are in Brompton—there’s the house of Mr. Jerdan, the Editor of the Literary Gazette—there’s Mr. Croly’s—there”—[here I lost a variety of names]—“ha! that is Lord Hertford’s car-

riage—and there, I declare, is Mr. Kean's; he is coming from Richmond, no doubt—and now we are at “The Goat in Boots.”

“I am thunder-struck, madam,” exclaimed I; “what fund of information you possess!”

I could indeed go on thus, recounting all her agreeable things, but that it is time to proceed at a more rapid pace. The reader will imagine us therefore to have passed the Goat in Boots—Walham Green—Parson's Green (to the left)—


“That's where parsons was invented,”—observed Theophila. I bowed my thanks. We approached Fulham, where the girl poisoned her family,—the bridge of Putney, near which eels and flounders, from the “silver Thames” are sacrificed to the god *Fames*,—we pass by Putney itself,—we are on Barnes Common. I had just got into a few pleasant anecdotes, about some gentlemen of the road—Claude Duval, Turpin, and others, when Theophila shrieked, like a priestess of the temple of Diana, and cried out—“They are here! we shall be robbed—and murdered—and”—There is no knowing to what extremities she would have gone, had not a little red-headed urchin come galloping up on a donkey, and with all the reproachful importance due to the occasion, said, “Muster Vest, thee hast vorgot the zack!”—All was quiet in a moment. The rose returned to Theophila's cheeks: an old lady with a lap-dog recovered from her fainting fit: two gentlemen from the Stock Exchange pulled their money out of their boots, and we proceeded merrily to our place of destination.

Mortlake (the Dead Sea, I presume, of the ancients) is a pleasant place—to leave behind; so is the dusty valley of Sheen (where by the way there is no valley)—and so—and so, the reader will please to imagine himself, without further ado, at Richmond,—“ambrosial Richmond.”

Shall I describe this classic spot?—No: not in the present chapter. I must reserve my strength, in order to do it justice hereafter.

Besides,—the great Evans (“The Doctor,” as Theopila called him) has been beforehand with me. “Be sure,” said she, “you don’t forget to buy the Doctor’s book. You will be quite lost here without the Doctor.” I promised her that I would *not* be lost, if the Doctor could save me; and I have faithfully kept my word. I have BOUGHT his book! In this I plead guilty of indiscretion.

Dr. Evans’s book on Richmond, &c. cannot strictly be called “The Richmond Guide.” It should rather be called the Book of Praises. It is full of praises—beginning, middle, and end. There is nothing else. I never encountered so impartial an administrator of praise as the illustrious Evans. He praises kings, and queens, and royal families; their palaces, past, present, and to come; their gardens, munificence, taste, &c. &c. &c. He praises Richmond, Kew, Twickenham, and all their residents. He praises the Thames, the swans, the steam-boats, the theatre, (10) the bridge, (12) the obelisk, which he copies, (13) Frederick, prince of Wales, (25) Dr. Clement Smith, Thomson, the Wakefields, the Rev. Mr. Delafosse, the Roman



Catholic chapel, the hill, the terrace, the Roe-buck, the Star and Garter, the Duchess of Buccleugh, the Castle tavern, the circulating libraries, the eel-pie house, and the maids of honour!

If anything might have expected to be safe from such an inveterate praiser, it would be the stump of a tree. But, no: our friend, and *his* friend, (the Rev. L. Booker, LL.D. vicar of, &c.) conspire against the quiet of the venerable stump; and leave upon it two and twenty of the heaviest hexameters that I ever remember to have met with in the realms of rhyme. I apprehend that, by this time, the stump must have sunk under their weight. Listen to the commencement—

“Pride of the grove! on Richmond’s loveliest green,
Favored of old by England’s virgin green;
What, though on thee, as in thy verdant prime,
No towering branches now expand sublime,” &c. &c.

and they proceed in the same bold vein! But I am afraid of abusing the patience of the reader. I could cull flowers of all sorts from the Doctor’s garden; from the simple pathetic, up to the intolerable sublime. And I *should* do this; but that if the truth must be confessed, I know that readers, even the most “courteous,” will sometimes fall asleep, after too strong a dose of the narcotic.

The amiable reader will probably prefer to hear from myself a moderate, sober account of “ambrosial Richmond;”—but at present this cannot be. He must wait till next chapter,—till next year. It would be

dangerous to tread on the heels of the great Evans. It is impossible to equal him ; and it would be painful to be left far behind. My humble phrases would fall dull and flat on the ear, after the magnificent descriptions of ' the Doctor.' It is better simply to recommend the reader to take his place at once in " Green Richmond," and look, with his own optics, at the renowned hill. He will certainly see, if he stands upon the right spot, a luxuriant country, too much overgrown, perhaps, with forest-trees, but beautiful nevertheless. And then, — there is the quiet Thames, winding about the green woods, like a silver snake ; or, now and then, (when a gust of wind comes up from the boisterous quarter) rising into a pretty fretfulness ; whilst the great elms and acacias, which crown the forehead of " the hill," shake their heads after a somewhat awful fashion, and and tell us, in their solemn way, (by strange whispers and shadowy intimations) that they are very happy to see us, and that the best thing we can do is, to go straight to the Star and Garter hard by, where we shall meet with civil treatment, and a rational dinner, upon easy terms.

CIVIS.

END OF THE FIRST CHAPTER.

COURTSHIP.

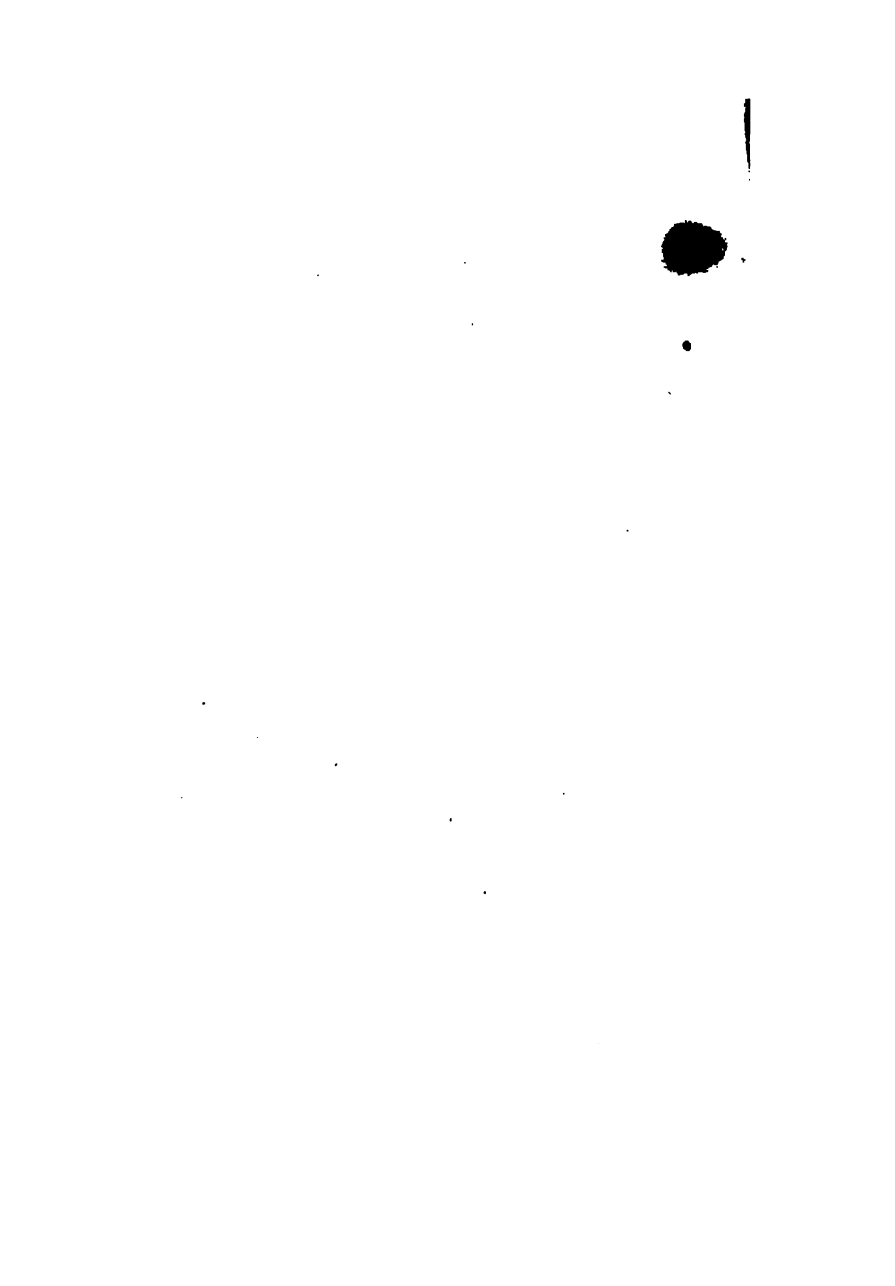
" Oh Laura ! will nothing I bring thee
 E'er soften those looks of disdain ?
 Are the songs of affection I sing thee
 All doomed to be sung thee in vain ?
 I offer thee, fairest and dearest,
 A treasure the richest I'm worth ;
 I offer thee *love*, the sincerest,
 The warmest e'er glowed upon earth !"
 But the maiden a haughty look flinging,
 Said, " Cease my compassion to move ;
 For I'm not very partial to singing ;
 And they're poor whose *sole* treasure is love !"

" My name will be sounded in story ;
 I offer thee, dearest, my name :
 I have fought in the proud field of glory !
 Oh Laura, come share in my fame !
 I bring thee a soul that adores thee,
 And loves thee wherever thou art,
 Which thrills as its tribute it pours thee
 Of tenderness fresh from the heart."
 But the maiden said " Cease to importune ;
 Give Cupid the use of his wings ;
 Ah, Fame's but a pitiful fortune —
 And *hearts* are such valueless things !"

" Oh Laura, forgive, if I've spoken
 Too boldly! — nay turn not away, —
 For my heart with affliction is broken —
 My uncle died only to day!
 My uncle, the nabob — who tended
 My youth with affectionate care,
 My manhood who kindly befriended —
 Has — died — and — has — left me — his — heir!"
 And the maiden said, " Weep not, sincerest!
 My heart has been your's all along:
 Oh! hearts are of treasures the dearest —
 Do, Edward, go on with your song!"

RESPECTABILITY.

" Pray, what do you mean by ' RESPECTABILITY? '
 Is it wisdom, or worth, sir? or rank or gentility?
 Is it rough sound sense? or a manner refined?
 Is it kindness of heart? or expansion of mind?
 Is it learning, or talent, or honour, or fame,
 That you mean by that phrase (so expressive) to name?" —
 — " No, no — these are not, sir, the things now in vogue:
 A ' respectable man,' sir, may be a great rogue, —
 A ' respectable person' may be a great fool, —
 Have lost even the little he picked up at school, —
 Be a glutton, adulterer, deep drowned in debt, —
 May forfeit his honour, his best friend forget, —
 May be a base sycophant, tyrant, or knave —
 But a livery-servant, at least, he must have:
 In vice he may vie with the vilest of sinners —
 But he *must* keep a cook, and give CAPITAL DINNERS.





THE WOODS.

VIOLA.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

ONE summer's day, while summer still was young,—
 And day ne'er yet put on a lovelier guise ;
 For all the splendour that in air was hung
 Was borrowed equally from earth and skies ;
 And herb and flower yet wore their newest dyes ;
 Vincenzo to a shady forest hied,
 As the tired worldling to the country hies,
 To speculate on sweets as yet untried,
Then with new strength returns to scoff at and deride.

Long had he walked in paths of deepest shade,
 Save when some giddy breath of zephyr blew,
 And the thick gloom of woven boughs forbade,
 And on the grass a checquered radiance threw,
 Dancing with nimble change—for ever new ;
 Long had he walked—until at length a scene,
 Opening between the trees, surprised his view ;
 A softened spot of deep and silent green,
As there no human step had till that moment been.

Here silence dwelt in her religious home,
 Which the glad song of birds more sacred kept ;
 And nothing seemed as it could thither come
 Which sadness knew, or e'er in sorrow wept ;
 Here lazily the glowing noontide slept ;
 The wavering butterfly his beauty took,
 Where far away the honeyed woodbine crept ;
 And Nature's placid moralist, a brook,
 Flowed gently on, wherein fair lilies bent to look.

Turning half round, that he might so include,
 Even at a glance, what but in part before
 He saw of this delightful solitude,
 Behold ! what vision do his eyes explore ?
 A flowery bank a fair young creature bore,
 Fallen softly in that pleasant place asleep ;
 By grateful boughs of olive shadowed o'er :
 With breath suppressed — his heart began to leap,
 As tip-toe to the spot his thrilling footsteps creep.

What mortal beauty ever met his gaze
 Could be, by envy's self, compared with her ?
 The sighing of the soft air, as it strays,
 Her clustered auburn ringlets scarcely stir,
 Which on her brow a lovelier grace confer. ●
 Vincenzo gazed — nor wondered how or whence,
 So sudden he became the worshipper
 Of virtue, which was yet but innocence,
 And all the fairy gifts that Nature's hands dispense.

Alas ! how soon is love religion made
In hearts which have the froward god forsworn ?
Still constant, unrequited or repaid,
To tenderness devoted, or to scorn ;
Say, where is flown the heart of yester-morn ?
No sooner met the youth those waking eyes
That seemed twin stars of beauty newly born,
Than in his breast commenced the reign of sighs,
And all the busy thoughts that cunning hopes devise.


But wherefore tell how soon two hearts are knit,
That in strict unison together beat ?
There never yet was verse of poet writ,
Since high Parnassus was the Muses' seat,
That did not every change of love repeat,
And all the subtle arts fond lovers use ;
The certain accident by which they meet,
And the sweet labyrinths and mazy clues
That baffle and perplex my less devoted muse.

The purity of love was never given
More sacredly, than Viola bestowed
All of her heart that was not yet of heaven,
So deep a passion in her bosom glowed.
And what, if from her bosom feelings flowed
That seldom have from mortal creature sprung,
The home of virtue is the heart's abode ;
And from a shrine so beautiful and young
All rapture has been drawn that minstrels e'er have sung.

So past a year—too long for happiness,
When misery her slipshod step pursues ;
For hoarded woe on all that now doth bless,
Is trebly wreaked on all we are to lose.
When storms are o'er, think ye, the sun imbues
The steadfast cloud with lasting colours warm ?
How then, out of her thin and shadowy hues,
Shall happiness a bow enduring form,
When her aye-changing arch anticipates the storm ?

Unbind the eyes of love, and let him go—
And fling his fatal quiver to the wind ;
For never yet he came, but coming woe
Upon the earth, his shadow, crept behind.
Oh ! where shall time two happy lovers find ?
Unless he linger o'er some grass-grown spot,
Where, haply, in each other's arms reclined,
The cold fast sleep that stirs and changes not,
They sleep in placid guise, by all the world forgot.

On Viola's soft cheek the breeze that played,
Waked not the rose as it was wont to do,
Which in its waning beauty 'gan to fade
And change into a pale and tender hue,
Then died into a shadow where it grew ;
And the warm lustre sleeping in her eyes,
The blue of heaven, but yet more heavenly blue,
Had rendered back its softness to the skies ;
For cradled in those orbs death newborn, sleeping lies.



And murmured whispers of the distant land
 Came to her ear at eve—and to her sight,
 Wrought from the earth by sweet religion's wand,
 Heaven smiled upon her in her dreams at night ;
 And angels hovered o'er in purest white.
 Such intimations dim, perchance, and faint,
 Shadows of joys unutterably bright,
 To one by faith redeemed from mortal taint,
 Precede the parting soul, and form a living saint.

And now Vincenzo saw the bitter truth,
 From day to day, from hour to hour, more clear,
 That she was surely dying,—yet the youth
 Spoke not a word—nor dared to shed a tear ;
 All things that live but signs of death appear ;
 Silence, the voice of nature, breathed around
 The ever-present word into his ear ;
 And wheresoe'er he walked, a hollow sound
 Of universal death spoke from the senseless ground.

With fearful hope he dreamed she would not die,
 And uttered oft such words of sorry mirth
 As seemed like madness mocking misery
 For lack of joy—he knew for all the worth
 Of all the dearest blessings of the earth,
 He could not save that precious life, and yet,
 Hope, a deceiver ever from its birth,
 Almost its very nature to forget,
 Wrings present ease by force from misery's regret.

To bless or curse alike the hour arrives
 With even pace, and strict unerring will ;
 And human strength is helpless in the gyves
 Wherewith the unknown presence binds us still :
 Unlike our happiness, the cup of ill
 Stands ever full, which we must raise perforce
 With steadfast hand, that not a drop may spill ;
 Alas ! the draught we know not, nor the source,
 We only know our hopes are crushed without remorse.

And Viola is dead—and bitter rue,
 And rosemary upon her corse are thrown,
 And all that to the sacred dead is due
 From fond affection's pious love, is done ;
 And she is laid in the dark earth alone :
 And grey oblivion settles round her urn,
 As sluggish moss that gathers o'er a stone,
 Which far away in woods or wildest fern,
 Lies where no mortal step hath ever chanced to turn.

Oh ! she is dead—and nature knows no more
 Her footstep on the hill or meadows green ;
 And nothing can her presence back restore,
 And never more shall she on earth be seen ;—
 The morn will rise as she had never been.
 These bootless thoughts Vincenzo's soul possest
 The pulse of his strong agony between ;
 Stretched on the earth, the heaving of his breast
 Throbb'd as his heart it fain would from his bosom wrest.

Yes—she is dead—and never from those lips
 Breathes word, or sigh, or note of love again ;
 Those gentle eyes are buried in eclipse,
 That never fired with scorn, or looked disdain,
 Or glanced to give a human creature pain.
 The burning tears that fell upon her bier,
 Now she is laid in earth, are weak and vain ;
 Those lovely limbs his fancy held so dear,
 Impel with swift decay the working of the year.

And thus it is we die—the petty spoil
 Of nature—thrust, when yet the blood is warm,
 To fatten and enrich the hungry soil ;
 And thus the loveliest or the proudest form
 Is lorded o'er by the patrician worm !
 Thus do we rise and hasten to the shroud,
 As angry bubbles borne upon the storm,
 That for a moment but reflect the cloud,
 Then sink into a grave the weary keel hath ploughed.

Oh ! deem not so—if ever love hath shed
 One tear for thee,—or dying breathed a prayer ;
 Oh ! whisper not that insult to the dead,
 Which hope excludes, and aggravates despair ;
 Rather, her gentle memory thy care,
 Recal what the insensate earth denies :
 Of all that lived— which was accounted fair ?
 Not that the earth hath hidden from our eyes,
 But the immortal soul which now adorns the skies.

Be wise — be constant — love hath triumphed now
 In his own likeness, — what shall virtue say,
 But that the loveliest form her hands endow
 Is scattered to the wind of heaven, as spray
 That sparkles in our sunless every-day.
 Oh ! dream not that, to greet our vague pursuit,
 The earliest blossom ripens during May ;
 Enough if to our eyes the promised fruit
 Glow in the fields of heaven, and our sad hearts recruit.

Though love be dead, and beauty — yet believe
 All that was loved and beauteous is not dead ;
 This thought shall soften every sigh you heave,
 This hope shall wipe away each tear you shed ;
 All the grey sorrows of a youthful head
 Shall with a circling halo shew more bright,
 And mild religion hover o'er thy bed ;
 The shades of eve shall bring a softer night,
 And rosy morn shall spread in liquid chrysolite !


The past shall stead you — and the future raise ;
 'Tis not to bear a forced existence on,
 And piece the wretched remnant out with praise,
 That Heaven demands, or will suffice alone :
 Let every day for every hour atone,
 For now is even a portion of the past ;
 There is no present — name it, — and tis gone.
 Oh ! be thy hope, love, virtue, wisdom, cast
 Before you ; and content, the harbour, smiles at last.

THE FISHERMAN OF THE CALABRESE LAKE.

An Italian Legend.

THE confluence of the streams from the chain of hills above Tropicæ forms one of the most beautiful lakes in Italy. Yet, while the little pond of Nemi, and a hundred others equally minute, make the perpetual theme of tourists, flourish in the road book, are worshipped with perpetual offerings of the worst verses in all languages by the poets of albums, are sonnetted and improvised daily even by the Italians themselves,—the lovely and magnificent expanse of Santa Rosa is never heard of beyond the villages on its violet-fringed border. The reason probably is, that Fashion has not yet spread her pinions over this noble, though, it must be owned, rather primitive, portion of *Bella Italia*. The danger of the journey is not the reason; for let Fashion issue her commands, and all the robbers of Arabia, pike in hand, could not prevent barouch and britchka-fulls of the fairest of the fair, and the finest of the fine, from driving *ventre à terre* to the spot in question. The beggarliness of the accommodations is not the reason; for what is the best of watering-places but a contrivance to cramp the limbs by want of room, to inoculate

the rheumatism by want of comfort, and to reduce the purse to the lowest degree of inanition by the most indefatigable dexterity of plunder. The distance is not the reason; for let the glittering phantom which presides over the realities of polished life but pronounce the word — let Fashion but whisper the expedition — Fantasy instantly orders the fleet, puts to sea against wind and tide, flies up the Dardanelles, pays a morning visit to the Grand Turk, sweeps the coasts of the Crimea, in time to get back to dinner with the Pacha of Egypt, takes its fruit and wine with the Sultan of Nubia, and sups with the descendants of the Queen of Sheba on the Mountains of the Moon. How the lake of Santa Rosa has escaped being the haunt of the thousands and tens of thousands whom even the single metropolis of London sends out to propagate its fame through the laughing earth, is to be accounted for only by its not having fallen into the hands of some amateur of fashion. But let it not despair. Before a dozen years have passed over its blue and waveless bosom, that bosom may reflect, to its own utter astonishment, a hotel large enough to contain a travelling army, on one side — a row of nutshells, named houses for the season, on the other — a manufactory, thundering day and night with its hammers, wheels, and steam-engines, on the third — and, to complete the round, a fount exuding streams fetid and fearful as the bowels of Acheron, yet surrounded by circles of men and maidens, all swallowing its abomination for their health, — a promenade overspread with donkies, dow-



agers, and dilapidated rakes — and a poor-house twice the magnitude of the hotel. If the centre of the lake dream of escaping the universal visitation, it dreams against the laws of destiny. Not a fish within its bosom will ever know a quiet hour again; not a surge will ever be suffered to take its *siesta* under the broiling noon; the lovely Santa Rosa will be sprinkled with eternal boating parties, making themselves sick in order that they may be well; tortured with steam-vessels ripping up every square inch of its surface to bring multitudes who come only that they may run away as fast as possible; and, lastly, will be visited by a projector, who will discover that the land was much better without the lake at all, establish a drainage company on the most stupendous scale, pump every billow dry, and exhibit the progress of science in swamping the Santa Rosa, with all its violet banks and lapis-lazuli bosom, into a pestilential marsh, half mire and half miasma — until Fashion takes fright, spreads her wings to Ethiopia, leaves *hospice* and hotel to ruin, bequeaths physician and philosopher to beggary, sends the population to the high road, the projector to a jail, and finally, abandons the bottom of the Santa Rosa to the rains of heaven, the waters of the hills, and the mercy of Nature, which, more merciful than the folly of man, makes it once again magnificent, lovely, and forgotten.

But Calabria, scorned as it may be, has its own memories, its stories of love, hate, fierce adventure, and gallant success — all, perhaps, tinged by the re-

maintaining barbarism of the people, but as rich, and to the full as polished, as many a history which the Signor Sgricci improvises into inexhaustible stanzas in the Roman halls, or the Signora Seraphina Tadolini, the tenth muse of Naples, trills to the guitar in a silken saloon, where every *fauteuil* is stuffed with a travelling sovereign, every tabouret sustains the embroidered slipper of a princess, and every step of the staircase is lined with listening ambassadors. It sometimes too has recollections of deeper import; and things for which the sullen depths of the Calabrese forest, the roaring river, and the stormy shore, seem to be made, darken the wild mystery dear in all ages to the true Italian mind.

From the edge of Scylla to the summit of the Abruzzi, the peasant still talks of Cosmo Calderini, crosses himself when he pronounces the name, and instinctively looks at his lamp, to see whether it burns blue.

Cosmo was the son of a fisherman of Santa Rosa, in the beginning of the last century. He was remarkable for personal daring, for a kind of natural precedency in all the transactions, sports, and hazards of the fishing village, and for one of the handsomest of handsome Italian faces. Education had done nothing for him, and this was the lot of his people; but he exhibited the natural ability in which so few of his countrymen are found wanting, and even among them passed for a genius. Yet, his accomplishments were by no means perfect; he made the worst mender of nets in the village, if he made the best eagle-catcher; he made the worst listener, if he made the best talker; he made the worst

fisherman, if he made the best shot. But he was eternally busy — quarrelling or reconciling, making verses, making musket-balls, making mischief, or making love. Cosmo had all the native passion for music; his guitar was in perpetual requisition at all dances, feasts, and weddings; his solitary song awoke the cliffs which heard nothing else but the scream of the falcon, or the rush of the gale. He was the bard, the orator, the champion, the lover — but he was not the fisherman. For some years his difficulty was to discover what he was fit for; but the bright eyes of a signora of seventeen, with the step of a fawn, and the soul of a mother of the Gracchi, helped him at last to make the discovery.

The brilliant Jacinta had just returned from a convent at Lodi, where she had witnessed the exploits of a division of the famous Catinat's *braves*, in storming a city of cheese-makers. The French bayonets were terrible things; but her heroic soul found their arms and trappings, their lace and scarfs, their feathers and flatteries, the true charms for conquering the world. In the general rout of the *artistes* of Parmesan, Jacinta had less fled than been whirled along amid a tempest of outcries, terrors, prayers to every saint living or dead, and execrations against the French, who would not suffer the nuns and friars of the land of holiness to fatten and go to purgatory in quiet, like their predecessors.

But the glitter of the Frenchmen had for ever spoiled her taste for a rustic life, and all the nets of the fisherman, handsome as he was, could not entangle her con-

sent to make him "the happiest of men;" for, next week, she openly, decidedly, and contemptuously refused her hand. Cosmo was broken-hearted. If any man alive, from the pope downwards, had offered him half the insult, a single stab of the poignard, "though he were armed in triple steel," would have effectually prevented its repetition. Yet, what was to be done with a woman, of all beings the most unmanageable, unconvinced, and impracticable—with a beauty, of all beings the most imperious—and with a mistress, privileged by the universal custom of the sex, to order him to hang himself, if she pleased, and to thank her for the condescension besides.

But her contempt was to come upon the unfortunate lover in a still more envenomed shape. A dragoon of Eugene's army, galloping through the village with a dispatch to the governor of the Calabrias, announcing the sailing of a French fleet for the coast, was caught by the bright eye of Jacinta, as he stopped to bait his weary steed. The dragoon was a Milanese—a showy figure; and his cap, his sabre, and his pistols, again awoke the military passion in the gay brunette at the bar. During the time that it cost him to eat his macaroni, under the thickly-umbraged and clustered vine that made the noblest of all verandahs for the inn door, the dragoon had contrived to fall in love so deep that he found it impossible to extricate himself, for that evening at least. The war might languish, or turn again with its fiercest blaze round the crumbling turrets of Turin; the French fleet might sail, or sink, or

sweep the Calabrias from the face of the earth with cannon-balls — but there sat the dragoon. His horse had suddenly fallen lame — in short, his heart was on fire : the dispatch was safer, for it slumbered quietly in his pocket.

Evening fell, rich in scents and dews, but richer still in the rapt attention with which the nymph of the jetty eyes listened to the eloquence of the dashing Milanese. Never was there such a hero, by his own account, since the first days of Italian chivalry ; he had led more forlorn hopes, blown up more bastions, jumped into more mines, and captured more standards in full charge, than any man born, or to be born. But while the maiden was in the full glow of admiration, a low groan from the shade made her raise her eyes. Cosmo was there : he had been passing to his boat for the night's fishing, when he saw this specimen of village inflammability. The glance that Jacinta threw from his dejected figure, hung with his nets, and covered with the rough coating of his trade, to the purple cloak, gay shoulder-knot, and glaring sword-belt of the new lover, settled the question at once with the old. It was the very essence of scorn. Cosmo cast his burthen on the ground, and would have finished the earthly career of the dragoon on the spot, but for meshing his own feet in the haste of the movement. His net did for him more than man or woman could do — it held him fast in its web until it brought him to his senses. The flash of his knife, too, had caught the eye of the soldier. He put himself on his defence, flourished his

sabre, and swore, by the moustaches of Mahomet, to cut him into a million of pieces, if he dared to stir a step. Cosmo had his smile of scorn in return, but his wrath had gone down: he calmly sheathed the knife, gathered up his fishing implements, and wished the dragoon joy of his prize, with a bitterness of sneer which Jaciuta never forgot to the latest hour she had to live.

Cosmo went to his task. But he had never felt it so intolerable before. He bent over the waters with a half formed wish that he were slumbering at their bottom. He fixed his eye on the flight of the herons and falcons above his head, and asked, why creatures like those should have the freedom of the world, while he was to linger out life within the shores of the Santa Rosa. The distant trumpet of some troops passing through the hills, roused the fever of his blood. "There," said he, "are men as they ought to be. Men going to fight for their country, for their honour, for fame, wealth, glory. And I am to linger at this wretched drudgery through life!" The Calabrese mountains were now shining in the setting sun, which had crowned their old brows with coronets of fervid gold, and robed their stately sides in imperial purple. To Cosmo's eye they looked like the walls of a dungeon. "Ay, beyond you," he exclaimed, "there is something to be seen. Beyond you the world is in motion. There are wars, feasts, revolutions; there is commerce, travel, noble danger, rich enjoyment, manly labour, and glorious success. The peasant there may become

the master of wealth. The peasant may become the man of learning, the soldier, the leader of council, the leader of armies, the sovereign! But here, what is to be done, but to drag on a life mindless and monotonous as the life of the weed under our feet." He cast another glance at the mountains, which were now changing their purple for the dim vapour of the dew. "Another day," and he said it with a sigh of self-reproach, "another day has passed over this degraded head. Another step has been made towards my grave. So much the better." The moon rose on his meditation, full-orbed, and magnificent as a shield of diamond. It less shone, than sparkled with living lustre. The Italian's sensibility, which makes him a lover of all thought-creating things, has made him pre-eminently a star gazer. The moon is the goddess-mother, the great Cybele, of a worship as old as the Italian heart. Cosmo gazed on her singular beauty this night, with a homage unusual even to his passionate love of nature. He has been heard in after-days to say, that he had never been so strangely possessed with a conviction of some more than natural splendour investing this lovely orb. Feelings of a wild exaltation seemed to flow into his soul as he gazed; vague trains of stinging thoughts passed through his mind, which he could compare to nothing but the winding, the glittering, and the venom of innumerable serpents. In this waking vision, as if by a sudden spell, a new rekindling of all the fantasies of his soul, he seemed to hear the sound of trumpets announcing royal entries, he charged in the trampling of

charging squadrons, he joined in the shouts of multitudes inflamed by popular eloquence, he raised his lamentation among the cries of mourners, as they mingled with the roar of cannon over some mighty grave. Processions of more than imperial splendour, banquets of more than mortal magnificence, battles in which the knell of nations was rung, and triumphs that placed the victor on a height inaccessible to chance or change, revolved in endless power through his mind. All was dazzling, boundless, sublime.

From this reverie he was suddenly roused by a rough voice calling to him from the shore. He lifted his eyes. A horseman was standing by the little landing place, calling to be ferried over the lake. By a flash, rather than a ray, which darted from the moon upon the spot, he instantly recognized his rival. Vengeance burned in his Italian heart. He dashed his oars into the water, rowed to the shore, and with his hand on his knife, awaited the dragoon's first step into the boat. But the soldier had so much to occupy him in preparing his baggage, himself, and his charger, for the passage; so many knots to tie and untie before he could secure the animal to the stern of the boat; and so many ejaculations to utter in so many languages before he could induce it to venture into the water, that Cosmo's passion cooled; the knife was suffered to sleep in its sheath, until further provocation, at least; and the dragoon's first step into the boat was no otherwise perilous than in its weight, which had nearly swamped the little chaloupe, and which disturbed the silver

slumber of the lake into millions of phosphoric bubbles. The dragoon's good humour, too, had its effect in keeping the knife in a state of quiescence. He was overflowing with hilarity. "For this night's work," said he, "I shall be made an officer, as sure as little Eugene is a general. By the help of a good horse, and a hard gallop, I reached the governor before his supper, delivered my dispatch, got my answer, and am now the better by a purse of pistoles, for my alertness. How many leagues is it from this to Ventilone?"

"Ventilone!" exclaimed his hearer, "twenty, if it is a foot. But is it there that you found the governor? Why, man, if you were any thing but a bird, or a cannon-ball, you could not have made your way in that style." The dragoon burst into a loud laugh.

"My honest fisherman," said he, "if you were any thing but a fisherman, I should wonder at you. We dragoons, and especially we who have the honour to be of the body-guard of his majesty Amadeus of Savoy, whom all the saints preserve! think nothing of riding over half a province in a night. But my night's work is still to be done. How far do you think I have to go before morning?"

"At the rate of your travelling to the governor, I suppose," said Cosmo, with a smile, "you could not do less than go to Naples."

"Ha! ha! signor fisherman," said the jovial soldier, with another roar, "you will probably know more of the world by degrees, though, I confess, I cannot see much chance of your knowing it now. To Naples! I

wager this purse, that by to-morrow morning I shall have laid this dispatch on the general's table at *Turin!*"

It was now Cosmo's turn to burst out into laughter. But the dragoon persisted in laying the wager; and, as a pledge of its performance, insisted on leaving the purse in Cosmo's hands. The lake was crossed, the charger pawing and prancing at the touch of land, the baggage packed, and the gallant dragoon in the saddle.

"By this time to-morrow night," said he, "you shall see me, unless I break my neck over some of your precipices, or go down in some of your swamps. Glory to the Calabrias, they have plenty of them both. Farewell." He started off; but in another moment returned. "Oh, I had forgot. I think you looked rather angry about that black-eyed girl at the inn. Make yourself easy. I find you too honest a fellow to disturb you there, unless, indeed, it might be a friendly act to prevent a lad, who would make so showy a life-guardsmen, from making a match that would keep him tied like a mastiff to an inn-door for life. You are welcome to the lady, for me. Addio, caro mio." The dragoon waved his hand, put spurs to his eager steed, gave a parting cheer, and was gone, like an arrow from the bow.

The adventure of the hour hung heavy on the young fisherman, as he laid himself down to rest in the paternal hut. Idle as he thought the tale of reaching *Turin* in a night, which would have been to him a journey of a month, *Turin* haunted his imagination; he recalled all

that he had ever heard of its stateliness ; its wealth floated in his imagination, its martial pomps rose before his eye, and he doubly envied the dashing dragoon, whose life was thus to be spent in prancing backward and forward through its streets of palaces.

The dawn found Cosmo still awake. The day was passed in wandering through the forest, but the evening found him again on the borders of the lake. A kind of dreamy impression had fixed itself upon his mind, that there he should meet the soldier again. With a thousand questions to ask of the world beyond the mountains, he had suffered him to depart without having been able to satisfy the thousandth part of his curiosity. Yet, when he paced the shore, and found himself looking towards the path in the forest, up which he had last seen him spur his bounding steed, he smiled at his own credulity. " Back from Turin in a day," he exclaimed ; " impossible ! Nothing but the Evil Spirit himself ever made such a journey." But, while he spoke the words, he seemed to hear a distant trampling. Could it be the gallop of a courier ? No. The high road lay a league to the west of the village. Yet the trampling became less equivocal every moment. He heard the rattle of the accoutrements, the clang of the sabre against the spurs and carbine. It must be a soldier. In a few minutes more his doubts were at an end. The dragoon was before him, drawing up his foaming horse, flinging his helmet on the ground, looking prodigiously hot, dusty, and tired, and protesting by the beard of St. Ursula, that he would gladly

give the whole water of the lake for a single cup of honest wine. His hearer was thunderstruck.

"Oh, I see what you are thinking of, my friend," said the dragoon, sliding lazily from his horse. "You are thinking of what makes many a man's visage sad, — the loss of your money. I have won my wager." Cosmo was still dumb. "Or perhaps," said the dragoon, after a pause, "you doubt my honour. If you do, we may settle the point here at once with my pistols. But no; you are a fair fellow enough, and fit for better things than to be shot in that ill-looking fisherman's jacket. Now, to give you a proof that I have made my word good, look here." He unfolded before the young peasant's wondering eyes a receipt for the governor's letter, dated Turin on that morning, and signed by the hand of Prince Eugene. "Or, if you still doubt the fact, look here." The dragoon opened his cloak, and showed the order of the Sardinian Eagle, engraved with an acknowledgment of the extraordinary services of Gaspar Gasparoni, dated on that morning at Turin! "All this, I suppose," said he, "may satisfy my scrupulous friend; and show him besides, that in the king's service nothing goes without its reward. I was a private yesterday, to-day I am a chevalier, and on my return to the army I shall be an officer."

"And what shall I be?" exclaimed Cosmo, unconscious that he was speaking aloud.

"An excellent fisherman, I have no doubt!" sneered the dragoon. "There are men made for all things; for fishing as well as for the field; for hooking eels,

and snaring salmon, as well as for wearing orders, and winning commissions. And quiet fellows like you have the best of it after all. If any one should think of looking for you this day fifty years, you will be found on this spot, a venerable eel-catcher; while I am either dead or—a duke.”

Every syllable fell as if branded with red-hot iron into the Italian's soul. “But now that I recollect it,” said the dragoon, “you owe me a few sequins, there were a hundred and fifty in the purse that I left with you. We may as well settle the debt at once!” Cosmo had totally forgotten wager and purse alike. The speaker attributing the hesitation to his not having the money on his person, offered to go with him to his house. Cosmo shrank; he felt a pang at the humility of his little dwelling, and would have refused to lead this showy and taunting son of fortune to the lowly roof which must supply so many fresh sneers. But his hesitation was too late. The dragoon was already on his way to the village; and before Cosmo could resolve what to do, he had found his way through the wood-path, crossed the little crazy bridge, and was seated at the cottage door in high conversation with his father, Giacomo, and keeping up a spirited dialogue of a more tender kind, with the brilliant eyes of his handsome sister Jacquolina. He had made himself already a prodigious favourite; and the old man, astonished by the multitude of things that he had seen, the adventures that he had encountered, and the fetes, and fields, in which, to believe his own narrative, he

equally shone, insisted on his passing the night under his roof. The gallant dragoon's sense of duty slumbered on this occasion, and, with a glance which told Jacquolina that the condescension was entirely for her sake, he consented to let the king's business rest till the morrow. But, at midnight, Cosmo heard the pawing of the dragoon's horse. He started from his sleepless pillow. The dragoon was mounted and on the point of starting.

"Why this haste?" exclaimed Cosmo.

"My good fellow," said the dragoon, "supper makes a heavy man, and wine a mad man. And I should be worse than either if I had staid an hour longer. I was near forgetting that I had a business to do at midnight"—his voice grew hollow and shuddering, as he spoke—"which can be done by no other. As to your wager; you have lost it. I see also that you have lost my purse. Well, it cannot be helped. On service we accustom ourselves to those things. We lose a hundred sequins to-day. We gain a thousand to-morrow. So runs the world among us. Farewell."

Cosmo seized his rein. In bitterness of heart, almost bowed to the dust with humiliation, he told him, that the purse had disappeared, and that he had not the slightest idea how. But, that he would sell all that he was worth in the world, boat, nets, every thing, to make up the sum, if he would but give him time. The soldier shook him by the hand, with the grasp of an old comrade.

"There is one way," said he, pausing, "by which

you *could* repay me, and more than repay me. The king is raising an additional troop to his body-guard. He is looking for handsome recruits every where. What do you think of trying your fortune? You are a capital fellow — made for a soldier; and, between ourselves, a fisherman's is but a beggarly trade for one of your face and figure."

Cosmo's heart beat at the proposal; his vanity, ambition, and avarice, were all stirred up together; but what was to become of his deserted father, already beyond the age of labour, and of his beautiful sister, too young and too lovely to be left to her own guidance?

The dragoon anticipated the objection. "They will find the purse. You will receive as much more at Turin, which you may send to them. A year or two will see you an officer, and then you may protect them with your sword, instead of your eel-rod or your spade."

The argument found a willing hearer. It seemed the very perfection of friendliness, fairness, and wisdom. Luckily the dragoon, by some means or other, had now found a second horse. He flung the unresisting Cosmo on the back of this charger, gave him a lash, and the animal started away with a fiery speed, that astonished and almost terrified his rider. He rushed over hill, through river, down valley, and across ravine, as if he had wings. To check him was in vain. He seemed incapable of being stopped, exhausted, or guided, by any thing. In this headlong flight, he ~~flushed~~ on till dawn.

The furious motion, the natural fear, and a sensation

of perplexity, for which Cosmo could not account, so bewildered the young rider, that when they at last arrived within sight of the capital of Piedmont, he found it hopeless to recollect any of the circumstances of his journey ; whether he had been days or weeks, a night or an hour, upon the road. All was like the images of a feverish dream — confusion, strangeness, a mingling of all incongruous things. But the sight which now expanded before him in the expanding horizon, was of a nature calculated to engross all his sensibilities. In the bosom of the loveliest of all valleys spread out the city of Turin, proverbially the most beautiful of Italy, the city of palaces ! Towers that shot up like flames to meet the rising sun ; gilded domes that lifted up their massive grandeur like mounts of gold ; Palladian mansions of marble, pure as the snow on the Alps round them ; looked, to the young enthusiast's eye, like a fairy vision. He uttered an involuntary exclamation of delight, and grasped his conductor's hand, in gratitude for the display. But an object of still more engrossing interest was now to seize on his awakened faculties. The summit of the mountain range, which in after times has been crowned with the brilliant *chef-d'œuvre* of Alpine architecture, the mausoleum of the kings of Sardinia, began to be darkened. Cosmo glanced round the horizon to see it clouding with the thunder storm. His companion laughed, with his old indescribable expression, conveying at once good humour and contempt.

“ Ay, you fishermen,” said he, “ are always on the

look out for the wind. But the cloud on the Superga yonder is of another kind than any that frightens your eels. It will thunder, no doubt; and, perhaps, will lighten too; but it will be the thunder of man's might, the thunder of victory, the thunder of glory, that, sweeping away the race of fools and idlers from the face of the earth, by thousands and tens of thousands, leaves it clear for the brave. Look again, fisherman! and tell me what kind of a storm your weatherwise head sees rolling down that mountain."

Cosmo, galled by the scoff, would have sprung upon the scoffer, and finished his harangue by the sharp argument in which Calabrese quarrel is so quick. But the dragoon's wary glance enabled him to turn his rein in time, and Cosmo stood confounded, like a tiger disappointed in his spring. He was now asked, without a sneer, what had provoked him to the use of the knife.

"What!" said Cosmo, bursting with indignation, "how can I help what I was born? Why am I to hear nothing but taunts on my trade — fisherman, for ever? Have I not left the lake, my cottage, my father, my sister, my country, all to follow you? And am I not here for you to make me what you will?"

The dragoon's swarthy visage burned red, his keen eye flashed exultation. "Ay; and a bold-hearted fellow you are," said he, gazing on the Apollo form of the young Calabrese; "and fit to make a man of. But I can do nothing with you but by your own consent." His voice sank into a wild and sepulchral tone, as he

uttered the words. "With us, a man must take his own way, for good" — he paused — "or, for evil!"

His hearer could not take time to understand the difference. "Have I not," said he, "come to be a soldier — to offer myself for the king's-guards, if they will accept of me; or, if not, to try my chance with the first captain who wants a soldier."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the dragoon, laying his hand on the bold and lofty forehead of the new hero. "You shall be in my troop. I should not be surprised, if you caught the eye of the king himself, or of the queen, which would be much the surer step to a shoulder-knot; and if you ended even by being a captain and marrying one of the maids of honour."

Cosmo lost the concluding words. His eye was fixed on a cloud, white as snow, that suddenly rose round the whole circle of the city. Before he could point it out to his companion, a roar loud as the thunder itself, burst upwards from the valley, and was echoed in a long succession of peals, from every pinnacle of the mountains. The cloud at length dissolved, and on every tower and bastion of Turin was seen, haughtily waving, the royal banner. The cloud again swelled round the ramparts, like an avalanche new fallen from the foreheads of the surrounding Alps. The roar again ascended, again rolled peal upon peal from a thousand summits; again and again bellowed round; until the whole horizon was filled with one wild, incessant burst, crash, and tumult of fire and thunder.

"There!" cried out the soldier, in extacy, "I told

you that you should see something. You have come just in time. The French under Catinat, have assaulted the city. They are brave as fiends, to the full as merciless, and almost as clever. They will be beaten, however. Ten thousand of those showy fellows, who would scale the moon if they had ladders long enough, will sleep under the muzzles of our guns to night. They will make their beds on the glacis, and never call upon Louis le Grand for their rations again. Well; what does my young recruit think of war?


“A game too glorious for man!” was the answer. “A game fit for gods! Let us go down at once. We shall be too late. The battle will be over before we reach the gates.” The gallant dragoon smiled at his unflinching enthusiasm, threw his reins loose, and galloped down the mountain’s slope with a dashing speed which rivalled his midnight ride. But they arrived safe at the gates; made their way through patroles, guards, and all the precautionary bustle of a beleaguered city; passed squadrons mustering for the field; rode through groups of generals in all their pomp of plumage, embroidered cloaks, and military hauteur; scattered mobs of aides-de-camp, ten times more plumed, embroidered, and proud of their cloaks; reached a barrack, which rose before them with the look of a palace, and sat down to a table covered with a meal, which, to Cosmo’s simple habits, seemed the luxury of kings.

His reception in the royal troop experienced none of the usual delays of office. It was a stirring time. The

king wanted soldiers, and the young recruit's figure was of itself a passport to the guard. He was equipped at once; and as he felt the first bound of the charger under him, and saw the first glitter of his cuirass reflected on every thing that he passed, he felt all the principle of the Alexanders and Scanderbegas alive in his bosom. His spirit was not left to sink. Twilight had stilled the canonade; and the French, after a dozen unsuccessful and furious attempts on the bastions, had retired, leaving the dragoon's calculation more than complete. The day had cost Catinat twelve thousand of his Gauls.

But the time was now come to retaliate. Without drum or trumpet, the cavalry of the garrison assembled, moved out from the gates, trampled over French corslets, helmets, caps and corses, without number; and reached the verge of the enemy's camp without a shot being fired. Catinat had been wounded in the assault, and with his vigilance slept the vigilance of every *brave* round him. The centinels, wearied with the day, were dozing on their posts, the pickets were drunk, the officers of the grand guard were playing dominoes, the general staff were at supper; and the rest of the army, horse, foot, and dragoons, were dreaming of France, plunder, laurel-making, and the *guingette*, upon their straw.

But, their hour was at hand. The royal troop claimed the right, as usual, of heading the attack; and with a roar that was enough to awaken the dead, they plunged upon the sleeping battalions. All was



instant flight, terror, shouting, the galloping of officers to gather their scattered men, the howling of the wounded, the huzzaing of the charging cavalry, the blaze of musketry springing up from all quarters, the roar of the parks of artillery as the gunners fired them at random on every thing that they could see in motion, the explosion of ammunition waggons, and the blaze of magazines. Cosmo's soul grew wild, with the wild excitement of the hour; he rode like a madman into the midst of fire, felt his charger torn from under him by a cannon-ball, seized the rein of another flying past him at the moment, mounted, galloped into the midst of a group of the French household troops, who were maintaining a desperate defence round the marshal's tent; scattered them at once, and bore off their standard in triumph. Day broke, and the fragments of the enemy's army had taken refuge in the hills. They had left their tents, guns and baggage, to the conquerors. There was nothing more to be done. The trumpet sounded for the return of the cavalry; all was in march from the field, and a more exulting expedition never entered the gates of Turin.

There, too, the triumph was still more amply renewed. Every window was hung with tapestry, and crowded with the infinitely richer ornament, of fair and high-born beauty. All the balconies were filled with the nobles and their families, waving banners and emblems of victory, showering garlands and medals, and singing songs of national exultation. But Cosmo's capture of the standard, fixed all eyes on him. His

striking figure, and the fine expression of his features, lighted up by joy, required for public admiration neither the gold-embroidered banner of the Fleur-de-lis, which he so gracefully waved over the heads of the applauding multitude, nor the splendidly caparisoned Styrian charger on which he rode. He had, unquestionably, taken the two chief prizes of the night. The banner belonged to the marshal's guard, the charger was the marshal's own. Cosmo was ordered to attend the royal presence instantly. The king threw over his shoulders the collar of the order of Santa Gracia, buckled his own sword to the side of the new knight, made an applauding speech, and appointed him on the spot, standard bearer of the royal guard.

The young cornet's rejoicing was slightly enfeebled by the loss of his friend. The dragoon had ridden boldly side by side with him through the night, and had slashed the showy household cavaliers in a fearful style. Half a dozen blows too, which would have sent Cosmo to his ancestors, were caught on his sabre, and returned by splitting the givers to the chine. He cut down every thing at which he rode, and astonished even Cosmo by the extraordinary activity, force, and perseverance of his prowess. He, too, had pointed out in the dusk the marshal's tent, and the Fleur-de-lis banner waving in its front. But at the moment of plunging among the grenadiers, he had been either shot or taken; his horse was afterwards found running loose about the field, with the reins and saddle covered with gore. It was thus rendered probable, that this fierce

soldier had shared the common fate of war, that some chance bullet or bayonet had arrested him in his way to the truncheon, and that he had been buried among the promiscuous dead.

Still the thought of his death was a species of relief to the mind of the young officer. He had felt some strange sense of superiority in his presence, some unaccountable awe mingling with some equally unaccountable dislike, all which were now at an end. Cosmo had now the world before him; and it was a smiling world. He was fixed in the most dazzling of all professions, he was a sharer in the honours of the most brilliant of all courts. He was a soldier, a knight, and a courtier, in the most warlike, chivalric, and courtly age of Europe. Prosperity hardens the heart; and when Cosmo was winding his Styrian charger at the head of his squadron on the terrace of the Palazzo, he could have trampled half mankind under his horse's feet.

The court of Turin was the most luxurious of Italy. The Piedmontaise beauties are among the handsomest of its women. Cosmo fell in love, by the mere necessity of circumstances. Every officer in the royal guard was the adorer of some Dama, Marchessa, or Principessa. A pair of diamond eyes from the royal opera box, and a smile that reminded him of the princess whom the benevolent Genie gifted to drop pearls and roses from her lips whenever she spoke, fixed the wandering soul of the Apollo of the king's troop. Cosmo's vanity was entangled, and he sighed for the Principessa di Mon-

teleone, without delay. But the Principessa was an heiress of the first magnitude, and, as such, was guarded by a circumvallation of maiden aunts, frigid uncles, and ferocious cousins, more impregnable than an iron wall. Yet, if this intrenchment could be carried, another still sterner rose within. The Principessa was of the blood royal; and though she might be married with impunity to any lackbrained boy, or notorious profligate, or gouty invalid, or decrepit, dying, dismal, specimen of humanity, the leanest of lean and slippered pantaloons, upon a throne,—the idea of her marrying the man of her choice, and that man handsome, brilliant and brave, would have shaken the whole royal etiquette of Turin into convulsions.

Cosmo was in despair; and, like all Italians in despair, he went to the Casino. At the Casino, he was treated like every man who enters its door; he was cheated, until in the due course of education, he learned to secure himself against the malice of fortune. This ultra dexterity stains no character in the land of absolutions. The practice is universal, and it is only the dupe who suffers the shame. The disgrace is to be outwitted. But one evening, he found himself pitted against a little Netherlander of the Walloon guard, who won his ducats with a rapidity that startled him. Cosmo was driven to try, first all his science, and next all his skill. The little Walloon still beat him. Cosmo grew furious, and at length made a more adventurous attempt at dexterity. The little Walloon never raised his eyes; but with a smile, which

fully showed that he was aware of the ruse, turned it on the experimentalist so completely, that his last ducat was transferred to his adversary's pocket, with the addition of a debt of honour amounting to the value of every thing, down to his charger, that he was worth in the world. Cosmo, in this extremity, quarrelled with the winner; an old expedient of the men of the sword, on the principle that the debt may be discharged for ever by a thrust; or, if the thrust turn the contrary way, it is better to be run through the midriff than live a beggar. The little Walloon deprecated this mode of payment strenuously; but the laws of honour are serious things with the men of the Casino, and he was at last forced to draw in mortal defiance of a young athlete, who had already become one of the best gladiators in Piedmont, famous as it has always been for the sword. Cosmo felt that a blow would settle all his incumbrances; and he made a *longe* that was enough to have pinned the Netherlander to the wall. But, what his opponent wanted in strength, he possessed in activity. He escaped the sword's point, and returned the attack by a slight wound in the arm. Cosmo grew fiercer from his repulse. The combat continued—a scene of power and skill on one side continually baffled by activity and skill on the other. At length, determined on crushing his adversary as a man would crush a snake, with one hand he grasped at his throat, and with the other shortened his sword to plunge it into the Walloon's heart. But, at that instant, he received a blow, which paralyzed every sinew of his

vigorous frame, and sent his sword flying to the ceiling. Cosmo disarmed, on the ground, and indignant at his defeat, implored his adversary to drive his point through his bosom. But the Walloon declined taking this advantage of what he called a mere *tour de fortune*, and demanded, by right of success, only that Cosmo should shake hands with him, and forget the transaction altogether. He ordered wine; a glass was drunk in sign of reconciliation; the wine was remarkably good, the night was warm, the combat had been fatiguing; glass after glass was drunk, to each other, to their respective flames, to the best of kings, to the loveliest of queens, to every body and every thing; until the two warriors became two bosom friends, and to the astonishment of the loungers of the Casino, walked away arm in arm—to conclude the night by supping together at Cosmo's quarters.

At supper, the ruined gamester renewed the subject of his ill-luck.

“Say no more of it,” said the little Walloon, whose sparkling eyes had already explored every corner of the spacious apartment; “or, if you must settle with me at once, give me that saddle-cloth which I see hung up over your pistols.”

Cosmo hesitated, “that saddle-cloth,” said he, “is a part of the caparison of the charger that fell to my share in the affair of the French lines. It belonged to the marshal, and I keep it for our court days.”

The Walloon professed that he had taken a liking to it merely from its being a fine specimen of the manu-

factures of his country ; and that he should accept it as a complete discharge of his claim."

" Well," said Cosmo, with a melancholy smile ; " better give the caparison than the charger. Be it as you please."

The little Walloon reached it with one spring, snatched it down, and gazed on its incomparable scarlet with rapture. " Ah," said he, " this is the true Arras. What purple of Tyre was ever its equal. But what have we got here ?" His fingers had probed, while he spoke, a packet hid in the lining, from which he drew out a handfull of some material that glistened in the light of the large Venetian lamp in the centre of the table.

" What are those baubles ?" asked Cosmo.

" They are baubles," said the Walloon, " that may teach you now to make better bargains in future. They are diamonds of the finest kind, and doubtless were stored in this secret pocket by the marshal for an emergency. They are enough to pay all your debts ten times over ; or to set up an establishment that might make a man figure like a prince."

The thought of captivating the Principessa by this addition to his display, instantly passed through her lover's mind.

The Walloon was employed in the mean time in counting the gems. " With these," said he, gathering a few in his hand, " your debt to me is amply discharged ; the rest may be well applied to push your promotion at court, where money is every thing ; or


your success with the fair, where, let them say what they will of love, show does a vast deal."

Cosmo saw himself master of the treasure with unbounded delight ; it removed the cloud from his prospects at once ; it opened an endless vista of enjoyment to him ; it gave him rank, renown and love. He gazed on the diamonds ; and they seemed to assume a new lustre as he gazed ; they glittered, they flashed, they flamed, until their brilliancy was almost too vivid for his eye. He was astonished at their effect on himself. "If the spirit of Mammon," said he, "ever entered the heart of man, it would be in the shape of such temptation."

His companion laughed long and loud at the idea, which he termed the most fantastic that had ever entered into the head of man. But Cosmo's fantasies were not yet exhausted.

"It strikes me," said he, suddenly, "that, after all, I have no right to these diamonds. To the charger and his caparison I have a right ; but all treasure belongs to the division of the army in company with which it was taken."

The Walloon did not laugh now. He admitted the reality of the scruple. "Such was the established code." "But," said he, after pondering the question ; "it seems to me, that this law of the army, which I admit to exist, however we may have forgotten it, is superseded by another law which existed before armies, the law of human nature,—by that law every man is bound to do the best he can for himself, not to starve while



he can get food, not to be degraded while he can keep up his rank, not to refuse any fair way of rising in the world while he can enjoy it, nor, lastly," he added, with a peculiar look, "to feel any remarkable tenderness of conscience where tenderness of the heart is concerned. However, the true state of the case is, you are master of what makes a man master of every thing. It is no fault of yours, if wealth is the god of this world. You must take the world as it goes. You have won those diamonds at the hazard of what is worth ten times their value, a brave man's life; and who is to know anything about them, but ourselves? My secrecy is secured—if you could possibly have any doubt on the subject—by my taking payment of my debt in a part of them. Your secret is secured, if you choose to keep it."

Cosmo's look was still fixed on the ground.


"The fact is," urged the Walloon, "the thing is done every day, and by men of the highest rank in the service. You may be the victim of a Quixotic delicacy, if you will; but if you are determined to give up this prize, to give up your fair military seizure, only to be dissipated in increasing the drunkenness, vice, and vileness of an army already half ruined by excess of all kinds, you will do the service as little good as you do yourself."

"If I could but be convinced of this point," said Cosmo, "I admit that this would be a dangerous time to add to the insubordination of the troops, when they may expect to be called into the field every hour. Are you satisfied that it would be better to keep back the

discovery, at least for a time ? But, what do you consider the diamonds to be worth ?”

“It happens, oddly enough,” said the Walloon, “that you could have asked the question of few better able to give you an answer. My ancestors, for generations, have been diamond-merchants, and I myself began life initiated into a knowledge of precious stones, which might have enabled me by this time to have purchased a principality, if I had not been bit by the military mania, and preferred a sabre and a florin a day to a palace and fifty thousand a month.” He cast a careful look over the jewels. “For size, workmanship, and water, I never saw their equals — they are worth, at the very lowest estimate, half a million of florins. Now, conceive that sum scattered among the reprobates of our army.”

The appeal to his patriotism was irresistible. Cosmo was satisfied, like many a man since his day, to obtain his personal object by the help of the public good. He had been driven into a cul-de-sac : beggary was on one side — infamy on the other ; but the beggary was certain, if he did not keep the prize — the infamy only contingent, if he did. His new friend’s arguments seemed to be more forcible every time they were urged. The daylight broke in upon their debate ; the trumpet for morning parade first startled them both to a sense of the clandestine nature of the transaction. The Walloon put up his diamonds hastily ; the Italian buried his in a corner of his baggage : inviolable faith was pledged on both sides ; and when the door closed



on his fellow traitor,—Cosmo flung himself on his bed in a fever of shame, remorse, and fear, and felt that he was undone.

But if conscience stings keenly, it seldom stings long. The world and its glitter again rose before the mind of the struggling penitent. An order for the advance of the cavalry in pursuit of the French roused all the dormant energies of his nature; he sprang on his charger again, the brilliant, bold, favourite of nature and of fortune. Catinat had been replaced by a succession of commanders, whose want of talents exposed the arms of Louis to continual defeats. Cosmo was conspicuous on all those occasions; a kind of wild valour distinguished him from all the other champions of the cavalry. He rode at every thing. What the whole army pronounced it insanity to attempt, was sure to be selected by him for his especial enterprize: the storming of batteries, the capture of artillery, the assault of entrenchments, all seemed his chosen exploits; yet still, by some unaccountable good fortune, he returned without a wound. Rushing through the midst of a fire which showered the air with ball, plunging into the thicket of bayonets that would have transfixed a bird, fighting among exploding mines and magazines — from every shape of terror and destruction Cosmo emerged unhurt; and while all was mortality round him, he alone seemed invested with a spell against the grave.

The fall of his superior officers of the guard raised him to its command before the close of the first cam-

paign. Rank developed his talents : he exhibited new faculties with the occasion ; he became the favourite officer, the guide, the tutelar genius, of the army. At the close of the second campaign, he returned, with the keys and colours of the citadel of Nice, and rose up from the king's feet, at which he had deposited them, with the rank of general commandant of the Piedmontaise cavalry.

He was now at the height of fame, and might aspire to the Principessa without fear ; but rank in the prodigal court of Amadeus was costly. Cosmo returned to his secret treasure ; his establishment was soon on a scale adequate to his pretensions. The Principessa, already enamoured of the handsome paladin, was doubly enamoured of the showy courtier, who displayed the most magnificent of equipages, gave the most distinguished banquets, and expressed his admiration of her beauty by presents that eclipsed the most splendid *traitemens* of the monarch to the most splendid of his *deesses de l'opera*. But the season of *fetes* and *festins* was approaching its close. The preparations for the campaign were again commencing, and Cosmo importuned the Principessa with such fervency to make him "the happiest of men," that even the etiquette gave way which prescribes ten years' courtship to the Sardinian blood-royal, and makes the capitulation of a court beauty the rival of the fall of Troy. The day was fixed — the day came.

Cosmo was waiting in his palazzo for the arrival of the royal carriages which, as on the occasion of royal

marriages, were to convey him to meet his bride—when the Walloon rushed into his presence. He had not seen him since the night of the Casino; the accidents of the service might easily have separated them. Cosmo felt a sickness of heart at his sight, and, struck with the care-worn face and dismantled dress of the man, instinctively pulled out a handful of ducats. But “money could not heal his misery.”

“I come not to be a drain upon your liberality, general,” he said, in a tone of the deepest dejection—“but to save you from utter ruin. That unfortunate transaction between us has, by some means or other, come to the public ear. Catinat has made known his loss; and the sudden, and, may I venture to say, injudicious, costliness of your establishment has turned suspicion upon you. I was in Paris when the matter was discussed in the king’s closet; and I have rode day and night to give you warning that a special envoy has been appointed to Turin, for the double purpose of sounding the court on the subject of peace, and of bringing the affair of the diamonds to light.”

Cosmo sank on his chair in agony. He felt as if a thunderbolt had fallen upon him: he saw the whole consequences—the loss of character, the ruin of his military honours, the breaking off of his illustrious alliance, the disappointment of his existence. In despair, he tore the orders from his breast, drew his sabre to plunge it in his bosom, and when prevented by his friend’s interposition, flung himself on the floor, exhausted and fainting with excess of misery.

How long he lay there he could tell, on his recovery, only by the shadows of twilight that were now deepening in living purple over the bowers of his luxurious gardens; but his friend had watched over him during the time of his paroxysm. "Have the king's carriages come?" was the first question of his returning senses. No! was visible in the Walloon's expressive countenance. "Then I am lost, undone, crushed for ever!" was his outcry. "Is there no hope?" He turned his glazed eye on his companion in guilt, with that strange and eager dependence which sometimes looks for mercy even on the scaffold.

"No help!" exclaimed Cosmo, in torture.

"None!" sternly answered the Walloon. "You are, as we both bitterly know, without defence. You cannot deny your embezzlement. As a man, your honour is stained for ever. As a soldier, you have robbed the army; and what argument will be wanting, that the being, whom so abject a temptation as money allured to plunder his comrades, will not, for more money, go the length of betraying his king."

Cosmo, stung by the terrible truth, resuming his strength, with his indignation, madly darted on the Walloon, and would have crushed his tempter. But, to his astonishment, he found him an antagonist too powerful to be crushed by even his herculean strength. The feeble figure of the Walloon resisted him with a vigour that utterly baffled all his force. He even found his own strength failing in the encounter. His adversary's grasp seemed suddenly to

acquire the force of one of those mighty serpents which cling round their prey till it dies, and strangle by compression. Cosmo, fainting in this irresistible grasp, could not help casting a look of wonder at his antagonist's visage. He was met by a glance, an indescribable gleam of triumphant malignity, which turned his look of wonder into one of horror. He never struggled more; he felt his brain burn, his sinews wither, his heart stop. A flash of living fire seemed to dart from the deep, wild eye that now glared upon him; he felt its consuming power in the depths of his soul. He was in the grasp of a fiend!

At the instant a new change in his terrible antagonist's visage, shot, like a shaft of hideous light, into his memory. He saw the countenance of the dragoon, his first tempter. His first tempter and his last were one; and he felt the whole agony of the delusion; he had been marked for ruin from the beginning! In his pangs he uttered one cry of sorrow to Heaven, for the forgiveness that he was never to hope from man. A darkness suddenly came over his eyes; he dropped on the ground in a convulsion of preternatural terror.

* * * * *

When he came to his senses again, he was lying beside the waters of a magnificent lake. A ruined cottage was nigh; a desolated vineyard spread its withered shoots over the ground. Father, sister, all were gone. An ecclesiastic stood by his side, who spoke to him words of peace and wisdom. He listened;

but he felt that the hand of death was on him. Ten years had passed away since he had left that shore. Madness had rescued him from the consciousness of his misery. A holy and virtuous man had found him, and driven away the fiend that had fettered his soul. Such at least is the tradition of the Calabrese. His reason had returned; but it was only left for him to give the warning of his fate to the surrounding peasantry. He died calm, and cautioning them against the temptations of a spirit of change. The awe-struck peasantry erected to his memory the little monument which stands on the shore of the Santa Rosa to this day. It simply contains his name, and the lines. "Let all who would live happy live contented: Ambition is not made for Man."

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Is human life, then, an 'Enchanted Land,'
Such as in Bunyan's Pilgrim tale we find,
Where men with demons combat, hand to hand,
Or work their pleasure with a willing mind?
'Tis even so. And who of human kind,
In human strength, successfully hath striven
To burst the chains wherewith foul Passions bind
Their wretched thralls? To holier hands 'twas given
To foil the rampant fiends, and clear the path to Heaven.

P.

THE FEAST OF DUNKELD.

I.

BLACK Roderick sits in his stately chair,
 And cheerily to each guest doth call,
 Whilst many a knight and lady fair
 Go strolling around his lighted hall :
 But the joy is forced, and fadeth soon ;
 The torches look reddening tow' rds the moon :
 Some evil sound or a ghastly sight
 Hath shaken bold Roderick's heart to-night !

II.

"Stand forth!" cries the Earl to his minstrels grave :
 "Now plunge your hands 'mid the golden strings,
 And force coy Music from out her cave,
 And cease not one till the wild witch sings —
 Sings, like a dream of the drunken brain,
 When laughter shouts at the tears of pain ;
 And sing *ye*—as ye sang to my lady bright :
 O, Jesu ! I would she were here to-night !"

III.

A terrible smile o'er his visage plays,
 And back he is sinking to stately rest ;
 But a hand on his broidered arm is laid,
 And close by his side sits a ghastly guest :
 With cold blue eyes, and a face of stone,
 It smiles on the lord of the feast alone ;
 And he who ne'er bent at a king's command
 Now shrinks from the touch of a pale small hand.

IV.

“ Ho ! Sound to the moon, as the earthquake sounds !
 Strike merriment forth from your stormy drums !
 What matter who goeth her midnight rounds ?
 What matter what devil or phantom comes ?
 A health to the living, a health to the dead ! ”
 Ha ! look — look — he droppeth his useless head !
 He is struck — and a corse, with a stony stare,
 Is all that is left in the stately chair !
 His courage is fled !
 His spirit is shed !
 He is dead, — dead ! . . .
 And thus was closed the great feast held
 Long ago in the Castle of Dunkeld !

C.





THE MINIATURE.

By the artist.

1

2

3

THE MINIATURE.

TIME hurries on,
Like the fleet courser in his arrowy flight ;
Thus have the swift and joyful moments gone
In rapturous delight :

While I have cast
O'er my full heart a dream of bygone hours—
Visions of bliss that fling around the past
Their sunshine and their flowers.

Yes!—once again
From those dear lips doth memory bear to me
Words whose sweet music falls like summer rain,
All joyously and free.

Winds waft around
Sighs softly murmured—whispers faint and low ;
While the fresh air is rich with every sound
That loving voices know.

Still are my eyes
Full of the scenes where thou wert fond and kind;
The fields, the flowers, the streams, the very skies
Are pictured on my mind :


Making still mine
Smiles rich in gladness as an autumn sky,
Thoughts breathing wisdom full of truths divine,
And meanings pure and high :

Bliss born of youth,
Shedding a beauty on life's golden years,
Stirring its hidden springs of love and truth,
With feelings nursed in tears :

Joys that impart
Deep in the mind a knowledge fair and good,
Gladdening the breast, and feeding the young heart
With wild, delicious food : —

Giving the breath
Language too kind for thoughts of worldly strife,
Filled with an influence as strong as death,
And deep as human life.

How sweetly blest
Musing I sit, entranced in visions rare,
While on my brain undying memories rest,
And leave a gladness there.



Thus as I gaze,
Fancy keeps weaving shadows fresh and bright;
Thus, too, the blissful dreams of other days
Come crowding on my sight.

What fairy spell,
Borne on the breath of the soft atmosphere,
Hither has brought me all I love so well,
And all I hold so dear?

Charm is there none
Save what is sealed within the enamoured breast;
Memory awakens all the past has done,
And Love performs the rest.

He 'tis who flings
O'er our dull lives such deep and priceless worth;
He 'tis who holds beneath his radiant wings
Our Eden upon earth.

Brightest of themes,
Mine is the joyousness your spells impart—
Mine are your blissful thoughts and witching dreams—
The world within the heart!

R. F. WILLIAMS.

LINES

ON A WINDOW THAT HAD BEEN FROZEN.

PELLUCID pane, this morn on thee
My Fancy shaped both tower and tree ;
Slight aid from her sufficed to show
The turret on the mountain's brow,
The sparkling dome, the stately arch,
The forest thick with hardy larch,
The graceful shrub, the waving bough—
Pellucid pane ! where are they now ?
Dissolved — dissolved ! The landscape fair
Imagination pictured there,
That pleasing dream of early day,
Meridian suns have chased away ;
Those lingering drops are even dried
That mourned awhile its vanished pride.

And such is Youth ! What prospects bright
Deceive her inexperienced sight !
Allured by visions finely wove,
The fond enthusiast joys to rove ;

Here loitering through the forest-glade,
For study and for science made ;
And thence emerging, laurel-browed,
To drink the homage of the crowd ;
There up ambition's mount sublime,
With eager foot resolved to climb ;
Or fondly lighting with the dove
On some sweet home of hallowed love ;
Still, still in all her eyes can see
A vista of felicity !
Ay! such is Youth :—and quickly, too,
Her visions melt from human view ;
Like those which on the glass congealed
This morning's dawn beheld revealed—
Like them the pageant disappears
Ere Manhood's noon, dissolved in tears ;
Tears soon dried up—so soon, so well,
That Age forgets they ever fell !

L. A. F

A VISIT TO EMPOÖNGWA ;


OR,

A Peep into Negro-Land.

BY MRS. LEE.

IN February, 18—, I was fifty miles up the river Gaboon, nine minutes north of the line, and lying in a stream fifteen miles broad, bordered on each side by mountains and forests, which extended as far as the eye could distinguish. The vessel in which I had embarked for England was obliged to take in a cargo of red wood and ebony in this river ; and as the lading occupied a period of nine weeks, I had plenty of leisure to become acquainted with the inhabitants of Empoöngwa, for so was the petty kingdom called close to which we had stationed ourselves.

The first morning after my arrival, I was astonished by the firing of the few guns we possessed in an irregular salute, and started up, fearing an engagement with one of the pirates which at that time infested this part of the world ; but it proved to be a salute in honour of the negro chief, "Tom Lawson," who never came



on board without this honour ; and on this occasion his attendants were swiftly rowing him round and round the ship till the ceremony was completed. He then boarded us, dressed in a long brown great coat, white waistcoat, black trowsers, a huge white neckcloth, and an enormous cocked hat. His good-humoured fat face was decorated with his national insignia, namely, his side-locks and whiskers braided so as to form long stiff horns, and tipped with beads, altogether projecting very far beyond his nose. On seeing me, he paused, for I was the first white woman that had ever visited the Gaboon, though trade had been carried on there by white men for many years. Soon recovering himself, Tom Lawson took off his hat, assured me he was most happy to see me, and that I should find him a perfect Englishman, for "he ate with a knife and fork, and was all the same as English." As far as eating was concerned, save in quantity, he certainly rivalled my countrymen ; but when it came to drinking, he resumed his native habits, and to my infinite amusement, at the moment of quaffing his long, deep draught of bottled porter or grog, one of his sons raised the first portable object he could find to hide his father from observation, it being against all rule that his inferiors should witness the action. When he could make up his mind to take the mug from his mouth, which was, when not a drop remained in it, he would frequently catch me peeping at him from the other side, but all his resentment was expressed by a half smile, and shake of the head. He professed a very respectful admiration for me, and,

with the utmost propriety of language and demeanour, would frequently declare himself ready to die in my service.

This chief was heir apparent to the throne, being second brother to the bedridden "King George," and always managed, and, in fact, monopolized, the greater part of the trade, by which means he had become very wealthy, and, although keen in making a bargain, was a very good-natured, well-behaved old man. He readily forgave me for every mischievous prank with which I teased him, and beguiled many an hour of this tedious sojourn, by his apt and intelligent enquiries respecting England.

Although the natives came in throngs to see me, we were mutually curious to know more of each other than the ship afforded opportunities for; I therefore accepted an invitation to pass a few days at the capital, Naängo, and started one morning before sunrise. After a row of about six miles in the ship's gig, we entered a romantic creek, bordered on each side by immense forests. The entrance was partially obstructed by the mangroves, which either rose like myrtle-bushes from the water, or towered into lofty trees, with their dark shining foliage and their long scarlet berries, from which the embryo plant swung in the air with the slightest breeze. Now and then a decayed branch or sapling hung its white withered branches far across the stream, and was covered with small oysters of the most delicious flavour. At every interval between the mangroves, we saw the forest behind; no

jungle grew so near the water, and the straight and mighty trunks, visible to a great distance, and the gloomy stillness of the dark vistas, conveyed the idea of some vast cathedral. Above, however, all was life and splendour: birds of the rarest and brightest plumage flew from tree to tree; parrots screamed and fought on the topmost twigs; flashing insects whirled about in every direction; monkeys scrambled, jumped, and chattered; and, occasionally, a party of solemn pelicans, or storks, lined the banks, to snatch their breakfasts from the stream below,—which was sufficiently clear to shew us that it, too, was full of brilliant inhabitants. Some way up the creek, one of the largest trees had fallen across it, and we were obliged to climb over the trunk, whilst our boat went under; but the inhabitants cared so little for the inconvenience, that it was suffered to lie there till it mouldered out of their way.


The landing-place was at the foot of a hill, and we weremet there by a deputation from the town, dressed in European clothing. They paid me the most respectful attention, and would have carried me on their shoulders, had I not preferred walking. Our path lay through the forest, and every step presented such exquisite novelties, that I could have staid all day to examine them. As we emerged from the shade, at the top of a high hill, I was particularly delighted with a tree, which was covered to a great height with large convulvi of every hue. I can never cease to remember it; for, with my eyes filled with its beauty, I turned

round, and beheld the most hideous and disgusting form which had yet met my gaze, accustomed as I had been to scenes of horror. It was what they called a white negro, with all the features of his race — blue eyes, bright yellow hair, and a pink shrivelled skin. My conductors hurried me past him, saying, he was a slave from the interior. And at the end of a broad street, consisting of neat bamboo houses, they left me at the door of the governor.

This governor was the third brother of the king, and conducted all the home affairs to admiration. Pleased as I had been with Tom Lawson, I was still more so with my host: his deportment was mild — I might almost say gentlemanly; and his kindness to his people, his great hospitality without the least hope of reward, his readiness to yield us information, his desire to amuse us, and his great intelligence, quite delighted me; and, although in the wilds of Africa, with only two or three of my own countrymen near me, I felt as safe as if I had been in one of the streets of London.

An abundance of refreshments had been provided, and as soon as it became cool enough to walk, I was obliged to pay my visit to royalty.

Imbecile in mind, as well as feeble in body, "King George" retained a large share of rapacity; and although he presented me with a beautiful mat, I was obliged to return the compliment three-fold. I was prepared for this, for he had daily sent his head wife to the ship, from which she never returned empty-handed. She wore a fringe of brass bells at the edge



of her petticoat, and never shall I forget the annoyance their jingling produced during a fit of sickness with which I was seized.

Shortening my stay with King George as much as possible, I walked farther into the town, where I was welcomed with enthusiasm: some showered flowers over me; others came to touch my gown; a few, more bold, offered me their hands, and when I had taken them, held them to their companions to be squeezed; several walked backwards before me, looking me fixedly in the face, and when I nodded at them, burst into a laugh, in which I could not refrain from occasionally joining. I went into several of the houses, which were clean and well swept; the interstices between the bamboo poles were filled with dried leaves; the roofs were thatched with palm leaves; the doors were often ornamented with rudely carved and painted figures; the windows had shutters, and the houses themselves were divided into several compartments, one being a common sitting room, and another being a kind of storehouse for vegetables and fruits. The bedsteads were made of bamboo and a fine matting composed of the same material. Several fêtes were given in my honour, and I was obliged to appear at each. In general, a chair was placed for me, covered with a large cloth, and in this imitation of a throne I beheld the dancing, and heard the incessantly repeated song made on the first arrival of white men, in which this wonderful occurrence was compared in value to the leaf of their precious butter-tree.

After a long ramble I returned to the quarters of my good host, and after tea, (with which we had provided ourselves from the vessel,) I was asked to listen to some music. I screwed up my courage to endure all sorts of barbarous sounds, but to my great astonishment a rapid and perfect succession of chords, from a sweet-toned harp, burst upon my ear. I turned to look at the performer, and beheld—the white negro. I was so pleased and surprised at this music, that I soon forgot my disgust at the unsightly performer. His voice was melodious and powerful, as well as his execution, and while playing, he appeared wholly unconscious of the presence of all around. His harp had a well carved figure head, and the strings, amounting to only eight in number, were made from the runners of a tree. I was told, that he had brought it far from the interior, where such instruments are common, and that he was considered a crazy person, but was valued on account of his musical powers.

At length it became time for rest, and I retired to my room, the earthen floor of which was covered, out of compliment to me, with the narrow iron bars used in trade, laid side by side, every step over which caused a clatter fit to alarm the whole town. No sooner had I begun to prepare for bed, than a storm, which had been long threatening, burst over my head with a fury rarely known out of the tropics. I began to suspect that my iron floor was not the safest place to stand on, for the electric matter played about it with beautiful rapidity, and I was therefore going to quit the room,


when I espied a large, old fashioned chair, covered with silk, and probably a relic from some French vessel. Into that I curled myself, and was rejoicing in my shelter, when a new, and to me, much more formidable source of alarm, presented itself. A loud rustling in the thatch told me, that the torrents of rain had dislodged the rats; and down they poured into the room, running to and fro, and scrambling up and down the sides, with the greatest rapidity. The only thing within reach, which had a chance of being useful on such an occasion, was a shoe, and there I sat, ready with my weapon, till I procured some help, and the storm had ceased. I then crept within the bamboo mosquito curtains, but fortunately "slept upon my arms;" for in about half an hour I was awake by a scratching outside my curtains. I guessed the cause, and rising quickly, with my shoe hurled the rogue to the ground. Five times was I disturbed in this manner, and day-light alone restored me to the full possession of my chamber.

It must not be imagined that my presence created universal gladness; for several new slaves from the interior declared I was an evil spirit, and that death must instantly befall them if they looked at me. I was not aware that they had never even seen a white person, and I consequently thought there was some affectation mingled with their alarm. I tried to conciliate them by bribes and coaxing; but my efforts being unsuccessful, I went softly behind one of the girls, and seizing her by the ears, quickly turned her head round close to mine. She gave a fearful shriek, and fainted;

and, being now convinced the terror was real, I was sorry for my trick, especially as the poor thing continued very ill the whole day.

As if in judgment upon me, I underwent nearly the same feelings a few hours after. I was, as I supposed, alone in the sitting room, and crossed to the opposite side to fetch my gloves, when suddenly something sprung on me from behind with a fearful grasp and howl. I expected, at least, to see the open jaws of a lion, and I am not sure that I was less frightened, when I found it was the white negro. The yell which I uttered, soon procured aid, and I was immediately rescued from the maniac's clutches. It seemed, that he had not, owing to his defective sight, seen me perfectly to that moment, and his astonishment made him frantic. He was sent away, and would have been punished, had I not pleaded for his pardon; but he was carefully kept from my view during the rest of my stay at Naängo.

On returning to the vessel, I found a gallant little schooner lying alongside; she was manned by blacks, and the owner and commander was a tall Portuguese mulatto, richly adorned with gold. He remained with us two days, evidently prying into every corner of the ship, and often asking questions of the sailors. Our captain, who was an unsuspecting person, told him his plans and suffered him to depart in his debt. Soon after he left us, the larger portion of the crew went a little way up the country, and entered the creeks with their boats to expedite the arrival of the cargo; and the



next morning, we were surprised by the appearance of several canoes, filled with a new set of men from the neighbouring kingdom of Kaylee. They came on board to trade, they said, but stationed themselves very quietly on the deck. These people are known to eat human flesh; and being curious to see them, I placed myself, with a book, close to the companion door. Their lowering looks and sullen appearance, however, made me desirous to avoid them, but my anxiety was chiefly excited for the safety of a little cousin, who was going to England under my care. Towards the end of the second day I heard a great bustle over my head, and the steward rushed into the cabin, calling for help, "for the Kaylees and Empoöngwas were fighting." The child had slipped away, and in great alarm I flew up the stairs and secured him. I was thus made an unwilling spectator of the scene; the deck was swimming with blood, and blacks and whites were all engaged together; the Kaylees were very active with their long knives, the officers were busy with their swords and pistols, and the men had seized their tools. After a desperate conflict, the Kaylees were overpowered, their wounded were thrown into the canoes, and the unhurt were bound fast together, and lashed to different parts of the ship. Messengers were instantly despatched for the rest of our crew, who returned with a strong reinforcement of Empoöngwas. The Kaylees were then suffered to depart, and close watch was kept night and day, as long as we remained in the river. We afterwards found out, that it had been a plot of the Portuguese

mulatto, Yellow Gaston, as he was called, to take the vessel, in which case we should all have been massacred, and the ship would have been stripped of every thing valuable, and then sunk. Three years before, it appears, this man, with the assistance of the Kaylees, had destroyed an English vessel and her crew, which had been previously thinned and weakened by sickness.

The heat now became so intense, that with a treble and wet awning over my head, I could not go on deck during the day; the storms became more frequent, and every thing announced the near approach of the rainy season. Our men too fell sick, and although we still lingered in the hope of a better cargo, our captain was obliged to prepare for departure. Our first mate, a very able seaman, and an obliging person, died while I was supporting him; a common sailor soon followed him; our carpenter was seized with a deadly fever, and our excellent and active steward took to his bed. All hands were then set to work to repair the mast which had been shivered by lightning. We buried our dead on a fairy-looking island in the river; and a Spanish pirate anchoring near us in the night, we fired our farewell salute to Tom Lawson before dawn, crowded all sail, and with wind and tide in our favour, by mid-day we were far on our way "to catch the south-east trades." On the morrow, being out of sight of land, we were forced to consign our poor carpenter to a watery grave.

THE BOON.

There is a story told somewhere of a European, who unfortunately fell into the hands of one of those African tribes that are made the subject of that infamous traffic, the Slave Trade. Naturally enough, he gave himself up for lost; when, unexpectedly, he was one day set at liberty by a young Negro girl. He used every means in his power to express his gratitude to her, but she refused to accept anything. All she requested was, that if, on his return to his own country, an opportunity should occur of doing a kindness to a Black Man, he would remember her, and do it for her sake. It appeared, that some years before, her father had been carried away into captivity, and she fondly wished to secure him a friend among the White Men.

A. SAY, maiden, say what my gift shall be—

The bright and yellow gold?

B. Base ore we buy, and we sell with thee,

But when was true love sold?

A. Say, maiden, say what my gift shall be—

The diamond's starry gem?

B. Too bright is its gaudy glare for me,

Leave it in the diadem.

A. Say, maiden, say what my gift shall be—

A wreath of blooming flowers?

B. More sweetly far will they bloom for me,

Within their own wild bowers.

Stranger, not these, no, I seek not these—
This only I implore,
If, when in thine home beyond the seas,
The black man seek thy door—

Oh ! chide him not thence with harsh command,
A helpless stranger he ;
But let him find pity at thy hand
For her who pitied thee.

In a winged ship the white men came,
When all asleep we lay ;
They set my childhood's home on flame,
And bore my sire away.

Yet still perchance in their far, far land,
Some maiden there may be,
To unbind for him his captive band,
As I have thine for thee.

And it may be, now unpitied there,
A wanderer he may roam,
Oppressed by want, and by toil and care,
Returning fondly home.

Then if ever a black man ask thy aid,
When thou art rich and free,
Oh ! remember then the little maid,
And the Boon she begged of thee !

F. FORSTER.



THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER;

OR,

The Bravo of Banff.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

CHAPTER I.—THE ROBBER'S THUMB.

WE are about to enter a *terra incognita*. Does any one remember hearing or seeing a little, odd, un-English, un-Scotch monosyllable, spelling itself BANFF? An affirmative answer, we suspect, will only be given by young ladies, or young gentlemen, fresh from their geography,—who may call to mind, if they have particularly good memories, that Banff is the capital town of a county of the same name in Scotland. Farther than this not one in a million of our readers can go. Not a single association is called up by the sound. The “sleeping images of things” in the mind sleep on. It is not a word to conjure with. Try as you may, it will only resolve itself at least into its component letters; and you shall have nothing more for your pains than B, a, n, double f.

This is no less strange than it is true; for Banff, in

addition to its being one of the most beautifully situated towns on the northern coasts of Scotland—which is pretty nearly the same as saying, on the face of the whole earth—is surrounded by all the charms which, like those of women, attract the spoilers of fashion, to desecrate and debase the very temple wherein they worship. Its chalybeate springs resemble, while they surpass, those of Tunbridge Wells; its walks, rides, and drives are unrivalled in the kingdom; the mighty and magnificent sea breaks upon its cliffs, or gambols on its golden sands; and the romantic Deveron plunges into the waste of waters by its side.

Banff, although cheerful and lightsome in its aspect, has yet a solitary look. It seems to stand apart, with a kind of *prudish* decorum, from the rest of the world; and this character attaches even to the inhabitants themselves. They consist in great part of that class which used formerly to be designated by the now obsolete term of “*genteel people*.” Of this portion of the society some are wealthy, and some are small annuitants; but, in a place where the necessaries, and many of the luxuries of life, are singularly cheap, all are independent. The stain of traffic is rarely to be seen in the escutcheon of Banff gentility. The residents have laid down their ledgers and taken to the journals; or they are honourable pensioners on their country; or families of small inherited fortune; or invalids who come to drink at the Hygeian springs, and brighten their pale cheeks with the breezes of the sea.

Owing to the circumscribed nature of the society, the




Banffians are all well-known to each other. Yet, in this instance, familiarity does not breed contempt—but quite the reverse. Their social intercourse is carried on with a certain punctilio, which spreads an air of fashion over the whole community. They are strict inquirers into clans and families, and allow grudgingly his lawful place to Mammon. They are in fact a sort of exclusives in their way; and, in their inter-communication, bear some resemblance to a dress party.

At the time, however, when we take up the history of this community, Banff was frightened from its propriety by a series of daring robberies committed in the town and neighbourhood. The business commenced at Duff House, the elegant seat of Lord Fife; and, whether produced or not by the natural love of imitation which seems to govern mankind in matters of murder and marriage, a succession of similar exploits spread consternation through the district. Some people imagined that a gang of first-rate *cracksmen* had condescended to come all the way from London, the grand emporium of thievery; but no stranger of any distinction in appearance was seen in the neighbourhood, and the suspicion fell to the ground. That the robberies were committed by strangers, there could be no doubt; for it was observed, in some cases, that the best protected part of the house was chosen for attack. Force appeared occasionally to have been used; but in general entrance was effected either by an unfastened window, or some other means that did not involve the necessity of making too much noise. Noise, indeed, was usually heard; but

never till the deed was accomplished. *Then* there was a grating of shoes, a stamping of feet, and a clapping of doors; as if the adventurers, flushed with success, and certain of escape, cared no longer for concealment. Such tokens of defiance, indeed, were the best means that could have been used to cover their retreat; for when the stillness of midnight was broken by sounds like these, the stoutest men sometimes lay quaking in bed, or were seized bodily by their wives, and kept prisoners of peace till all was over.

It was surprising, however, to see how bold the Banffians were in the day-time. Curses both loud and deep were vented against those mysterious bravos, whom no man had as yet seen. The most bloody-minded measures were talked of. Pistols were cleaned, primed, and loaded; swords and dirks sharpened; and one gentleman even proposed the formation of an armed constabulary force, and daily exercise on the Battery Green in all the manœuvres of war. But these belligerent plans were successfully opposed by the half-pay officers, who remarked that regular military operations could be of no use in dark chambers, and narrow staircases; and at length an air of ridicule was thrown on the war party by the conduct of one of their leaders, who, on hearing some suspicious sounds at night, ran from his own solitary room into that of his sisters, exclaiming valiantly, "Haud me, or I'll fecht!"

As yet, we have said, the robbers had never been seen; but at length the fullness of time arrived when they were both seen and felt, and when blood flowed



in the struggle. The circumstance of their choosing the house of Major Lovat for the object of attack proved, if proof were wanting, that they were indeed strangers in the district. The major whose name is well known in the wars of the Peninsula, was a man of unquestioned courage, and withal of a fierce, hot, and sudden temper. He was besides in the commission of the peace, and so active in his justiceship, that to him were owing the detection and punishment of almost all the great crimes that had been committed in the county since the peace. The major did not appear to share in the general excitation at this particular juncture. He could not be persuaded to take any measures of security which he had not been accustomed to; and even his man-servant, Franks, a fine-looking fellow, of well-known bravery—"although an Englishman," as the Banffians said—was not withdrawn from an out-house, where he had slept for some time in consequence of an overflow of visitors, who had now taken leave.

If Major Lovat was not so fierce as usual in manner, he was not less watchful. He lay with the door of his room ajar, and every now and then got up to listen. Sometimes he stood during the stillest part of the night at his chamber window, which commanded the back entrance to the house, and sometimes descended the staircase in his slippers to ascertain that all was right below. These precautions, however, were taken by stealth; and his daughter and the maids murmured as loudly as they durst at his supposed negligence, which they attributed to military pride.

One dark and stormy night — a night that seemed to have been contrived on purpose for the prowling robber — Major Lovat was as usual on the watch. He was confused, however, by the Babel of sublime or dismal sounds ; in which the howling of the wind, the groaning of trees, and the roar of the waves breaking on the Bar,* mingled in a strange wild chorus. To ascertain what portion of the din was within, and what without the house was impossible ; yet he could not divest himself of a sort of superstitious impression, that he had heard *something* which did not belong to the proper noises of the house. He could derive no assistance from his eyes, for the night was pitch-dark ; but as he endeavoured to pierce through the gloom below, while he stood at his window, a multitude of moving forms seemed to throng around the door.

Although aware that these must have been the effects of fancy, he yet determined to descend stealthily, and listen at the door. Wrapped in his night-gown, and armed with a drawn sword, the major groped his way almost to the bottom of the stairs ; and then stopped short, threw back the folds of his gown, raised his sword, and bent forward in the attitude of springing, as he heard suddenly the well-known din which attended the departure of the plunderers. A distant door was shut with a force that shook the house, confused whispers rushed along the corridor, and heavy steps tramped and grated upon the floor. The din approached. Major

* A sand bank at the mouth of the Deveron.

Lovat bitterly regretted that he had not at once sprung forward, secured the back door, and thus made prisoners of the whole party. He knew that in a dark house a child might scare a whole band of robbers; and at any rate, if assistance was necessary, a single shout from the window would awaken his servant Franks. It was now too late however; for a door, communicating with the range of apartments on the opposite side of the hall, flew open, and a human figure treading heavily, as if in wantonness, rushed towards the door.

Major Lovat gained the spot in a single bound; and, aware that in the twofold darkness of the recess the enemy would become invisible, whirled his sword at random round his head. The robber did not enter within its sweep. He turned suddenly aside at the entrance of the recess which formed the porch, and vaulting like a harlequin upon a lofty window-seat, disappeared before the enraged major could strike at him more than a single blow. Whether this blow took effect or not, it was impossible for the present to ascertain. The gallant veteran stepped noiselessly and instantaneously back into the porch; and, grinding his teeth till he foamed at the mouth, waited the approach of the next.

He waited in vain; for the rest of the gang having no doubt heard the clang of the weapon, found another way out. The morning soon after broke, and the kitchen-wench, crawling gapingly to her early avocations, no sooner beheld the spectre-like figure of her

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master guarding the domains with a drawn sword, than she uttered a scream that brought down Miss Lovat and the maids in their night-gear.

After ascertaining—which he did with infinite mortification—that the whole party had escaped, the major proceeded to examine the window, and the circumjacent premises. The folding casement had been dexterously slipped from its hinges, with the fracture of only a single pane; and on the sill our veteran detected, with a growl of satisfaction—blood. This, however, might have been no more than the effects of the broken glass, and it was necessary to inquire into the state of affairs on the outside. On the pavement below the window, a much greater quantity of blood was visible. It did not meander along the stone in a narrow stream, like that which flows from a common cut; but lay here and there in broad and thick splashes. This was proof that an artery had been severed; and the major followed the track like a slot-hound, till it was completely lost in a jungle behind the paling. He was about to call Franks, and beat the bush from end to end, in hopes that the wounded man might have fallen from loss of blood; when a scream from Miss Lovat brought the anxious father to her side.

She was standing beside a pond at a little distance from the path, and gazing with horror and alarm at some minute object on the brink. It was a *man's thumb*. The daring villain, in the midst of the pain and danger of the wound, had had the presence of mind to throw away the severed member, lest at some

future time it might appear as a witness against him, attempting, no doubt, to bury it in the pond, although he missed his purpose in the dark. The major stooped upon his quarry like a hawk; but presently, shaking his head—

“Get in with you, lasses,” said he, “and a truce with your squeeling and skirling, for one morning. This is not the lad to lie down for the loss of a thumb; he is safe by this time I’ll warrant you; and, by my honour, I should not be sorry for it, if we had only his arm or leg here. But a thumb!—a poor indemnification for a night’s watching, and may be as much as a year’s pay in kind. Well, well—‘half a loaf is better than no bread,’ as Franks says;” and the major, not at all so discontented as he appeared, carefully rinsed the thumb in the pond, and carried it triumphantly into the house.

It would not be easy to describe the state of agitation into which the people of Banff were thrown, when the news of this circumstance ran, while it was yet early morning, like wildfire through the town. The thumb was first magnified to a hand—an arm—a leg—a whole body; and then multiplied by fifteen or sixteen, till the inhabitants, flocking to the scene of action, expected to find Major Lovat’s back-court strewed with the slain. Some of the families whose houses stood alone, talked of removing into the town; and many serving lasses actually left their situations, and sought shelter in their parent wynds and closes. Even Franks, Major Lovat’s man, made his appearance in the parlour,

greatcoated, booted, gloved, and evidently prepared for a journey.

"I am come to take leave of your honour," said he, with the abruptness which in an English servant is called insolence.

"The —— you are! — and without warning?"

"You know, Sir, you make it a rule to give me warning at least ten times a day, and that is quite sufficient for my purpose."

"The English of all this is, that you are afraid — I say that you are afraid, you rascal — afraid," spluttered the major, reddening with anger.

"I am neither a rascal nor a coward," replied Franks; "but I would rather take soldier's pay and die by fair fighting, than run a risk every night of being murdered in my bed for ten times the money. I have no notion of it, I assure you. It is not my trade. Till such time as you can contrive to have a proper police in your country, you need not expect an Englishman to live with you." By the time the fellow had finished his harangue, he contrived to be just at the door; for the major was occasionally apt to take the executive department of his justiceship into his own hands. Had the man been less impudent, he would most probably have been bribed to stay, by a handsome addition to his salary; for, being a smart, ready fellow, he had become almost necessary to his master. The only point in his character, indeed, which was at all objectionable, was an over-devotion — if such a thing be possible — to the fair sex. The serving lasses far and near were pulling

caps, or rather *rugging mutches* for him ; and since his arrival an unusual number of accidents had happened both to their reputations and persons.

The major, however, was at this time so much absorbed in the contemplation of his gain, that he had no time to bemoan his loss, or reflect either on the good or bad qualities of Franks. The thumb lay upon a towel on the table before him, and the room during that entire day was crowded by visitors, who had come to inspect it, and inquire into the real history of the capture.


The thumb was not an ill-shaped thumb. It had certainly not been a hard-working thumb ; but on the contrary was fair and smooth, and the nail well shaped, somewhat long, and carefully pared. It was in short, rather a gentlemanly thumb, and only distinguished from other thumbs of the class by the scar of an old wound. When the visitors had all retired—which they took care to do before the shades of evening had fallen, the major wrapped the relic in cotton, impregnated with brandy, spices, and perfumes ; and, in spite of Miss Lovat's entreaties, placed it on the mantel-piece, as a trophy and an ornament. From hence it was taken for many a day after to be shown, again and again, to the admiring visitors ; and for some time the all-absorbing topic of conversation, both in this house and in the town of Banff, was the Robber's Thumb.

CHAPTER II.—THE BRIDGE OF ALVA.

The exploit of Major Lovat, detailed in the preceding chapter, seemed to have turned, or at least stopped, the fortune of the war. When the agitation of the public mind began to subside, and the Banffians were no longer haunted by the daily reality and nightly vision of the Thumb, they discovered, with renewed wonder, that since the capture of that important member, not a single robbery had been committed in the neighbourhood. This proved, that the thumb had been the personal property of the chief of the banditti; and the inhabitants, sure of at least a respite, gradually returned to their usual habits and feelings.

It was with something like shame, indeed, that the fashion of Banff reflected on the republican freedoms, and revolutionary intimacies, they had been led in a moment of common danger into sanctioning, and on the consequent disorders that had well nigh overturned the whole fabric of genteel society; and they immediately began, as if by preconcerted agreement, to retreat behind the circumvallations of their punctilios, ceremonies, and decorums.

Only one arrival, they found, had been placed on the list during the anarchy; and the usual steps were of course taken to ascertain who and what the stranger was, whence he had come, and what were his family, quality, estate, profession, fortune, name. To not one



of these inquiries could any answer be obtained. The stranger still resided at the Royal Oak inn, where he was only known as Number 9. He was a man rather under than over thirty—tall—well-looking—pale, as if from recent illness—and his left arm was in a sling, the hand bound with a black silk handkerchief. He did not seek acquaintances; he did not attend the coffee-room; he did not go to church; he did not bathe; he did not drink the waters. What then had he come here for?

All this was very perplexing—not to say suspicious. Consultations were repeatedly held as to the grade of society in which he ought to be placed; but no decision could be come to. He was a gentleman, no doubt, in manner and mode of living; but where were his credentials? Was it gentleman-like to come to such a place as Banff without a single introduction, or without at least announcing his name, and demanding the respect to which he was entitled by his wealth and quality? In vain Mr. Cooper, who was at that time a sort of master of the ceremonies, endeavoured to inveigle him into conversation and disclosure: he took nothing by his motion. The stranger's reserve was at length felt as a public insult, and one dowager, who shall be nameless, even declared at Major Lovat's house, that he ought be called to account by the gentlemen.

"I tell ye what, leddies," said Mr. Thom, a retired merchant—"My private opinion is, that the best way to unfauld the mystery would be to unfauld the chiel's hand. I would like to ken what he has got—or

rather *what he has not got under yon black dud!*" — and Mr. Thom turned a significant look towards the mantel-piece whereon reposed the robber's thumb.

This strange hint sent a kind of thrill through the company, and was followed by a profound silence which lasted for upwards of a minute. The idea, however, was too sudden and too extravagant to be entertained for more than a minute; and at length, as if ashamed of the injustice they had committed in their thoughts, some of the gentlemen began to banter Mr. Thom on his sagacity, declaring that he ought himself to have the slaying of the giant, and to assume from that moment the honourable name of *Tom Thumb!*

"Aweel, aweel," replied Mr. Thom, looking rather grave than angry — "*Never heed — we'll see!*"

The young ladies in the mean time, who form every where a separate power within the state, were not less busy in discussing the same subject. At first they were unanimous in the stranger's favour. He was so handsome, so tall, so pale, so melancholy! But as every day he continued to pass them by without so much as bestowing a glance on their beauty, it was only natural that they should detect some flaws in the picture. Not satisfied, however, with charging him simply with bad taste, which they might justly have done, they went a step further than perhaps they were entitled to do, even by the law of presumptive evidence. He arrived, said they, a day or two after Major Lovat's exploit — pale and faint, as if from loss of blood, and with his hand concealed by a bandage. But moreover, on enquiring

in the traveller's room what was the cause of the hurry and agitation in the street, when he was answered, that "the folks were in pursuit of a man who had gotten his thumb cut off," he rose up in evident trepidation and retired to his own apartment! The last mentioned fact was indeed remarkable, and had been repeated at the time by witnesses who never dreamed of the conclusion that might be drawn from such premises.

"And now, Mirron," said Miss Thom, the daughter of the wealthy ex-merchant, "put all thae points together, and see what ye'll make of them?" The lady addressed was Miss Marian Lovat, only child of our friend the Major, and ostensible head of the very small minority of spinsters still in favour of the stranger. She was about nineteen years of age, and the reigning beauty of Banff, but was thought to be somewhat *odd* in her tastes and temper. The fiery particles in her father's composition burned in the daughter's, but with a lambent flame rather than a red heat; and his rude soldier-like generosity was in her a high and holy enthusiasm which is quite incomprehensible to common souls. Marian, in short, was *romantic* in the finest sense of the word, which conveys the idea of something opposite to *worldly-minded*. The effect produced by the late occurrences on sensibilities like hers, had been exciting in the highest degree; and now, when she was called upon to feel, in a case somehow or other connected with the former, she abandoned herself to the instincts of her heart with a dangerous eagerness. We do not mean to say, that our youthful heroine was in-

sensible to the manly beauty of the stranger. On the contrary, like all the really good and pure, she was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty whether physical or moral. The sourest Cameronian that ever sung the Psalms of David, with his bible kept open on his knee by his naked sword, would have preferred for his temple of worship some sweet and blooming valley to the naked rock or howling waste. Ugliness should be tolerated from pity, but beauty admired from the instinct which is the bond of union between the soul of man and its Creator.

If Marian, however, had admired the stranger under different circumstances, she would have admired him like a fine picture or a magnificent landscape. As it was, her *heart* was brought into play as well as her taste. Her generosity was appealed to; her pity awakened; and at last, when the jeers of her companions had taught her to suspect even her holiest feelings, it was with rising colour and unsteady step she passed by in the street the silent object of her speculations.

“What do I make of them?” said she, in reply to Miss Thom’s question — “Coincidences — nothing more. We are altogether unacquainted with the stranger’s history, and therefore unable to reason on his looks. As for his hand, it may either have been hurt in a duel or by accident; and in a few days, when the wound gets well, and the bandage is removed, you will blush for your uncharitableness.”

“He is a *robber*, I tell ye,” said Miss Thom, vio-

lently — “ He is *the* robber ; and his thoom lies at this moment on your father’s brace ! Take care, Mirron Lovat, take care of what you are about ! More than me noticed your colour come and go yesterday, as you passed him in the street ; and what is still waur, more than me noticed that after ye gaed by he stood stock still — for the first time that he has given one of us a glance — and glowred after ye as if ye had been a speerit ! Remember, Mirron Lovat — remember lass — this is no *Venice* ! ” Few of the young ladies could refrain from tittering at the allusion with which the outspoken Miss Thom concluded her oration. They had all been reading Lewis’s popular romance ; and they whispered one to the other in a tone not inaudible to our heroine — the BRAVO’S BRIDE ! Marian was unable to restrain either her tears or her temper. The reply wrung from her vexed spirit may be given in such matter of fact pages as ours, but would have wholly unfitted her for a heroineship of romance.

“ You vulgar — low-minded — ignorant — impudent *cutties* ! ” was her exclamation, broken by sobs, as she turned indignantly away, and walked home alone to her father’s house.

The feuds of young ladies, it is to be presumed, are not usually of long duration ; for we have it on record that Miss Thom and some of her party, on the next day but one, walked arm in arm with Marian Lovat to the bridge of Alva.

It will scarcely be possible to convey to the Southron reader any adequate idea of this magnificent

spot. When he learns that it forms part of the *pleasure-grounds* of Lord Fife, his imagination, busy with the quiet loveliness of his parks at home, or their grotesque attempts at the natural sublime, will be unable to take hold of the scene which we would fain present to it. The bridge, of a high arch, reminds one, as Sir Thomas Dick Lauder justly observes, "more of a Roman work than any thing of modern times." It is thrown over the Deveron at a place which more nearly resembles a Swiss or Tyrolese valley, than the entrance to a nobleman's *polities*. The far-travelled river has wandered for some time through an open and comparatively level country; and even when it suddenly enters the narrow chasm of precipitous cliffs, crowned with funereal pines, it plunges with a sullen dignity into the abyss, its contortions visible only in noiseless whirls, or in flashes of foam that rise through the dark waters no higher than the surface — like feelings bursting from some tortured bosom even to the lip, and there choked by pride. The grey-headed jack-daw, and the hermit raven, celebrate the consummation with hoarse cries; and the heron dips his wing in the flood, as he sweeps across to roost among the firs of Mount Coffier. Sullen, yet swift, and heaving with "inarticulate throes," the Deveron flings itself headlong beneath the arch, and emerges into a wide basin, black, deep, and gloomy, tracked with white flakes that show the sweep of the channel, and surrounded by precipices crowned with groves.

This is the spot sacred to the Banffian Cupid. Half hidden among these rocks and woods are the walks of





THE MOUTH OF ALVA

W. H. WOOD

ften, in the gloaming, you may see a whisper-
 stealing slowly and lingeringly through the
 A manly arm is pressed fondly but gently, as
 k, round a maiden waist, and a blooming,
 cheek is bent sidelong towards the taller
 that not one breath of the murmured tale may
 Now they hesitate; they pause—not simul-
 ly, but one compelled by a tender beseeching
 Her head hangs down. The whisper is re-
 more energetically in itself, yet melting more
 in her ear, till the spell of love is complete. Then
 hands are clasped, and their faces raised to
 2. Do you recognize them now? Name them
 you do—O never name them, even to your own
 Consider them but as abstractions of the best
 rightest and holiest things in our nature. They
 images—pictures—dreams—prophecies, or mes-
 sages. All you must know of them personally is, that
 are a youth and a maid, and that

‘They both are young, and one is beautiful!’

here is a turretted seat among the craigs of Alva,
 re many of these votaries have carved their initials,
 pair enclosed within a mutual heart. “The last
 I was there,” writes a friend who is well ac-
 nted with the place and the people, “I perused
 e memorials with a melancholy interest. Some of
 love-pilgrims of Alva are dead, some far away in
 ign lands, some married to strangers; but not in
 instance have their names been united otherwise



than by the rude sculptured heart that encloses their initials."

On the lofty bridge of Alva, which overlooks the region we have attempted to describe, stood Marian Lovat and her friends. Both the beauty and sublimity of the place are essentially of a melancholy character; and it is no wonder that their imagination, steeped in the mysteries of the time, should have conjured up only the darker associations that haunt the glen. They talked of an unhappy girl named Eppie Imlach, whose fate still draws tears from the women and curses from the men. It is one of those revolting stories—of seduction, followed by brutal murder—which sicken while they sadden; and the voices of the young ladies sunk into a whisper as they dwelt on the tragedy.

"Gude be about us!" cried Miss Thom, suddenly. "It was here, on this very spot where I now stand, that the fiend Morrison waited for the trysted coming of his victim! Eh! what's that?"—and with a scream, repeated unconsciously by her companions, she darted along the bridge. When the terrified girls turned round to look for the cause of terror, they saw standing behind them—the mysterious stranger; and, partly in shame, partly in fear, partly in affectation, they sprang after their friend—all except Marian.

"I fear I have alarmed you, madam," said the stranger, touching his hat—"although I scarcely know how."

"It was *we* rather," replied Marian, attempting to

smile while she blushed with shame and vexation. "who must have alarmed *you*. The truth is, we were talking of a deed of horror of which this spot is the scene—and *you* appeared the moment we had named the murderer." The stranger turned pale—he staggered, as if about to faint, and leant against the parapet.

"You are ill!" said Marian.

"It is nothing—I am now better—I am now well. And has murder, indeed, been here? This is a strange country! Every tree has its legend—every rock its story. You are never at rest either in good or evil. Every face I meet beams either with love or scorn."

"Why, I thought you had been—" but Marian stopped and blushed. She was about to forget that he was a stranger!

"I am from the south," said he, without appearing to notice her embarrassment, "and never was in Scotland before. Do you not observe it in my accent?"

"There are now so many of our Scottish youths," replied Marian, "educated in England, that the test has become difficult." They had by this time walked on, as if unconsciously, side by side, in the direction of the town, and found themselves winding among the romantic walks by the river side. They were both silent for some time, Marian in a flutter between pleasure and embarrassment, and the stranger apparently absorbed in thought.

"Look there!" he exclaimed suddenly, while the fine

melancholy of his face was brightened by enthusiasm, "What a spot for a robber's den! Have you a taste for robbery?" A taste for robbery! Marian started; but the next moment, as if ashamed of her folly, constrained herself to reply.

"We have robber-stories too. Are you aware that we are approaching the town where the famous Macpherson was executed about a century ago?"

"I was not. O do not let us approach nearer yet, for before entering we must separate. Pray sit down on this bank, and tell me the story of Macpherson." Marian, knowing little of the world, did not feel that there was any absolute impropriety in complying; but before she had made up her mind, her hand was taken by the stranger, and she found herself seated beside him on the bank.

"I have little to tell," said she, determining at all events not to sit long. "Macpherson, who had for some time been the terror of the country side, was at length taken by an ancestor of the present Lord Fife, and lodged in the prison of Banff.* He had not only a 'taste for robbing,' it seems, but a taste for music, and amused his prison-hours by composing his own dead march. He played the piece on his way to execution, and on arriving at the gallows-tree, held up his favorite violin, and offered it to any one who dared accept of the outlaw's gift. Not a hand was stretched forth, but all shrunk back. With a swelling heart he

* The two-handed sword of this noted robber is still preserved at Banff House.

broke the instrument on his knee ; and in another moment Macpherson was no more."

"Go on—go on," said the stranger breathlessly.

"I have done," replied Marian, blushing, and half-rising, for she saw that his eyes were rivetted on her face with an expression of devout admiration.

"One moment!" continued he—"Has the march been preserved?"

"I do not know. A ballad was soon after published, and sung to the music. The ballad was altered by Burns, and is given in his works with the title of 'Macpherson's Farewell.'"

"Will you repeat the words?—and then, a thousand thanks—and *my* farewell."

Marian sung the ballad, and when it was concluded, she rose hastily, for she saw with surprise that the shadows of twilight were beginning to fall.

"Are you afraid!" demanded the stranger—"Do you fancy *me* to be a robber?"

"How can I tell?" replied she archly, as she slackened her pace, in expectation that he was about to clear the mystery that enveloped him. He seemed to feel this. Was he as ignorant then, as she had hitherto believed, of the suspicions to which he was subjected? His face she fancied grew paler, and he sunk into melancholy abstraction. She at length broke silence as they reached Colley-road, which led to Major Lovat's house.

"I would not have you think worse of me," said he, "than—than—" and he paused so long, and in such

evident agitation, that Marian at last, to break through the awkwardness, was constrained to say —

“ I seek not to know your secrets, Sir,—good evening.” As she turned away, however, he seized her suddenly by the hand, and repeated in a deep but clear whisper the words of the ballad —

“ Maiden, a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die —
The fiend whose lanthorn lights the mead,
Were fitter mate than I !”

and pressing her hand convulsively, disappeared in an instant.

CHAPTER III.—AGITATION.

“ Yet sang she Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen !”

“ How do you like the air, Janet ?” asked Marian Lovat, when she had finished the burthen. The two companions were sitting alone, and Miss Thom had been gazing for some time past, with surprise and uneasiness, in the other's face.

“ How do I like the air, Mirron ?” said she. “ The air is well enough—but why do ye sing so loud, and look so wild, and speer at me with a suddenness that is enough to make a body jump ! Ye are no weel Mirron:—there's a flush on your cheek, and a glare in your eye, and I misdoubt me, fever in your blood and in

your brain! Ye have no been weel ever since that weary walk to the brig of Alva; but ye were aye so stout that ye'll no acknowledge that ye got a fright at the sudden apparition of the stranger, and the skreigh we gave when we saw him, that has settled on your speerits. Go to your bed, lassie, and first pray, and then sleep, and ye'll be weel the morn. Go to your bed," added Miss Thom, while the tears came into her eyes—"and I'll never vex you again, Mirron, and never argue and flyte with you so long as I live, and never—never—never more call you the Bravo's Bride!" Marian attempted to laugh; but the next moment she rose suddenly, and throwing her arms round her friend's neck, hid her face in her bosom, and burst into tears. Miss Thom wept for company; but in spite of the promise she had just made, *flyted* all the while.

"Hoot!" said she, "What for are ye greeting? It's naething but mysteries—Get up, ye tawpie! I declare I thought ye had more sense!"

"It is only weakness," said Marian, faintly.

"That is just what is astonishing to me! I never saw you greet before, except when your mother was called hame."

"I will do what you advise, dear Janet; I'll go to bed, and try to pray, and—"

"Try to pray! Goodness be about us! Heard ever anybody the like of that?"

"I will pray," said Marian faintly—"and I'll try to calm my spirits—and *perhaps*" (with a deep sigh) "I shall be well in the morning."

This little scene took place many days after Marian's first interview with the stranger. The second meeting had been quite as accidental as the first, the third less so, the fourth—but why explain what everybody understands? Who cannot picture to themselves the short, easy, and natural stages of such an intercourse?—and yet there were some points in it far from common. Marian felt that she loved, and was beloved—yet no word of warning—no hinted hope had ever passed the stranger's lips! There was between them—in all things but one—the confidence of love. Their eyes conversed; their souls mingled; their very air, and gestures—the slightest working of the features, were as the words and signs of an intelligible language.

There was an enthusiasm in the stranger's character, which it would have been difficult for a girl like Marian to resist; but there was also a certain something in his air which, while it invited familiarity, brooked no intrusion. He seemed to be naturally frank and open; but the circle of his confidence was limited and impassable, and an inquiry which even pointed beyond either roused him to fierceness, or plunged him into the deepest melancholy. He abhorred the past; he dreaded the future; he lived only for the present. His thoughts, although not habitually gloomy, were familiar with murder, and he seemed, in his own language, to have "a taste for robbery."

But on the other hand, his information was so extensive, and his sentiments so noble and generous, and so deeply tinged with those golden hues of romance which

were the prevailing colour of her own character, that Marian, when walking by his side was often haunted by the beautiful melody—


If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet ;
Whatever in faucy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music is most sweet,
Shall be our's, if thou wilt be mine, love !

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream,
In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love !

But, in the meantime, the suspicions that had so oddly attached to the stranger from his very first appearance at Banff, gained ground daily. A thousand little circumstances appeared, which although individually trifling, formed in their union, a body of at least presumptive evidence. Mr. Thom, who was the zealous agent of the secret trial that was going on, at length bethought himself of the serving lasses, who had left their situations at the time of Major Lovat's conflict with the robber. These, who were in number three, had all left the town immediately after ; but one had lately returned in bad health—and Mr. Thom, who was in the commission of the peace, as well as his friend the major, did not hesitate to arrest her on suspicion. The poor girl was so much terrified, that she fainted on being introduced to the magistrate. Her evidence, however, was important, inasmuch as she confessed having *seen* one of the robbers one night that her mas-

ter's house was stripped of a quantity of plate, and her description of his person tallied so completely with that of the *stranger*, even to the minutest particulars of dress, that there was no longer any doubt. The only extraordinary thing was that the man should have remained so long in the scene of his exploits; but this species of infatuation is frequently observed even among experienced and hardened villains. The warrant for his arrest was actually prepared; but before serving it, Mr. Thom, with Scottish caution, sent out the witness, under charge of one of the officers, to take a view of the party, as if accidentally. The result was, that she "thought he was the man, but couldna and wouldna swear till him." On being asked why she had never before avowed having seen the robber, her reply was, that she had been advised by a friend to conceal it, as she might otherwise get herself into trouble. Who was this friend? With some hesitation (accounted for by a flirtation that had been between them) she named Mr. Franks, Major Lovat's servant. The warrant was of course cancelled.

We may imagine what were the feelings of Marian when, day after day, this interesting and tormenting subject was canvassed before her. Frequently she repaired to the romantic walks round Duff House, where the stranger passed the greater part of the day, for the very purpose of warning him of the degrading rumours that filled the town. But on these occasions, as the word rose to her lip, her heart seemed to die within her, and she remained mute. She dreaded to



ask herself, whether it was owing to a fear of wounding his noble spirit, or to a worse and more terrible apprehension, that her silence was owing.

Miss Thom's visit had been paid for the express purpose of carrying her the news of the warrant being issued for the stranger's apprehension; she having run out in the midst of the proceedings, with the natural love of young ladies for disseminating information. Marian, however, was evidently unwell; and Miss Thom judiciously resolved to avoid exciting her by any tale of the kind; but unfortunately, she delivered it by way of some indemnification, to one of the maids, as she passed through the hall; and the latter ran at once to her mistress to relieve herself of the burthen. Marian neither screamed nor fainted: she said that she felt better, and, instead of going to bed, that she should take a walk. She threw on her shawl and bonnet; walked leisurely along the road till she was out of sight of the house; and then flew with the speed of the wind towards the Craigs of Alva.

The stranger was gazing over the parapet of the bridge, when she stood by his side with the suddenness of an apparition.

"Good Heaven! what is the matter?" he exclaimed with a start—"you are flushed—panting!"—

"Think not of me!" said Marian, "I come to talk of you. There is no time for ceremony. I have only to ask you—without preface—without comment—are you aware that there is a warrant for your apprehension in town?" The stranger stood thunder-struck for an

instant, and grew deadly pale; but immediately recovering his composure, he said in a low, calm tone—

“Let them come then—I shall not be taken alive!”

“Man—tell me what you fear!” said Marian, grasping him by the arm, and fixing her eyes wildly and even fiercely on his face.

“The gallows.”

“I will not believe it!” she shrieked—“It is impossible that you can be—”

“But I am!—all you fear and worse than you fancy—guilty—miserable—lost!” She fell senseless at his feet.

When she recovered from her trance, he was hanging over her distractedly, and her awakening ear was filled with exclamations that could only have burst from a heart full of love and despair.

“Was it a dream?” said she, opening her eyes—

“Oh, say that it was a dream!”

“Dream for one day longer,” replied he, raising her, and suddenly assuming a cold, stern, and even haughty demeanor—“Your information was premature; at the worst it was but prophetic, and I have yet time to prepare. Adieu for the present.”

Even this interview, strange to say, did not throw any light on Marian's perplexity—if we should not rather say, that she continued wilfully to shut her eyes. That some calamity had befallen him, the effect of youthful indiscretion, which his own sensibility, and perhaps even the letter of the law magnified to a crime, she had long suspected: and hence arose what she was determined to believe the equivocal of the scene. His

manner at parting more especially, she thought, had been full of a sullen dignity, which a pitiful, skulking robber—a nightly thief—could not have assumed, were it to save his ignoble neck. At any rate she was of opinion—somewhat late indeed—that it was now full time to ascertain his real character; and she solemnly resolved that if, after the lapse of another day, he did not redeem his implied pledge by revealing himself, she would never more return to the bonnie banks of the Deveron and the Craigs of Alva.

When she reached home, however, it was not without consternation that she found that the warrant had been actually filled up, but afterwards destroyed. Was it still possible to imagine, that there had been any equivoque in their conversation? Did it not appear, only too plainly, that the stranger was completely aware of the proceedings that were going on against him? Could his knowledge of her mistake have proceeded from anything, but a secret league and understanding with the witness, on whose simple word his liberty and perhaps his life depended?

The next morning, being called into town on some family matters, she learnt that the mail had arrived unusually soon, and she therefore waited a few minutes to inquire for letters. Among the despatches was a newspaper; which as soon as she got into the cross-road that served as an avenue to her father's house, she unfolded and began to read. Her thoughts however were absent, and ever and anon she raised her head to look in the direction of the main road which

led towards their favourite walk. Soon her heart beat, and her cheeks grew pale, for she saw the stranger. She lingered a while to observe whether he meant to approach her ; but he was walking rapidly in the direction of the town. The next moment, however, he appeared to change his intention, and came bounding towards her.

“ Can it be,” he said, “ that the mail has already arrived ?”

“ Yes, this is a paper of to-day.” He snatched it out of her hands, and turned it over with tremulous eagerness. His face was flushed, and covered with perspiration ; his hand shook, and his knees seemed to bend beneath him. But the next moment the colour faded from his cheeks ; the moisture stood in large drops upon his brow, like beads of ice on white marble ; and his eyes, fixed with an expression of horror upon the paper, appeared to be rivetted there by a spell. Marian approached, till she was close beside him, and took the paper out of his hand without uttering a word ; having first distinctly observed (as she thought) the paragraph which produced his extraordinary emotion.

“ Miss Lovat,” said the stranger, solemnly, “ *you must dream no more !*” He gazed for a moment mournfully on her face ; and then sinking upon his knee, took her hand, and pressed it to his lips. Marian was at once surprised and affected. She did not withdraw her hand, and the stranger seemed to want resolution to give it up. But the struggle was at length over ; a

few scalding tears mingled with his long last kiss; and, rising hastily, he withdrew, and was soon out of sight.

Mraian, at that moment, and on that spot, could not trust herself to read the fateful paragraph; but, keeping her finger still pressed convulsively on the place, hurried home, and locked herself in her own room. On unfolding the newspaper, the paragraph, when at length read, ran as follows:

“Reward of five hundred pounds. Whereas the gang of housebreakers, names unknown, who committed in Warwickshire, two years ago, the offences specified below, and who were supposed to have gone to America, are now ascertained to be lurking in the north of Scotland. It is believed that they can be identified with the Banff robbers of August last. Their leader is now a man of about thirty years of age, tall, handsome, and genteel looking. One of his hands is always concealed either by a glove or a black silk handkerchief, and there is the scar of an old wound on one of his thumbs. A reward of five hundred pounds is hereby offered,” &c. &c.

Marian was seen soon after, by one of the servants, examining minutely the robber's thumb, which still retained its place upon the mantel-piece; and the circumstance excited observation from its being known that, so far from touching it, she had hitherto covered her eyes with her hands whenever it was produced. When the servant re-entered the room she found her mistress lying senseless on the carpet. The family,

it may be supposed, was greatly alarmed ; but when Marian awoke from her fit, as it was termed, she seemed to have suffered so little injury, that the preparations were not interrupted for entertaining that evening a large party.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DISCLOSURE.

The hour of feasting came, the house was lighted up, and all was brilliance, merriment, and confusion. Some of the guests, who had come from a distance, were to remain all night ; and the tramp of horses and running of carriage-wheels, as they arrived, with calling voices, and lights wandering from room to room, and flitting among the out-offices, gave a character of animation to the scene such as had rarely been witnessed at Banff. Marian never looked so beautiful as on that night ; but the flush on her cheek was so high, and the brilliance of her eye so dazzling, that the gazers were struck with a kind of wonder distinct from admiration. She was gay to extravagance ; and laughed and talked without ceasing ; but once was observed to pause in the midst, and press her hand upon her brow with a wild and terrified look.

“ Did I no tell ye, Marian,” said Miss Thom, looking fondly and delightedly on her lovely face—“ did I no tell ye, that ye would be weel the morn ?”

“ Yes — yes,” replied Marian, hurriedly — “ I remember— but let us laugh now. Where is the use of

looking as if a rope—hush! hush!—let us be merry!” and she laughed so wildly that some of the company turned round to look at her in surprise.

“Mirron, dear,” said Miss Thom, with an alarmed look, as she put her arm round her neck—“Come here, I want to speak to ye. Ye are no weel yet! Try and compose yourself; go to your bed; and greet, Mirron, greet if ye like—but dinna laugh again!” Marian, however, sprung from her side to join the dancers, who had now formed their sets. But Miss Thom, after whispering with some of the elder guests, ordered the music to cease; and Major Lovat, putting his arm round his daughter’s waist, led her out of the room. Marian yielded without a word. Her head drooped upon her bosom; the flush faded from her cheek; the light died in her eye; and, when she turned round at the door, in obedience to a whisper from her father, to curtsy a general good night, she was as wan, and still, and ghastly as a corpse. The guests departed immediately after; the lights were extinguished; and the house of feasting sunk into silence and darkness.


Major Lovat did not undress that night. He was uneasy about his daughter; and stole on tiptoe to her room door, every now and then, to listen. In one of these excursions he was surprised, in the midst of the profound stillness of the hour, to hear a distant footfall. The sound came apparently from a closet where the plate was kept. It was repeated; the door of the closet he saw, by a passing glimpse of the moon, was open; and the old soldier forgetting every-

thing but victory and vengeance, shouted, "Thieves! Thieves!" in a voice of thunder, and sprung forward like a tiger.

The cry of her father fell upon Marian's self-conscious ear; and, springing from her bed, she rushed out into the passage, and flew like lightning after him. At the moment a figure darted from the plate-closet, and, eluding Major Lovat, vaulted through an open window and disappeared.

"The stranger!" screamed Marian—"the stranger! the stranger!" and fell all her length upon the floor.

Mr. Thom's plans were not absolutely ripe; and even after seeing the advertisement in the newspaper, he contented himself with setting a watch upon the motions of his future prisoner. After this daring attempt, however, which explained the cause of the infatuated man's lingering so long in scenes where he must have known that every step was dangerous to his life, it was impossible to hesitate. At any rate, although Major Lovat had seen the robber too suddenly and too indistinctly to be able to recognize him, his daughter, who had at once identified him with the stranger, would in all probability, by the time his trial came on, be well enough to give her testimony. This, in fact, was the grand link that was wanting in the evidence, and, together with the vast body of presumptive proof, could not fail to lead to conviction. The stranger, who appeared to have considered himself secure from detection by the darkness of the preceding night, was accordingly arrested, as he sat at breakfast in the inn,



quietly reading the newspaper, which had just arrived by the mail.

It is impossible to describe the excitement which prevailed in the town of Banff as soon as this decisive step became public. Business was totally suspended; hurrying groups were seen flocking from all quarters through the streets; and by the hour of cause, the house of Major Lovat, where the prisoner was to be examined previous to committal, was surrounded by a dense crowd of men, women, and children. The local magistrates, and the principal gentry of Banff, ladies as well as gentlemen, were assembled in the dining-hall; when a storm of mingled hooting, yells, groans, and cheers from the populace without, proclaimed the arrival of the hero of the scene, handcuffed and strongly escorted.

From the instant he had been arrested, a very curious change had taken place in the demeanour of this remarkable person. Instead of the grave, melancholy, anxious expression his features had worn before, they were now lighted up by a feeling that might have been taken, by an observer ignorant of the circumstances, for joy. His step was elastic, his eye bright and steady, and his bearing bold and free.

"He will dee hard, yon chap!" remarked some of the crowd, as he passed through them.

"Ay, ay, he's game till the back bone!" replied another.

"He's a brave fellow and a bonnie," said the women,—"and shame fa' the loon wha would crow over a

fallen fae! Skreigh, cummers, for the bauld and bonnie! Hurra!" and as he entered the house, the noises of disapprobation were drowned in cheers.


The prisoner's handcuffs were taken off; he was placed standing at the bottom of the table, in front of the magistrate; and the business commenced. We do not, however, pretend to give it in detail, or in proper order; being only anxious to state what was elicited in the course of the examination, which embraced a variety of charges.

The advertisement was read, and the description found to tally with the appearance of the prisoner.

Miss Lovat's maid stated that she had found a copy of the advertisement (now produced), which appeared to have been cut out of a newspaper in her mistress's room; and that she had gathered from what Miss Lovat, who was now ill of a fever, said at the time, that the stranger had been deeply agitated when he saw it. Here the prisoner appeared to lose his self-possession for a moment, and grew exceedingly pale.

The landlord of the inn declared that the prisoner had paid his bill yesterday up to the present moment, informing him that it was exceedingly probable he should leave Banff early in the morning. He had been out the whole night, and did not return till day-break.

The persons employed by Mr. Thom to watch the stranger's motions, stated, that they had seen him prowling about Major Lovat's house the greater part of the night. They lost sight of him, however, about the time of the attempt at robbery, having followed to some



distance another person, whom they at last discovered was not their man.

Mr. Thom's female witness said that the prisoner resembled in a remarkable manner the robber she had seen in her master's house; but that, owing to the state of alarm she was in at the time, she had not observed him with sufficient distinctness to be able altogether to swear to his identity.

Major Lovat stated, that he does not see very well without the aid of an eye-glass; but that his impression, of figure, height, and general appearance, was, that the prisoner and the man who had attempted to rob his house the night before were the same individual. His daughter, who laboured under no weakness of eyesight, had identified them at once—(Here the prisoner started, uttered some angry exclamation, and grew alternately red and pale). She was at present too unwell to bear the excitation of questioning on such a subject, but he hoped she would be able to give her evidence on oath at the trial to which he had now no doubt they would send the prisoner.

Major Lovat then described the conflict he had had some time ago with a robber; declared his conviction that that individual was the same whom he had seen last night, and whom he now saw before them; and finally produced the dead thumb.

A rush took place at this moment among the audience, who seemed to feel the most intense curiosity to see the prisoner. He appeared to be petrified with amazement at the sight of the thumb, which, the reader

is aware, the robber had sunk, as he imagined, in the pond.

“Does the chiel no ken his ain thoom?” remarked some one in the crowd, and a slight titter ran through the room; but this indecency was instantly repressed by the magistrate. The black silk handkerchief was then unwrapped from the prisoner’s hand; and, as every one present expected, it was found to be minns the thumb!

At this close of the accusation there was a silence for some minutes in the hall, which partook of the character of awe. Even Mr. Thom, now that his favorite object appeared to be accomplished, was struck with a kind of remorse; and his daughter, and many of the ladies—especially those who had been most violent against the stranger—were so overcome by their feelings that they sobbed aloud.

In the midst of the stillness of the moment, the audience were electrified by the sound of singing in the next room; and Major Lovat got up in agitation from his seat as he recognized his daughter’s voice. The strain rose shriller and shriller—

“Yet sang she Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I wish I was with Edmund there,
To reign his queen of May—”

and Marian Lovat, with dishevelled hair, and phrenzied eye, rushed, like another Ophelia, into the hall.

“Have you slain him?” she shrieked, as the sight of the crowd and the array of justice touched the jarring

chords of memory—"Monsters, have you murdered him? He is innocent—he is innocent!—" and at the moment getting a glimpse of the stranger, she sprung forward with a wild scream, and threw herself into his arms, and hid her face in his bosom.

"Look up!" cried he, "my love—my life—my Marian! With an angel's lips you speak the truth of an angel. *I am innocent! I am innocent!*—and the powers of hell shall not prevail against me!"

While this extraordinary scene was going on, Major Lovat stood rooted to the spot by shame, rage, and wonder.

"Remove *the woman!*" he at last shouted in a voice of thunder; and Marian, whose senses appeared to have been restored by the shock she had sustained, was received into the arms of Miss Thom, and her other companions, who crowded round her to screen her from the gaze of the company, although they did not, or could not, remove her from the room.

"Has the prisoner any witnesses—or anything to say?" demanded Major Lovat, sternly. The stranger was about to speak, when a man suddenly stepped out before him. It was Franks—great-coated, booted, and gloved, as he had been when he last appeared before his master.

"Being on my way to Aberdeen," said he, "to take my passage for America, I could not pass by without paying my duty to your honour. With regard to the present case, having been a soldier, like yourself, and familiar with cuts and wounds, I can speak to a point

which I think has escaped you, owing to the weakness of your eyesight. The thumb which the prisoner wants is a left-hand thumb ; while the thumb which your honour took so neatly from the rascal who could not rob *you*, but who robbed *me* of a good place, is a right-hand thumb !” This announcement excited much confusion ; which ended, when a surgeon was called forward and confirmed the fact, in a general cheer. So complete a revolution had taken place in Mr. Thom’s feelings, that he jumped forward, and shook Franks heartily by the hand ; but the latter, who did not seem much gratified by the familiarity, took the earliest opportunity of getting out of the crowd, and was seen no more.

“ Gentlemen,” said the prisoner, “ in defending myself from this extraordinary charge, I shall not detain you many minutes ; but there is one thing which I do not clearly understand. Will you do me the favour of allowing me to look at the newspaper advertisement said to have been found in Miss Lovat’s room ?” It was handed to him ; and, after glancing it over, he turned the *back* of the fragment. “ It is needless,” continued he, “ to explain how this mistake occurred, but my agitation was caused by *this*, not the *other side* of the paper ; and, although it is here somewhat damaged by the scissors, I can repeat the paragraph from memory. ‘ Sir William B—— has not yet recovered speech, and is not expected to live twelve hours ; the situation, therefore, of Mr.——, the heir of Lord H——, is a critical one. The duel was fought under peculiar

circumstances, and on the spur of the moment; and so great is the want of witnesses throughout the whole transaction, that, in addition to his remorse for taking away the life of a companion in so trivial a quarrel, and the loss of his thumb, which was amputated in consequence of his wound, large odds are offered at Brookes's that Mr. —, one of the most promising members of the aristocracy, will swing on the scaffold!" When he had concluded, a shout rose from the audience that might have awakened the dead.

"Do you hear, Marian?" said Miss Thom, her voice broken by sobbing—"Do you understand, my poor lassie?" Marian kissed her friend's cheek, and pressed her in her arms.

"Your sympathy with me, ladies and gentlemen," resumed the stranger, "is very gratifying,"—and his voice faltered—"very delightful to my feelings; and it encourages me to think that you will not be displeased to hear the paragraph, which this morning gave a new turn to my spirits: 'Sir William B——, strange to say, is in a fair way of recovery. The case took an almost miraculous turn at the moment when it was expected to terminate in death. He has recovered his speech, and completely absolves his antagonist from any thought of dishonour. Mr. — in the meantime is supposed to have taken refuge in Banffshire; but all the country papers in the kingdom are requested to copy this paragraph, that wherever he is, he may at once return to his anxious friends, and to the society which he adorns!' And now, gentlemen, all I have to

add is, that as Lord Fife, whom I have the honour of knowing personally, is expected to-day at Duff House — perhaps is already arrived — I shall very speedily be able to offer you a satisfactory confirmation of my story.”

“There’s nae need — there’s nae need!” cried Mr. Thom — “we’re a’ fules, every one of us, Mr. — Sir — my lord! — and sae ye maun just dinner wi’ me and my brother fules! and forget it a’.”

“Forgive my warmth,” said Major Lovat, extending his hand — “but, by my honour, there is another subject on which you and I must have a pre-cognition by and by. In with ye, lasses — in with ye. Friends and neighbours, adieu. Ay, ay — skreigh away — up with it — hurra! hurra! hurra!”

That evening, after dinner, when Mr. Thom began to look wise and talk oracularly, he said apart to Major Lovat —

“What do you think I found when I shook the fellow Franks by the hand? That he has nae mair thoom than your daughter’s joe! And wha do ye think has eloped frae the town to-day? The jaud wha did a’ but swear to the identity of the stranger and the thief! And what do you think she confessed aforehand? That Franks himsel’ was the Bravo o’ Banff!”

“And what do you think,” said the Major, “was put into my hand two minutes ago? Have you speculation enough in your eyes to read? No: then let me put on my specs and try.”

‘ Major,

‘ Being now fairly out of your clutches, and being willing to save the present or any future prisoner, when it can do myself no harm, I avow myself to be the sole author of the Banffshire robberies. The opportunities were obtained by means of *gallivanting*; but the ladies themselves were ignorant, till too late, of the use I made of their good nature. My gratitude would have secured you from any attempt, had I not been provoked to it by the taunts of one of my dearies, who reproached me with attacking other people’s property when I *dared* not lay a finger on that of the brave and fiery Major Lovat. Finding myself here accidentally the other night, I made a second attempt, partly out of pique for the loss of my thumb: but I do assure you—and having assured you I care not a straw whether you believe it or not—that if I had succeeded in carrying off the spoil, I should have sent it back to you next day, with the compliments of your loving friend and servant,

‘ FREDERICK FRANKS.’

All we have to add is, that the precognition with which the stranger was threatened by Major Lovat, was duly gone into, and ended in the young couple being sent for trial, handcuffed together, and *transported*.

THE LOVER AND HIS MISTRESS.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

HE.

THE wild streams down the linns are leaping,
 The whirlwinds through the cedars sweeping,
 The lightnings hot o'er heaven are rushing,
 The lowering clouds like fountains gushing ;
 And gray-haired men are moved, and laying
 Their brows to kindred earth and praying ;
 Whilst I, in spite of flood and fire,
 Thy mother's wrath and kindred's ire,
 Am come to love, not to upbraid ye
 With broken vows.—Awaken, Ladye !

SHE.

The smell of flowers in sunshine springing,
 The sight of laverocks heavenward singing,
 Twin-lambs 'mongst scented rushes lying,
 The sound of mournful music dying,
 The taste of June's rose-lips, when gaily
 She gathers dew by sweet Barncaley,—
 The smiling sea to Solway's daughters,
 Whose loves are on the treacherous waters,—
 Are not so dear as this thy proving
 That man has faith in woman's loving.

HE.

Has faith! Ay, strong as heaven when warring
With trembling earth and ocean roaring;
Strong as the red-winged rushing thunder,
Which cleft like chaff yon oaks asunder;
Ay, strong as hatred long while cherished,
Or thoughts of vengeance fed and nourished.
But, gentle one, 'tis late; and truly
This sweeping blast breathes not of July,
With meek starlight and soft dew dropping:
Heaven's windows and not thine are open.

SHE.

'Tis sweet 'mid early scenes to wander,
O'er dreams of vanished love to ponder;
'Tis sweet in thought to take the measure
From present joy of future pleasure;
Sweet to recal chaste hours of wooing
With one once loved, as now I'm doing,
When all was smiles and joy and gladness—
To doubt was weak, to fear was madness:
Cold looks from him were ta'en more kindly
Than smiles from some: love sees but blindly.

HE.

Now come, ye tempests, thick and thicker—
Ye levin gleams, flash quick and quicker—
Let night wax sevenfold dark and eerie—
I deem it sunshine when I'm near ye!
Mind'st thou, fair one, when none were weeting,
The rapture of our first love meeting?
The stars shone so that heaven grew lighter,



Like thine! — I knelt, as was my duty.

SHL.

Ay! well I mind those gladsome toyings,
Those hours of love's supreme enjoyings,
When all was trusting, all was holy,
And much love sanctified some folly :
Then passion's pure tongue never faltered,
And we met still with looks unaltered.
Those times are flown! — That tempest sweeping
Is more like May-morn's odorous weeping —
Starred honour more like sordid peasant —
Than those bright hours are like the present.

HE.

Proud one! I come from fields where honour
Spread, spite of shot and sword, her banner ;
Where, death alike and fight deriding,
All side by side with princes riding,
Thy name, while fire was round me pouring,
As my best saint, I kept imploring.
And here, with earth beneath me rocking,

It is enough : — I trusted — tried thee,
And triumphed — and, though mute, defied thee.
This night suits one whose lip, profaning
Love's name, the cup of guilt is draining :
Thou comest, with tempest yoked and fire,
To plead thy worthless love.— Retire !
Green earth owns nought I hold so cheaply —
So sternly loathe, and scorn so deeply.

AN ITALIAN SCENE.

OF Keats who early died and Shelley's tomb
Remembrance cometh with a scene like this,
Whose names are wreathed with an Italian bloom,
The dead immortal whom in song we miss ;
Of Petrarch, Tasso, Milton,—all who gave
Life that will last to scenes and creatures fair,—
Dante, and Byron, Rogers—names which brave
The touch of Time, who both can waste and spare.
Who would not, if he might, thy air respire,
Land of ethereal beauty, radiant clime !
For feminine softness and the heart of fire
Renowned throughout all regions and all time ;
For fallen grandeur famous,—with a name
In intellectual greatness that is Fame.

RICHARD HOWITT.

THE MAGDALEN.

BY T. K. HARVEY.

Nor by the judging world shalt thou be judged,
 Young spirit, bow'd by shame and grief and fears :
 Thine be the mercy which the world had grudged,
 As thine the holiness of contrite tears.—
 Why, *let* them scorn thy meek and mourning face,
 The gilded Pharisee and pompous Scribe,
 Who shout their greetings in the market-place,
 And seek the gates of heaven with a bribe :
 Be their's the painted brow and charnel-heart ;
 Thou, grieving one ! hast ta'en the better part.

Thou goest, a *mourner*, to the mourner's home ;
 A *weeper*, where the stricken weep no more ;
Weary, to where the weary cease to roam ;
Storm-tost, where tempests die against the shore.
 In thy heart's anguish is the spell of life,
 Like that the angel gathered from the spring,
 Who drew out healing, from its very strife,
 When all its waves were ruffled by his wing :
 By thy soul's fount the angel stands revealed ;
 Bathe in its troubled waters — and be healed !

SOUNDS AT SEA:

IN A CALM AT NIGHT.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

THE weary sea is tranquil, and the breeze
 Hath sunk to sleep on its slow-heaving breast:
 All sounds have passed away, save such as please
 The ear of night, which loves that music best
 The din of day would drown.—The wanderer's song,
 To whose sweet notes the mingled charms belong
 Of sadness linked to joy,—the breakers small,
 Like pebbled rills, that round the vessel's bow
 A dream-like murmur make,—the splash and fall
 Of waters crisp, as rolling calm and slow
 She laves alternately her shining sides,—
 The flap of sails that like white garments vast
 So idly hang on each gigantic mast,—
 The regular tread of him whose skill presides
 O'er the night-watch, and whose brief fitful word
 The ready helmsman echoes:—these low sounds
 Are all that break the stillness that surrounds
 Our lonely dwelling on the dusky main.
 But yet the visionary soul is stirred,
 While fancy hears full many a far-off strain
 Float o'er the conscious sea.—The scene and hour
 Control the spirit with mysterious power,
 And wild unutterable thoughts arise
 That make us yearn to pierce the starry skies!



THE NIGHTINGALE'S NEST

BY JOHN CLARE.


UP this green woodland path we'll softly ro
And list the Nightingale ; she dwelleth her
Hush ! let the wood-gate gently close, for fe
Its noise might scare her from her home of k
Here I have heard her sing for many a year,
At noon and eve, ay, all the livelong day,
As though she lived on song.—In this sam
Just where the old-man's-beard all wildly tr
Its tresses o'er the track and stops the way,
And where that child the fox-glove flowers
Laughing and creeping through the moss-gro
Oft have I haunted, like a truant boy
Creeping through thorny brakes with eager j
To find her nest and see her feed her young :
And where those crimped ferns grow rank a
The hazel boughs, I've nestled down full oft.

In leafy distance hid, to sing again.
Anon, from bosom of that green retreat,
Her song anew in silvery stream would gush,
With *jug-jug-jug* and quavered trillings sweet ;
Till, roused to emulate the enchanting strain,
From hawthorn spray piped loud the merry thrush
Her wild bravura through the woodlands wide.

Hark ! 'tis the Nightingale herself. Now hush ;
For, if I guess aright, in that thorn bush
Her curious house is hidden. Bend aside
These hazel branches that o'erhang the way,
And stoop right cautious 'neath the rowan spray ;
And search that hoary thorn clump round and round ;
And where the seeded grass hangs long and grey
We'll wade right through ; it is a likely nook :
In such-like spots, and often on the ground,
They'll build where schoolboys never think to look.
Ay ! as I live, her secret nest is here
On this thorn-stump, where oft I've searched about
For hours in vain.—There—part that bramble by,
Or trample on its branches, and get near.
—How subtle is the bird ; she started out,
And raised a plaintive call of danger nigh,
Ere we were past yon ash-tree ; but, behold,
Now that we're here, she keeps her fear untold,
Lest she betray her home.—So, even now
We'll leave it as we found it ; safety's guard
Of pathless solitudes shall keep it still.
—See, there she's sitting on the old oak bough,

In terror mute : our presence doth retard
Her joys, and doubt turns all her raptures chill.
—Sing on, sweet bird ; may no worse hap befall
Thy nursery than that which now deceives ;
We will not plunder Music of its dower,
Nor taint this spot of happiness with wrong :
For melody seems hid in every flower
That blossoms near thy home ; these harebells all
Seem bowing to the beautiful in song ;
And the gay cuckoo-flower, with spotted leaves,
Seems blushing of the singing it has heard.

How curious is the nest ! No other bird
Employs such loose materials, or weaves
Its dwelling in such spots : dead oaken leaves
Are placed without, and velvet moss within,
And little scraps of grass ; and, scant and spare,
Perchance some spoil of woolly down or hair ;
From haunts of man she seemeth nought to win.
Boon Nature is the builder, and contrives
Homes for her children's comforts every where :
And here her songsters spend their gentle lives
Unseen, save when a wanderer passes near
That loves such pleasant places.—Deep adown
The nest is made,—an hermit's mossy cell ;
Snug lie the beauteous eggs, in number five,
Of deadened green, or rather olive brown ;
And the old prickly thorn-bush guards them well.
And here we'll leave them still, unknown to wrong,
As the old woodland's legacy of song.



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THE WIFE OF A SINE.

Published by Smith, Elder & Co. 65, Cornhill.

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THE VINTAGE.

BY RICHARD HOWITT,

AUTHOR OF " ANTEDILUVIAN SKETCHES," ETC.

FAIR being, glad as fair, thus moving free
 Beneath the pressure of a burthen light;
 Sweet creature of the vintage, breathes round thee
 The spirit of thy region, warm and bright.
 All that is sung of soft Italian skies,
 And sunny hearts, and lips, — all that is sung
 By poets of beauty, liveth in thine eyes,
 And in thy bosom — beautiful, and young!
 I have not, when I gaze on thee, one thought
 Left for old Bacchus, and his mirth and wine;
 I see thee only, with thy clusters caught
 Fondly and freely from the blushing vine;
 See thy glad graceful step, thy living eye,
 And wish thy life as radiant as thy sky.

CROMWELL-HOUSE :
OR,
Three Scenes
IN THE
LIFE OF A COMMONWEALTH'S MAN.

[" Cromwell-house" is the appellation of a substantial old mansion of red brick, which still exists in good repair, at the top of the bank as you enter the village of Highgate by the Holloway road. It is known by tradition to have been, during the Commonwealth, the residence of General Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law ; and the military carvings and adornments with which its interior is decorated, afford additional evidence of the fact. It is chiefly interesting as a place in which some of the most distinguished men of that eventful period, Cromwell, Milton, Marvell, Ireton, &c. frequently assembled.

On the opposite side of the road stands " Lauderdale House,"—now occupied as a boarding school, but about the period of the Restoration, the suburban villa of the crafty nobleman of that name. It is reported to have been for some time the residence of the celebrated Nell Gwyn.

The house of Andrew Marvell also still exists in the same vicinity.]

" That opportunity ! lo ! it comes yonder,
Approaching with swift steeds --- then, with a swing
Throw thyself up into the chariot seat,
Seize with firm hands the reins. The moment comes ---
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee---
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
And tell thee, ' now's the time.' "

Coleridge's Wallenstein.

A SPIRIT stirring scene did the quiet little village of Highgate display, one bright summer's morning in the memorable year 1642 ; for up the *then* steep side of its picturesque hill, and along its only road, toiled in long succession pikemen in plain iron caps and breast-plates, bearing their tall pikes in glittering and bristling

array,— matchlock men, in their quaintly jagged buff-coats, with belt, bandeliers, and bullet-pouch, the ponderous matchlock slung across the shoulder, and the touchwood match carried in readiness in the hand,— and, lastly, a gallant array of well-mounted troopers, wearing half-armor, and trebly supplied with offensive weapons in the form of a pair of huge pistols, a large basket hilted sword, and a long dagger inserted in the girdle. A “goodly company” did they seem, as they slowly but proudly passed along with banners borne aloft, each with emblem and motto expressive of the final success of their cause; Skippon’s, with the hand and sword, and its characteristic inscription, “*Ora et pugna* ;” Haselrigge’s, with the anchor in the clouds, and the words, “Only in Heaven ;” and that flag, which eventually waved above the prostrate lions of the royal standard, with its sword and olive branch, and the motto, “*Pax queritur bello.*” It was indeed a spirit-stirring scene; for these were no mercenary hirelings trafficking their blood for pay, still less were they the profligate opponents of all lawful rule, those worst enemies of freedom, “who licence mean, when they cry liberty ;” but men, who deemed themselves called by Heaven to lift the sword, and “who being well fenced within by satisfaction of their own consciences, and without by good iron arms, would as one man stand firmly and charge desperately.”

“Who can sit idly at home, and see the good cause fought for at our very doors,” cried a middle aged man, whose pale and worn looks seemed fairly to allow him

that licence ; “ so, good cousin Heywood, take charge of my poor boy, and send him down to my brother ; my purpose is fixed, and I will forthwith off to the Parliament army.”

“ Cousin Mayhew, ye mean not so !” cried master Heywood ; “ ’twill shorten your life.”

“ And what is life in comparison with this great cause ?” cried the enthusiastic sick man ; “ it hath been borne in upon my mind that my time is short ; and how better shall I spend that remnant than by lifting the sword of the Lord ?”

Master Heywood drew back in amazement : “ Good cousin, the Parliament *may* be in the right — heaven forbid I should not say so, seeing it is carrying things with so high a hand — but, had we not better wait for farther light ? The king hath had store of plate sent to him at York, and there is talk of arms and troops from Holland : what if affairs should turn again, and then we find that we have gone a warfare on our own charges ?”

“ Affairs will *not* turn again,” cried the enthusiast, to whom the ardent aspirations of an imaginative mind bore the impress of supernatural revelation ; “ this cause is of God, and it *shall* prevail !”

“ An answer — a manifest answer to our doubts and misgivings !” said an officer of the troop that had just passed, and who was then following slowly along with two or three of the company. “ Thanks, good brother, for that comforting word. I have had not a few challenges as to our success, but this is a manifest answer.”

"It will prevail!" repeated the enthusiast eagerly, gazing with admiration at the excellent appointments, and bold and determined looks of the troopers, who, enthusiastic as their officer, were now pressing round him. "Ay, my sand is almost run out; but after I am gone, the banner of the parliament shall wave from every castle-keep in England!"

"Thou speakest as a prophet!" cried the officer; and his heavy features lighted up with a fire, such as high intellect, and vehement feeling alone can give. "Now tell me, what message hast thou for me?"

The sick enthusiast looked into those flashing grey eyes, with a gaze almost as eager as that which the unknown officer was casting upon him. "Thou art no common man,—nor shall thine be a common lot!"

"I feel it," replied the officer, "but what is the word?"

"Behold my servant whom I have raised up—he shall set free my people."

"Let that be my commission, and that be my work—His counsel shall stand!" cried the officer.

"And truly, good master, your words are not spoken in man's wisdom," said one of the troopers; "'t was not for nought that brave and godly Colonel Cromwell was so wondrously prevented from leaving England."

"Is this he?" cried the sick enthusiast. "I'll onward with him.—Farewell, young Edward," addressing a fine boy that stood by his side; "my time is short, for I shall fall in the first battle, but you will live to see that man towering high above his fellows."

One glorious summer's evening in 1652, a young horseman rode slowly up to a small house, still to be seen near the summit of Highgate Hill, and dismounting, knocked at the door. His name and errand were quickly told; and the worthy master Heywood, who had now discovered, by the clearest possible light, that it was his bounden duty to uphold the Commonwealth, rushed to the door: "Come in, good cousin Mayhew.—So ye seek an introduction to his Excellency. Glorious times these! wondrous appearing of Providence! Truly, the spirit of prophecy *did* rest upon your godly father. I never forget his words; for was the like ever heard!—he raised up even as David, and kings of the earth bringing gifts unto him; or, as learned Dr. Godwin set forth in his last morning exercise, like Joseph,

" That he might at his pleasure bind
The princes of the land;
And he might teach his senators
Wisdom to understand."

Glorious things do our eyes behold! Why, this house, worth full three hundred pounds, I purchased for half, and the hangings into the bargain:—'who is there,' as worthy Colonel Harrison saith, 'but must rejoice in the welfare of Zion.'

"But where is the Lord General?" enquired Mayhew.

"He is staying out, there yonder, at my lady Ireton's. But surely, or my eyes deceive me, there is his Excellency, with Colonel Harrison, now coming along the path."

The young man turned quickly round, eager to catch a view of that extraordinary man, whose fame was the theme of all Europe. In the younger of the two, a

bold, good-humoured, though coarse-looking man, he recognized Harrison; but could the elder, he, whose heavy features, awkward gait, and plain suit of dark grey, seemed to mark him but as some thrifty farmer, some small freeholder, could *he* be the warrior, who, snatching the banner from the flying cornet, rallied the twice discomfited host at Marston Moor, and bore away a glorious victory? Could that harsh voice bid triumphant defiance to the monarchy on the proud field of Naseby? Could the members of that mightiest parliament have quailed before the flash of that dull grey eye? Ere young Mayhew had recovered his surprise, Master Heywood had hastened toward the pair with bows, expressing the quintessence of reverential feeling.

“Stand up, man, put on thy hat—wherefore all this reverence to a fellow-mortal—who hast here?” and, in the searching, though momentary glance which the speaker cast, young Mayhew felt that he indeed stood in the presence of a master spirit.

“A young kinsman of mine, so please your Excellency, son to worthy Captain Mayhew, who was killed at Edgehill, and who said so truly how great your Excellency would be—he is come to offer his services to our glorious Commonwealth.”

“I knew him well, and for his sake the son is welcome,” answered Cromwell, a smile of singular benignity playing over those heavy features. He paused a few moments, and then laying his hand familiarly on young Mayhew’s shoulder, said, “Can’t go a journey for me?”

"Happ'ly willing, your Excellency, this way might."
 "I am not a man for the Commonwealth's service,"
 cried the general, smiling at the young man's assurance :
 "come down to me at my chamber's house within half
 an hour."

"I am a man, your Honour Edward," cried his
 admiring cousin. "You see the general remembered
 your and godly father, for I have never been sick when
 I could get speech of his Excellency, to say somewhat
 concerning you. Now time is a vacancy for a career
 in the general's owl troop: might you not edge in a
 word, as they say, for my second boy, Maher-Shah
 Hassan, whose name I changed from that heathenish
 one Charles, when news came how that son of Belial
 was going to send over for the Irish papists, and I was
 grieved for the afflictions of our Zion?"

Young Mayhew went down: but vainly did Master
 Heywood endeavour to ascertain the result of that in-
 terview, for by the earliest dawn on the morrow he
 departed.

Three days passed; and then, as evening closed in,
 the young man, faint, and worn, leaping from his tired
 horse, presented himself at the door of the Lady Ireton's,
 and demanded instant conference with the Lord Gene-
 ral Cromwell.

"His Excellency is in close discourse with some
 friends," said his trusty secretary Thurloe; "nor can
 he be seen, save by him who bringeth glad tidings."

"*His cause shall stand,*" responded young Mayhew;
 and the secretary, recognizing the countersign, imme-

diately led him up the noble staircase, adorned with military emblems, and decorated with neatly carved small figures of the parliament soldiers, each bearing his appropriate arms, into the withdrawing room, where the general was seated at the head of a large table, and with him three friends. "Now for an account of your journey," said he, smiling familiarly.

The young man hesitated, and glanced a look around.

"Heed not; these are my right trusty friends," said Cromwell; "besides, what you have to say might be told in the presence of Charles Stuart himself. Well, what success?"

"But little, your Excellency. I could not hear a single word."

"Tush, man, you could see; and plots, ye will find, are carried on rather by visible signs than audible words."

"I arrived at Trent Bridge; walked two bow-shots toward the right, and sat down with my fishing-rod."

"Ay, catching of gudgeons—a goodly sport; well?"

"After some time a tall person in a brown cloak came past, and methought he looked narrowly at me."

"That did he—I have scarcely an intelligencer whom he knows not—well, you hummed a cavalier tune?"

"Yes, your Excellency, I made as though I was singing 'The king shall enjoy his own again;' and he went and stood beneath a maple at some distance, when a young man in a grey cloak came up and began talking."

"An elderly, short man," interrupted the general, glancing at a paper he held in his hand.

“ No, your Excellency, a young tall man, very swarthy, with long black hair, thick lip—”

“ Say you so? I was not advertised of this. You watched them narrowly?”

“ I did; but could hear nought. After half an hour, a small boat with one man came up the stream; he stopped opposite, and held up a small flag.”

“ What colour?” eagerly cried the general.

“ Green; and he waved it twice. The two then came to the brink, and the man threw five stones, one by one, into the water.”

A gleam of uncontrollable joy lighted up the general's features. “ Farewell to the hopes of the cavaliers!” cried he, striking his hand on the table. “ And which way turned the boatman?”

“ He turned the boat fairly round, and then shot down the stream.”

“ There ended their hopes of France!” responded Cromwell, with a triumphant smile. “ Go, sit down yonder, Master Mayhew; we must take you into our especial service. Thurloe, send message forthwith to Lord Ormond, we desire instant speech of him: if he ask aught of the messenger, he may say that the council have been conferring, as they truly have, about Lord Compton's fine, and the business of the Irish estates. Were there ever such wondrous appearings of Providence as these?” continued he, turning to those who sat around him, and glancing a look of proud complacency on the flattering letter he had that morning received from Cardinal de Bets, and the weightier

packet beside it from which depended the huge seal of the States-general, and wherein their High Mightinesses supplicated the good offices of Cromwell to procure them, on any terms, a peace. "Are not all, and each of these, so many doors of hope, from whence we may soon see the welcome prospect of the government being fixed on a stable foundation?"

"And so it will, if men, leaving their short-sighted views, will hope, and wait, and seek that light which is promised unto the upright in heart," replied a young man, whose uplifted eye proclaimed the enthusiast, but whose lofty, intellectual brow declared him one of no common order.

"Have we not earnestly sought light, Harry Vane?" replied Cromwell, "and is it not clearly borne in on the minds of all, that nought but a speedy settlement of our unhappy divisions can give us rest? We are at the very edge of Canaan, and want but a Joshua to lead us over this Jordan. The ship of the Commonwealth standeth even now within sight of the harbour; O! for a skilful pilot to bring her safely into port."

"What Joshua can we need, save Him who led his people through the wilderness? — what pilot save Him who sitteth upon the floods as king?" replied Vane, sternly.

"True, good brother," answered Cromwell meekly; "but *under*-leaders, and *under*-pilots, are yet by heaven's appointment."

"Let such be well assured that they are so, by heaven's own appointment, and then all may be well," said Vane.

“ True, good Harry Vane ; but where shall we look for the seal of heaven’s appointment, save in evident fitness ; and for that we must judge by the light vouchsafed us.”

“ Clearly hath that light been vouchsafed,” cried Harrison, “ when, after long fasting, precious Master Venner opened the Bible for the lot, and what was the word ?—even thrice, ‘ Behold he cometh quickly ;’ what need have we for earthly rulers, when he, ‘ the King of Kings,’ is at hand ?”

“ Diverse are the kinds of light by which man doth direct his steps,” replied the more gifted enthusiast ; “ and therefore beware, lest mistaking the delusive dreams of a heated fancy, or the false glare of ambition for the pure supernal light, we be found to have followed not an heaven-born star, but an earth-bred meteor.”

“ So might Joseph’s brethren have said,” responded Cromwell, “ when he told them the dream that foreshadowed his greatness ; so might the children of Israel have said, when Gideon declared his divine commission. Scant comfort shall he have who is so called, I well know, for many evil tongues will shoot at him sharp arrows, even bitter words.”

“ And keenly shall pierce those arrows,” replied the pure minded enthusiast, Vane ; “ keenly, unless he be clad in armour of proof, even conviction that he sought not that high station. But alas ! even for the best and wisest ! We build for heaven with one hand, and for ourselves with the other ; we cry, ‘ The sword

of the Lord,' but forget not Gideon's also. O! what are we, that we should seek to interpose our private destinies, our fleeting interests, in the track of the divine purposes!— that triumphal chariot, whose goings forth have been from eternity, and whose progress shall be staid but by the final consummation of all things."

" Good Harry Vane, who seeketh to do so?" replied Cromwell. " But shall not he work whom heaven hath commanded? When civil affairs have run on into confusion, is it not his duty who shall have the power to reduce those dissettlements to order? Heaven knoweth, I was thrust upon this work, and whether herein I have sought too much mine own advantage, is known but to Him who formed me. Moreover, if I be set in this government above my fellows, 'tis a mighty price I must pay."

" It is a solemn truth," said a middle aged man, whose peculiarly luxuriant locks of light brown hair and studied neatness of apparel contrasted rather strongly with the appearance of those around him, lifting his hand, and turning his eyes, clear, but destitute of vision, toward the lord general; " it is a solemn truth, that he who is called forth to a mighty work must lay down a mighty price! For, not alone must he endure the scoff and scorn of the brutish herd, that growl at the gentle violence which unlooses their chains, but the scoff of the worldly-wise, the scorn of the prudent among men, and more than all, the averted eye even of the good, who, standing not on his vantage ground, see not the glorious results, and censure, even as the owl

rison. "Woe to this laud, if human learning and poets bear sway; and truly, methinks, we can scarce expect a blessing while that same tongue is used in our public acts, wherein the Man of Sin putteth forth his soul-destroying bulls."

"Speak not thus ignorantly," replied the indignant poet, "of that glorious tongue,—the language of those who once ruled the world, and yet rule it from the tomb; nor, presumptuous, do thou scorn the poet—him whose prophet eye can discern the golden harvest, where thou mayest scarcely behold the springing blade, —him whose adamant pen can grave for thee a praise that shall last for ever, —him whose golden key can unlock the high chambers of immortality —him, upon the pinions of whose song thy fame may take wing and fly unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

"He speaketh truly," cried Cromwell, who had listened with intense interest to the words of his Latin secretary; "and my mind hath been refreshed with his speech, even as the parched wilderness is refreshed with the dew. Well do you understand, Master John Milton, the oppositions, and strivings, and misrepresentations, which he who is set forward on a mighty work must meet. And yet, may there not come a time when men may judge a juster judgment, and when a fair fame may no longer be denied?—saith not the Scriptures, 'A good name is better than precious ointment?' and a memory famous to all generations was the heritage promised to the righteous."

"Nor shalt thou lose that reward, illustrious man!"

and bat blame the noontide sun, because too bright for their imperfect vision. And thus is the patriot leader crowned, not with laurel but with thorn,—lifted up, not in triumph, but in mockery, — fed, not with honied praise and odorous benedictions, but with the gall of fierce revilings. Yet, shall he pause on his high career? Shall he draw back whom Heaven bids onward? No; though his staff in his hand become a serpent—though all the waves of the Erythrean main are dashing before him,—though his own people, even those for whom he wrought so great deliverance, cry, ‘ Who is this Moses that we should obey him.’ ”

“ The Jews were a stiff-necked race,” interposed Harrison, “ nor were they commissioned to keep the throne for Him whose right it is. An unskilful counsellor art thou, John Milton, because, leaving the pure gold of scripture, thou takest heed oftimes to heathen fable and doctrines of the Gentiles.”

“ And well may we expatiate in those pleasant fields, not without flowers, of ancient fable,” replied the poet; “ for many a hidden truth, well worth the diligent searching out, shall ye find in the stores of the old inspired poets—those Pactolian streams whose sands are purest gold,—those amaranthine garlands hung high in the temple of Fame,—those laurel leaves, more precious than the Sybil’s scattered treasures, plucked from that hallowed tree whose root is fed by the pure fount of Castaly, and beneath whose shade unshorn Apollo singeth to his golden lyre.”

“ Away with such heathen fooleries,” cried Har-

rison. "Woe to this laud, if human learning and poets bear sway; and truly, methinks, we can scarce expect a blessing while that same tongue is used in our public acts, wherein the Man of Sin putteth forth his soul-destroying bulls."

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"Nor shalt thou lose that reward, illustrious man!"

answered the poet, solemnly raising his hand, his fixed eyes lifted up toward Heaven, as though by a finer sense a vision of the unseen future were vouchsafed to him in recompense for his mortal blindness. " Scorn thou to reap a quick but scanty fame, which, gourd-like, a night may mature and a short day destroy ; but be thy fame the slowly-springing, firmly-rooted, wide-spreading bay, that through the long succession of centuries shall flourish o'er thy tomb. Thy tomb ! did I say — they may cast thee out of thy grave, and scatter thy dust to the winds : but, can they blot out thy name ? can they scatter thy memory ? That name, which like the doom-announcing sentence traced by no earthly hand, shall appal each crowned tyrant in the midst of his unhallowed banquet of uncontrolled rule. A blight, deep and deadly, may gather round thy fame, and those who trembled at the living hero may spurn with asinine hoof the lifeless corpse ; but, heed not thou ! thou, who by the self-same appointment that placed the giver of glowing light in the heavens, art set to be the ruler of men below. He may sink in clouds, but to-morrow he arises in fresh glory. Like him, go on in thy course ; great—not, that on thy brow is set the thick clustering laurel of threefold victory — not, that the royal standard of England swept her proud blazonry even in the dust before thee — not, because the crown of three kingdoms faded in dim eclipse before the star of thine ascendant ; but that, at thy call, England arose from the dust, and stood in enfranchised glory ; and freedom of conscience, and all her goodly train came forth from her dungeon



gloom ; and religion, pure religion, trickt in no broidered vestment, but clad in spotless white, marched through the land beneath thy protecting shield, and sat down on her throne of dominion. Go on, illustrious man ! complete what thou hast so well begun — despise a fleeting fame that shall wither like the fading flowers strewn upon a new-made grave, and be “ the praise and the heroic song of all posterity.”

The poet ceased, but the keen eye of that gifted man to whom the welcome counsel had been addressed was fixed on the speaker, eagerly as though these encouraging words still flowed on. “ It *shall* be,” he half murmured. None knew what he meant—but, ere that year had closed, that soldier of fortune, seated in the chair of state, received from the Commissioners the great seal of the kingdom, and heard the joyful shouts of his companions in arms proclaiming him, “ Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland.”

A few moments Cromwell remained absorbed in thought, and then arousing himself, rung the silver bell beside him : “ Bid Lord Ormond enter.” And humbly, as though in the presence of royalty, that nobleman entered with low obeisance, and stood with the plume of his cap almost sweeping the floor before him whom, ten years before, he had thought honored with his passing notice.

“ My good lord,” said Cromwell, — all roughness of manner, all rudeness of speech, and even of voice, vanishing before an air so noble and so dignified, that

he seemed as though "born for his high eminence;"—"we have had reason ere now to acknowledge your kindness, but this last passeth all, so I pray you tell us what your young friend in the grey cloak saith on the subject."

"What friend? what subject?" gasped Lord Ormond, his deadly paleness giving the lie to his pretended ignorance.

"Zeal for the welfare of the Commonwealth hath doubtless injured your remembrance of your late interview beside the Trent, suffer me to refresh it," replied Cromwell, coolly but haughtily handing a letter.

"Saints and devils!" cried the detected nobleman, as his eye glanced on the well-known Italian hand of Henrietta Maria, and he looked wildly round conscious his head stood in no small jeopardy,— "what is there that *he* knows not!"

A half suppressed smile of complacency passed over the stern features of his enquirer, at the involuntary compliment implied in that almost unconscious remark.

"Truly, my lord, it had saved ye a toilsome journey this hot summer weather, had ye but made me the confident of your errand. Your scheme is fruitless. That France will not, ay, *dare* not aid, ye knew already;— that *Savoy* will not, ye may thank *me* for telling you; and as for hopes from another quarter, look at this, and this."

The stupified nobleman took, with trembling hand, the two papers — they were copies, in cypher, of two

most secret dispatches of the royalist party, and appended was the key.

"He must die," said Harrison; "thus perish all the enemies of the Commonwealth!"

"Nay, what if we send him as our courier to France," answered Cromwell, coolly; "'twill prove a trusty one, for, after this fright, methinks he will scarcely forget our message. Thurloe, do ye look to it that the man on the quay at Genoa hath his reward; that old Jew, too, and he — you know who I mean. Lord Ormond," continued he, resuming that dignified air which astonished the French ambassador when he came with compliments from his uncle, Cardinal Mazarine, to "one of the greatest men that ever was," as French politeness, or rather French policy, was pleased to say—"My Lord Ormond, heaven knoweth that we have used you with all tenderness — nay, that I myself have had no scant blame for suffering you to be abroad. Now, what return ought I to make for the return you have made to *me*? You are silent — it is well, for it is your best answer. Go from hence within twelve hours, and never again set foot in England. Give our service to Charles Stuart, and tell him that a Commonwealth must needs be strong that can afford to send back traitors with their heads upon their shoulders."

"Woe unto thee! for thou hast done the work of the Lord grudgingly," cried Harrison; "thou shouldest have smitten Amalek utterly."

"He deserved death, truly," answered Cromwell; "but let the blood that hath been shed suffice: and

henceforward let us all seek to make the name of Englishman famous as that of the Roman, and to build up the broken and tottering walls of our Zion."

* * * * *

Another ten years past; and again Edward Mayhew stood in the same room. It was the closing in of a gloomy autumn evening, and the lowering clouds, the sighing winds, the dull creeping mist, and the fast-falling leaves, all seemed to shadow forth the total ruin of that cause to which, twenty years before, his young energies had been pledged. "Good cousin," said worthy Master Heywood,—who had now discovered a monarchy to be the only enduring form of government, and in reward for his well-timed discovery had become master of that very house in which the Lady Ireton had resided — "Good cousin! what glorious times! what wondrous providences! You are doubtless a cavalier *now*. Ay

"Hey for cavaliers, ho for cavaliers,
Pray for cavaliers —

Rub a dub, rub a dub, have at old Beelzebub" —

for Oliver is keeping him company, and Harrison set off after him from Tyburn. I'm like to go wild with joy. — His sacred Majesty, who is over yonder at my good Lord Lauderdale's, saith he will even come over here to drink 'confusion to the Roundheads' in old Noll's own withdrawing room. An unpardonable crime is schism and rebellion! as worthy Dr. Parker set forth. Ay — there's my son coming over to say they are coming — Maher Shalal-Hashbaz, as ye may re-


member: we doffed *that* name with his trooper's blue cloak, and he is now Master Charles James Heywood, in the Duke of Albemarle's own company."

Edward Mayhew turned away in silence; and he thought on the four celebrated men whom he last beheld in that room. Vane, the lofty-minded, who, with more than Roman courage, had laid down his head on the scaffold — Harrison, the less gifted but equally sincere enthusiast, who died prophesying with his latest breath the resurrection of "the good cause" — he, the master-spirit of the age, cast out of his grave, a scorn and mockery — and he, who alone survived, unknown as yet as the Homer of England, in poverty and obloquy, fain to seek in obscurity a refuge from the dastard vengeance of the triumphant party. "And *this* man lives on!" said he, bitterly.

"The King! the King!" shouted many voices; and in rushed a troop of richly dressed courtiers, and in the midst of them, leaning on the arm of the Duke of Ormond, the very person who, in the grey cloak, had stood beneath the maple beside the Trent.

"Yes, in this very room," cried Lauderdale, bustling up, his most truculent physiognomy rendered yet more striking by the extravagant richness of his dress, "— in this very room did that cursed Usurper send that insolent message by my good Lord Duke."

"Truly, my Lord," replied Charles, laughing carelessly, "Ormond had cause to thank old Noll for sending him back with a head on his shoulders — the Commonwealth, methinks, was stronger than the monarchy."



"Your Majesty should remember where you are," whispered a stern voice behind him.

"Well, my good Lord Clarendon, is't true or no?" replied Charles, petulantly; "we have been schooled quite long enough—the devil take old Noll and the canting puritans, but even the devil should have his due."

"The devil hath had his due, since Oliver is gone to keep him company," stutted Lauderdale. "Come, Master Heywood, some sack and canary; and, bare-headed and bare-knee'd, we will drink 'King Charles for ever, and the devil take the Roundheads.'"

"The presbyterians, in especial!" cried the King, laughing, as he tossed off his long Venice glass of Rosa Solis, and nodding significantly to Lauderdale. "Well, good Master What's-your-name, how have ye managed in these difficult times?—were you ever a psalm-singer?"

"Never, heaven bless your sacred Majesty—never, so help me heaven," cried the terrified Heywood.

"He was a canting Roundhead not three years ago," whispered Buckingham; "give it him soundly, Rowley; why, he signed the Engagement."

"Come, come, man," said the King, laughing heartily, "your memory is short; take a cup of sack to refresh it, and then perhaps, you may remember somewhat called an Engagement."

A loud laugh burst from the surrounding courtiers. "Come, man, confess, for you shall not be hung for it—why you look like a Roundhead at Tyburn!" cried

Charles, convulsed with laughter at the appearance of the rueful figure before him.

"Nay, your Majesty, 'let bygones be bygones,'" interposed Lauderdale, who had his own peculiar reasons for disliking allusions to convenient changes of opinion.

"Nay, 'tis a stiff-necked brother, as precious Master Case of 'the morning exercise' would say," persisted Charles; "so, dearly beloved, did not you engage, 'to be true and faithful to the Lord Protector and the Commonwealth, and not to propose, or give any consent to alter the government as it is settled.'"

"Alas! so please your Majesty I did—but—"

"Ha! ha! you see, my Lord Clarendon, I can ferret out the truth as well as you, and your green bag," cried the 'merry monarch': "so ye confess at last!"

"I *did* take the Engagement, so please your Majesty," stammered the sorely pressed renegade; "but I never intended to *keep* it; I took it in the same sense that your sacred Majesty took the Covenant."

A loud laugh burst from all present,—a laugh in which the monarch felt no inclination to join, for, proof against stern invective, or passionate appeal, Charles was morbidly sensitive of ridicule.

"Your Majesty may thank yourself for it," said Clarendon, darting a fierce look at the faces convulsed with laughter.

"An *Oliver* for a Roland," cried Buckingham—"you will remember this, Rowley."

"Let's away, Lauderdale," muttered Charles; "I was never so shrewdly abused by a fool before."

The king returned to Lauderdale-house, where, amid the splendid array of fair women and flattering courtiers, his face soon resumed its gay but heartless smiles. There, faithful to his recorded character of never "saying a foolish thing, and never doing a wise one," by the brilliancy of his *bon mots* he gave mortal offence to some half dozen royalists, who had adventured their lives and fortunes in his cause, and by the bitterness of his sarcasms laid the foundation of that quarrel which eventually drove the haughty Clarendon into exile, and deprived him of the only minister on whose services he could depend.

"Where is the good cause now?" cried Edward Mayhew, bitterly, as he turned from the door.

"Treasured up in our hearts, an heritage for our children's children!" responded a voice by his side.

Who thus uttered that inspiring prophecy, the sorrowful Parliamentarian could never learn. England was now no place for him; he therefore set out for the New World, where Massachusetts, for many generations, retained the grateful memory of Governor Mayhew; and long ere he died, the welcome news floated across the wide Atlantic, that "the good cause" in his father-land had obtained a glorious resurrection.





